The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833 SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1889. PRICE FIVE CENTS

Protect Your Children

—From the—

COLD

—WITH—

Natural Wool

UnderweaR.

Nothing Like them in the Market for comfort.

GEORGE + DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

J. E. WAUGH, D. D. S.,

Dental Office in Shoaff's Gallery,

21 W. BERRY St,

THE BEST MEATS IN THE CITY

GOTTLIEB HALLER

South Side Meat Market, carries nothing but the choicest meats. Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Sausage at

No. 366 CALHOUN STREET.

D HANNA STREET (WESSEL BLOCK.)

Don't fail to go to the

Knights of Labor

BALL

Thanksgiving Eve,

Wednesday, November 27th.

AT THE PRINCESS RINK,

Music by the First Regiment Band.
A good time guaranteed to everybody.

LADIES!

We have just received something New and Handsome in

DRESS

ROBES!

The Richest and Daintiest of all.

Some are

Plain Cloth, Braided,

While others are a combination of

Cloth

and

Velvet

With fancy Braided work.

We have them in different colors, including Black.

It is impossible to describe these Robes or tell of their Beauty.

You Must Come and See Them.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

54 Calhoun St.

Be sure and visit our Cloak Department.

TOOK A REST.

The Cronin Case Adjourned Until Monday--No Evidence Introduced To-Day.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—When Dan Donahoe gets through with his evidence in behalf of Kunze to-day, the state will begin the introduction of its rebuttal evidence. Among other things that will be proved will be the fact that all of O'Sullivan's wagons and all of his men, with the single exception of Mulcahey, were engaged after 10 o'clock on the morning of May 5, owing to the demand for ice. A number of witnesses will be introduced to prove that Menehan, Knight and Brennan could not possibly have played cards in the Ashland avenue saloon, as they claimed to have done. The testimony that will be used to quash the remarkable state ments made by the Hylands as to their visit to Nieman's saloon on the night of May 5 has already been outlined.

The two cousins swore that when they reached the saloon there was nobody there but Nieman. The latter has furnished the names of a dozen men who were there at the hour the cousins mentioned and they will all take the stand. So far as Burke's alibi is concerned it will not stand long when witnesses are introduced to show that saloonkeeper Delaney was out buggy riding on the night of May 4th, instead of serving drinks over his bar, as he claimed to have done. It was on account of his absence from the saloon that night that suspicion was originally directed against him and caused his temporary arrest one day about a month ago to give Hatfield, Revells & Co.'s salesman, and Throckmorton, Knights & Marshall's bookkeeper, a chance to identify him as J. B. Simonds.

Coughlin's alibi has gone down under it own weight. There was a good deal of gossip around the criminal court yesterday about instituting criminal proceedings against every man who had lent himself to the alibi business, but Judge Longenecker said nothing would be done in this direction until the trial was over.

The somewhat sensational occurrences of yesterday had the effect of crowding Judge McConnell's court room this morning. When court opened Mr. Forrest stated that he had been informed that Lynch was unable to appear in court, owing to a relapse of his illness, and that the defense would rest, so far as that part of the defense was concerned, on the testimony of Koch. Koch is the man who testified that April 7, Coughlin and Lynch came to his house looking for Kunze, who boarded there.

After a wait of several minutes, and no witnesses appearing for the defense, the court announced that the trial would be postponed until 10 o'clock, Monday, and then if the witnesses were not on hand the state would proceed with its rebuttal testimony.

TELEGRAPH TALK

As it Comes Over the Wires, Telling the News of the Day.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—Frank T. Barry, fifteen years old, son of the late Hon. Henry W. Barry, of Mississippi, was found dead in his bed yesterday by his mother, Mrs. Kate Barry. He had rigged a string from his bed to the gas bracket so that he might study while in bed and turn out the gas without leaving the bed when he became sleepy. In his sleep he had involuntarily turned on the gas, which, during the night, filled the room and asphiyxated him.

Mary Wolfe, nineteen years old, was discharged from her service place in this city on Wednesday. The next day her trunk, a bundle of clothes and a letter arrived at her father's house just outside the city limits. The letter stated that she has concluded to kill herself. The police were informed of its contents by the father. The girl had been betrayed and was about to become a mother. The police think she is still alive.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 23.—The cal issued by Plymouth church last night for a Congregational council to install Dr. Abbott and Rev. Mr. Bliss as pastor and assistant pastor of that church, is addressed not alone to such local churches as are in harmony with the advanced ideas of Plymouth but also to the Andover professors. President Dwight and ex-President Porter, of Yale, and many noted men representing the liberal side of the churches' doctrine.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—James Alexander Ruthven, the noted Irish player, song writer and abolition orator of war times, died from a complication of diseases yesterday, in his sixty-eight year.

DES MOINES, Nov. 23.—The St. Louis, Des Moines and Northern railroad, a narrow guage road running from here to Boone, a distance of about fifty miles, was sold yesterday under a decree of foreclosure, to Solon Humphreys and J. T. Granger. Their offer was about $475,000. The road will be transferred to-day to the Des Moines and Northern railway company.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—Adam Keyser, thirty-five years old, employed as a clerk in Hecker's flour mill, committed suicide this morning by taking "rough on rats."

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—It was reported after the close of business yesterday that a large coffee firm was in trouble. The embarassment is said not to have been caused by events at Rio, as the house is in the Java trade.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—The president to-day appointed William H. Spellmire to be pension agent at Philadelphia.

NO FLIES ON FRED.

Officer Wahrenburg Continues to Lead in the Number of Arrests.

There was a spirited police court today when each of five persons tried to convince the mayor that they were only a little drunk.

Officer Wahrenburg continues to run in the salubrius intoxicated individul. He had the majority of cases at court this morning.

Patrick Welchman was arrested by Wahrenburg, on Columbia street. Patrick had the collateral to buy his freedom.

John Clark was arrested on Main street by Wahrenburg. John went to jail.

Joseph Williams was arrested by Wahrenburg on Columbia street. Joseph paid.

Frank Henry, a vag, was arrested by Officer Kennelly. While Heney is not suspected, it is thought there might be a possibility of this man being implicaeted in the north side robbery in which James W. Minnich, the ticket agent, was a victim. The prisoner was sent to jail.

Frank Brady was arrested by Kramer on Calhoun street. Frank went to jail.

Louis Banet was meek as a lamb when he paid a fine of $5 and costs for creating a disturbance and assaulting a man. This arrest was also made by Wahrenburg. Banet has been keeping a disorderly place, but he promised the mayor that he would reform.

ALLEN COUNTY INSTITUTE.

A Program of the Session to be Held Next Week.

The annual session of the Allen county teachers' institute will be held at the circuit court room three days next week, commencing Monday.

The session will be an exceedingly interesting one, including talks by Dr. Jordan, president of the state university at Bloomington; Alexander Forbes, of Chicago; Professor Sanders, of the Warsaw schools, and others.

Dr. Jordan ranks foremost among the scientists of the west, and is an entertaining speaker.

The appended program shows the proceedings complete:

	MONDAY—FORENOON SESSION.	
9:30.	Organization.	
10:00.	Reading	Alex. Forbes
10:30.	Elementary Language Work	A. R. Abel
11:00.	Methods of Teaching	Alex. Forbes
	AFTERNOON SESSION.	
1:15.	American Literature	W. O. Seibert
1:40.	Natural Science	D. Jordan
2:10.	Arithmetic	Andrew Martin
2:35	RECESS.	
2:45.	Geography	Alex. Forbes
3:25.	Address	Dr. Jordan
8:00.	Lecture—"Ascent of the Matterhorn"	Dr. Jordan
	TUESDAY—FORENOON SESSION.	
9:00.	Devotional Exercises	Rev. Moffatt
9:30.	Natural Science	Dr. Jordan
10:00.	Arithmetic	Alex. Forbes
10:30.	RECESS.	
10:40.	Music	W. F. Heath
11:10.	Geography	Alex. Forbes
	AFTERNOON SESSION.	
1:15.	Cellular Growth	Dr. Porter
1:55.	Reading	Miss Annie Philley
2:30.	RECESS.	
2:40.	Methods of Teaching	Alex. Forbes
3:20.	Value of Higher Education	Dr. Jordan
8:00.	Lecture—"Mission of Our Public Schools"	Alex. Forbes
	WEDNESDAY—FORENOON SESSION.	
9:00.	Devotional Exercises	Rev. Barns
9:20.	Reading	Alex. Forbes
9:50.	International Date Line	T. J. Sanders
10:25.	RECESS.	
10:35.	Geography	Dr. Dryer
11:10.	Arithmetic	Alex. Forbes
	AFTERNOON SESSION.	
1:30.	Grammar	T. J. Sanders
2:10.	Methods of Teaching	Alex. Forbes
2:35.	RECESS.	
2:45.	Music	W. F. Heath
3:15.	Liberal Education	T. J. Sanders
8:00.	Lecture—"The Mormons in Utah"	Hon. R. S. Robertson

The music at the evening exercises will be under the direction of W. F. Heath.

HANDSOME WINDOWS.

Those Adorning the New Second Church Edifice and Their Donors.

One of the handsome features of the new Second Presbyterian church will be the windows, which are the gifts of individual parties. They are of ornamental stained glass, elegant in make and design, and will be lasting memorials to the donors, who will have suitable inscriptions upon them.

The following is the list of those who have made such donations to the new edifice:

Col. Chauncey Oakley and Mrs. O. J. Wilson, in memory of father.

Hon. Hugh McCulloch, of Washington, D. C., in memory his mother.

Mrs. Hugh McCulloch, in memory of two deceased children, Alida and Edward.

Chas. B. and Minnie Beaver and Mrs. Marion Webb, in memory of father, Mr. D. S. Beaver.

Judge R. S. Taylor, in memory of mother, Mrs. Marguretta Taylor.

F. W. Antrup, in memory of his wife.

Mrs. M. C. Garvin and Wayne Township Missionary Society, missionary window, inscribed "The World for Christ."

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Kellar, family memorial window.

Brainard Missionary Society, dedicated to Home Missions, inscribed, "Brainard Society."

IS DR. PETERS DEAD?

Conflicting Reports Concerning the Massacre of the Missionary by the Natives.

ZANZIBAR, Nov. 23.—News received here from Lamu confirms the reports of the killing of Dr. Peters, a German companion and all but five of the natives of the expedition. They were massacred at Addu Burrorbara, on the Tanna river, by a party of Soumalies, who attacked the camp at night.

BERLIN, Nov. 23.—The Emin Pasha relief committee has received a cablegram from the Hamburg committee at Zanzibar, which says that Dr. Peters and his party are safe and well and that they have established a fortified station at the foot of Mount Kenie.

TRUSTS IN MISSOURI.

Prosecuting the Firms Who Do Not Comply With the Anti-Trust Law.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 23.—Attorney General John M. Wood and Secretary of State Lesueure had a conference with Circuit Attorney Clover last night, relative to the prosecution of the St. Louis corporations that failed to comply with the anti-trust law. "There are 500 Missouri corporations that have ignored the law," said General Wood, "and two foreign companies. The charters of the Missouri companies will all be revoked by to-night, and now we propose to proceed against foreign and local corporations by information.

THE CITY CHURCHES.

Pastors Who Invite Our Readers to Their Sunday Services.

Welcome to the Baptist church.

The usual service will be held at the Trinity M. E. church, Sunday, by the pastor. All are invited.

First Presbyterian church. Morning services at 10:45. Sabbath school, 9:30 a. m. No evening service.

Regular service to-morrow at the Christian chapel, corner of Jefferson and Griffith streets, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Rev. J. L. Leeper will preach at the Second Presbyterian (Y. M. C. A. chapel) at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m.

In the Third Presbyterian church the pastor, Rev. J. M. Boggs, will preach at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. Young people's prayer meeting at 7 p. m.

Trinity Episcopal church, Berry and Fulton streets, Rev. A. W. Seabrease, rector. Sunday services, 10:45, a. m., 7:30, p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Strangers cordially welcome.

Congregational church, corner Washington and Fulton streets. Services at 10:50, conducted by President Herrick, of the M. E, College. Sunday school at 12 m. No evening service.

Services at the Grace Reformed church to-morrow morning at 10:30. In the evening the pastor will give the fourth lecture on "Home and Matrimony." Topic: "Happy and Unhappy Marriages."

Regular services to-morrow morning and evening at the First Presbyterian church by Rev. Dr. Moffat. Meeting of society of Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All invited.

Regular services at the rooms of the R. R. department of the Y. M. C. A. Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, standard time. All men cordially invited and assurred a hearty welcome. Good music and singing for one hour only.

Simpson M. E. church, corner Harrison and Dawson streets. Quarterly meeting services to-morrow all day. Elder Mahin will preach in the evening and conduct the sacramental services. All are cordially invited to attend.

At the St. Paul M. E. church to-morrow evening, at 7:30, the pastor, Rev. M. C. Cooper, will deliver the third of the series of four sermons on the temptations and vices of city life. Large congregations attend these special services.

The city department Y. M. C. A. would like to see every man in the city at their meeting to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon at 4:30, city time. W. D. Page will deliver an interesting address. W. H. Strickland, assisted by Messrs. Todd, Barnett and Cromwell, will lead the singing and music. Come and spend a pleasant hour.

Berry street M. E. church, corner of West Berry and Harrison street. Quarterly meeting services. Love feast at 9:30, a. m.; preaching at 10:30, a. m., by the presiding elder, Rev. A. E. Mahin, followed by the sacrament of the Lord's supper. Preaching at 7:30, p. m., by Rev. H. N. Herrick, president of Fort Wayne college. Praise service at 7 o'clock, Sunday school at 2:15 p. m.

"HELD UP."

N. P. Eckles, a Fort Wayne Man, Robbed at Kansas City.

The Kansas City *Star* of last Thursday's issue, says: "N. P. Eckles, of Fort Wayne, Ind., who arrived in the city yesterday and who is stopping at the Cottage house, was 'held up' and robbed of $63, at Fourth and Oak streets, about 10 o'clock last night, by two white men. They left him $15 and his gold watch. No arrests."

Mr. Eckels is the Kansas City representative of the Fleming Manufacturing company, and is selling the company's famous "Walk-away" plows in the western country. The foot-pads out there seem to differ somewhat from those that happen in these parts. Our's are not considerate enough to leave a man $15 and a gold watch. They take everything, even to a bunch of keys.

BUILDING SOCIETIES.

Close of the Discussion on National Societies.

The following communication from Mr. Frank E. Chipman is dated at St. Paul, Minn., October, 8, 1889. The Philadelphia *Ledger* has stated over and over again that it did not investigate the financial condition of building associations, either at home or abroad, but that on general principles it believes that small savings should be invested under the eye of the investor; that is as near his home as possible. It ofter happens that these savings are needed at a moment's notice, by reason of sickness or death in the family, or through many other causes, and the nearer the investor is to the place of deposit the greater are the chances that the money can be had when most needed. We would not recommend parties outside of Philadelphia to send their money here to be handled by strangers, and, on the other hand, consistency compels us to advise our own home wage-workers to invest their savings very near home, and to guard these savings with a jealous care. We have stated that Philadelphia building associations east of the Schuylkill river have lost money when they have even crossed the bridge to make loans, and likewise societies located at West Philadelphia have made mistakes when they have attempted to do business this side of the stream, simply because the farther away the security for a loan is located the less knowledge there is of the values of property and the harder it is to manage. If advising wage-workers not to be tempted by large rates of interest, which involve the sending of hard earned savings hundreds of miles away from home and from personal control, is "a stand against national companies," the matter will have to stand that way.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

LOCAL ITEMS.

The St. Patrick's Benevolent society will hold a meeting to-morrow.

Mr. S. B. Bond went west on the Wabash yesterday, on a business trip.

The rectory of Trinity Episcopal church will be completed by January 1st.

Congressman McClellan is in the city to-day. He starts for Washington Tuesday.

Miss Cora Havens, night operator at the telephone exchange, is able to sit up after a long siege of sickness.

The D. N. Foster Furniture company has been awarded a large contract for furniture for the new feeble minded school.

Tybilla Powers has sold to John F. Rodabaugh, lot 36, original plat for $4,200. This is the Columbia street property, now occupied by the Newspaper Union.

This morning occurred the death of Nellie A., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Laughlin, of Hanna and Lafayette street. Cause, brain fever. Age, two years. The funeral will be held Monday at 9:30, a. m., from the Cathedral.

The City department of the Y. M. C. A. sent out a number of invitations to the ladies of the city this week for something of their work or anything else they may desire to contribute. The first contribution was received this afternoon, of a very handsome and useful article, from Mrs. W. H. Strickland.

Mr. Chas. F. Pfeiffer, manager of the Fleming Manufacturing Company, has moved from his bachelor apartments at the residence of Dr. E. F. Sites, 206 West Wayne street, and is now living at the Wither's homestead north of the city with his father, J. C. Pfeiffer, and his sister's. The west-end loses an affable gentleman.

Mr. Henry Graffe, the jeweler, has rented the store room next east from his present quarters and is putting in a handsome plate glass front. He has connected the new room with his old one by an arch and will establish in it an art department that will be a credit to Fort Wayne and fill a long-felt want. Columbia street continues to look up.

Two cases were brought in from Delaware county a few days ago on change of venue. Frank Sailors and Elmer E. Johnsbaugh each sues the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville railroad, running north and south through Muncie, for $1,500 damage. The complaints are alike except as to name of plaintiff, both alleging that a few months ago they tried to buy tickets at Muncie for Royarton, a station a few miles north, but the office had none at the time, and when the conductor found them without tickets he fired them off. G. W. Saul, manager of the road, asked the change of venue.

Levy Concert Company Monday night.

THE MONTANA FIGHT!

Republicans Will Stick to the Certificates of the State Board First, Last, and all the Time.

HELENA, Mont., Nov. 23—At a caucus of the republican members of both houses this morning, it was decided to stick to the certificates of the state board first, last and all the time.

Witter, of Beaverhead, was nominated for speaker. The democratic caucus is being held with closed doors and reporters rigidly excluded.

HON. GEORGE H. PENDLETON.

The Distinguished Statesman is Not Dangerous.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—Mr. Frank Pendleton, who returned from Brussels two weeks ago, said it was not true that his father had an abcess. He was suffering from a stomach trouble, but was not in a dangerous condition. Mr. Pendleton received a cable dispatch informing him that his father was not as well as he had been, but that no immediate danger is apprehended. One of his daughters is with him.

A RASCAL CAUGHT.

Newton Hill Arrested for Wholesale Stealing.

To-day Officer Patton arrested Newton Hill for stealing three saws from Frederick Korte, a carpenter living on Maumee road.

The prisoner was arraigned before 'Squire France who bound him over in the sum of $400.

Hill had a lot of goods in his possession when arrested and these were taken to the police station, where articles were identified as follows: Mrs. Samuel Griebel, clothes; August Corneille, tools and clothes; Pfeiffer & Schlatter, grind stone and bucket.

Hill has been looked upon as an idler, but he seems to have been hustling.

EXHIBIT OF ART.

A Magnificent Display of Fine Art as Seen at Westminster Seminary.

This morning THE SENTINEL reporter called at the Westminster Seminary to inspect the works of art displayed in the parlors for the exhibition, which commenced at that place this afternoon at 3 o'clock, and continues until this evening at 9 o'clock. The parlors are thrown open to the public between those hours, and they are invited to call and examine the work done in the art department of the institution.

The display consists mainly of work done by the pupils and shows the excellent instruction given under the management of the art teacher, Miss Jennie S. Rugar, an accomplished young lady.

Charcoal drawing is represented by the works of Misses Daisy Hattersley. Rose French, Grace Bass, Charlotte Lowry and Lida Baumgartner.

Water colors, by Miss Bertha Jackson. In oil paintings there are, among others, three paintings representing flowers and fruits, the work of Miss Laura Lightfoot; a marine view by Miss Philley; a large painting of a trumpet creepe in bloom and an exquisite painting of roses, the work of Miss Rugar, the art instructor; while a handsome three panel screen is the work of Miss Tillie Siemon.

The department, perhaps the most interesting to the ladies in general, is the China painting. Vases, pitchers, plates, berry dishes, etc., in bewildering profusion cover the tables and represent the work of Misses Bird Ellison, Harriet Shulze, Pauline Thieme, Laura Lightfoot, Bird Bulger and Mrs. Wells. Miss Maxie Nickey has the largest China exhibit of any one pupil, her work covering an entire table. An assortment of plain white China, in fancy shapes, for painting, is kept by the institution.

The display of decorative work is magnificent, and well repays a visit. The exhibit reflects great credit upon the pupils and teacher, Miss Jennie S. Rugar, and the principals, Mrs. Wells and Miss Sharp, who deserve all the words of praise that can be given them for the noble work they are doing in our midst.

Noble Approves.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—Secretary Noble has approved Pension Commissioner Raum's demand for the resignations of William P. Davis, of Illinois, and Samuel B. Hersey.

Weather.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—For Indiana: Fair; warmer: variable winds, becoming easterly.

Last night Conductor Caddis, a Pullman car conductor, fell from a train near Mansfield and was either killed or fatally injured. He was not known here.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23—Wheat: November, 78½; December, 79½; January, 80; May, 83½. Corn: November, 32¼; December, 31¾; January, 31; May, 33¼. Oats: November, 20; December, 20; May, 22½. Pork: November, $9.87½; year, $9.25; January, $9.37½; May, $9.70. Lard: November, 5.97½; year, $5.92½; January $5.92½; May, $6.10. Short ribs: November, $5.87½; year, $4.97½; January, $4.82½; May, $5.02½@$5.05.

NOT RESPONSIBLE.

O. M. Stone Compelled to Close His Commission Business.

O. M. Stone, who has been operating a "bucket shop" commission exchange in a room at the corner of Calhoun and Berry streets, has been obliged to quit business.

The concern was first conducted by T. M. Baxter & Co., Chicago, who did a legitimate business. Stone then assumed control and played a sort of a "heads win, tails lose" game. He was not responsible and several local investors know this to their financial sorrow. Stone, it is said, is operating offices at several other places.

The death of this exchange has encouraged two gentlemen of this city to continue the business in a wholly fair and square manner, one of the new firm being Mr. Joseph Schwerzgen, who receives the United Press report for the *Journal*. Convenient quarters will be leased and a brokerage business will be done in connection.

A CAMP FIRE.

A Fine Entertainment Given by Sion S. Bass Post.

Last night was to be held the nomination of officers of Sion S. Bass post, G. A. R., to be followed by a camp-fire. The nomination was postponed but the camp-fire program was carried out to the fullest extent at the post hall.

The occasion abounded in pleasant features. The program consisted of addresses by Dr. Barnes and T. W. Blair, Mrs. Sue Beals, president of the Relief corps, and Mrs. Gorsline, past president; music by the colored jubilee singers and the Sons of Veterans' Glee club, a solo by Mr. Frank Dickson, and other things to make the event a lively and highly enjoyable one.

Mr. James E. Graham was master of ceremonies.

Another camp-fire will be given during the holidays.

DO ALL YOU CAN

To Help Make the Y. M. C. A. Fair a Success.

The ladies' auxilliary of the City Y. M. C. A. would like to say to their many friends that contributions will be thankfully received, and would say to those who have not decided what to give that oysters, cold meat, etc., will be acceptable, as they have decided to give a luncheon.

The Y. M. C. A. fair will be held at the Second Presbyterian church ten days, commencing December 5 and may be continued two weeks.

AN OFFICIAL HONOR.

Supt. George F. Felts Appointed on the State Normal Board.

Mr. George F. Felts, superintendent of the Allen county schools, has received notice of his appointment to a membership on the official board of the state normal.

The appointment was made by the state board of education, and its bestowal upon our worthy superintendent is a high compliment.

Mr. Felts will accept.

Fresh Mackinaw Trout or White Fish, 10c lb.
Smoked Halibut, 15c lb.
Sweet Florida Oranges, 40c doz.
Malaga Grapes, 15c lb.
At GUMPFER'S,
240 Calhoun street.

Go to the New York Bakery for good bread, fine cakes, sherbets, ice creams, ices, etc., 37 West Berry street.

Men of families are reminded that they can get Thanksgiving Dinner cheaper and no trouble to the wife, by patronizing the auxiliary of the R. R. Y. M. C. A. on that day. Full Turkey Dinner only 25c.

The ladies of Grace Reformed church are making extensive preparations for the annual Thanksgiving dinner, which they will serve at the church parlors on Thanksgiving day, from 12 to 3 o'clock, 25 cts.

We have just received a large import of Geo. Wastenholm "IXL" and Jos. Rodgers Pocket Knives and Razors, which we invite the public to examine.

SMITH & GOTSCH,
22 Calhoun St.

Hair Goods.

Mrs. E. Casey, formerly Hair Dresser on Calhoun street, has a fine lot of Switches she will sell at a bargain. Watch Guards made to order. Masquerade Wigs to rent at her residence, 38 East Williams street, four squares south of Wabash depot, near Clinton.

Mergentheim's Bazaar, has a rush in the Millinery Department. Everybody is taking advantage of the mark-down sale.

Messrs. Smith & Gotsch have displayed in their show case the finest line of Builders' Hardware in Oxidized Silver ever brought to this city.

The music for the Kirmess dances is one of its most attractive features and will be played by a full orchestra of ten or twelve musicians, directed by Prof. Reineke.

The Caledonians meet to-night.

BENEATH THE STREETS.

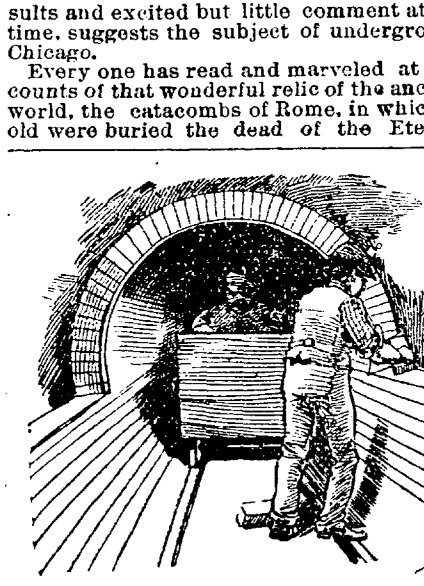
A SUBTERRANEAN WORLD OF MARVELOUS INTEREST.

Chicago Fairly Honeycombed with Tunnels, Conduits and Sewers—Where Dens of Vice Abound—How the Great Water System Has Been Built Up.

NOT long ago a man walking along one of the busiest of Chicago's streets was suddenly projected several feet into the air. This singular occurrence, accompanied as it was by a loud report, revived memories of the dreadful anarchist bomb of May 4th, 1886, and caused quite a sensation in the neighborhood. But this soon subsided when it was discovered that the man was not seriously injured, and that the explosion had not been occasioned by dynamite, but by the bursting open of a "man-hole" produced by the pressure of noxious gases generated in the enormous sewer below.

The accident, which was trival in its results and excited but little comment at the time, suggests the subject of underground Chicago.

Every one has read and marveled at accounts of that wonderful relic of the ancient world, the catacombs of Rome, in which of old were buried the dead of the Eternal City, and yet few, even among Chicago's own people, know that below the level of her streets there is a subterranean world surpassing in interest the one beside the Tiber.


BRICKING UP THE LAKE TUNNEL.

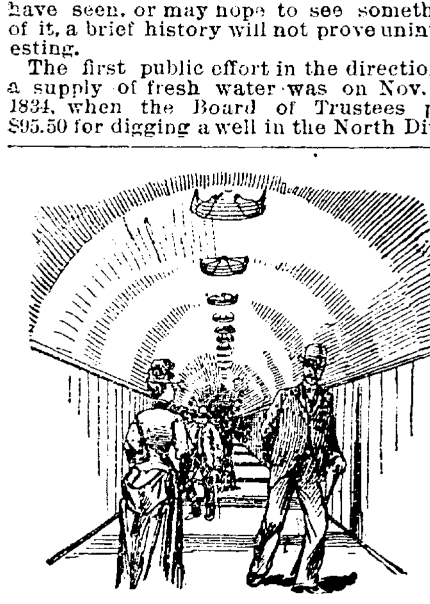
Chicago abounds in beautiful buildings—"massive and tall and grand," many of these rise to a height of two hundred feet and number thirteen stories and more. As the eye of the visitor sweeps their extensive fronts, rich in architectural designs and ornamentations, he forgets the solid foundations, reaching far into the earth, upon which the superstructure, vast and beautiful, is reared. The cost of the foundations of Chicago would suffice to build a city of no mean proportions. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are often expended on a single building before its granite walls rise to the level of the sidewalk. The space thus reclaimed from the "bowels of the earth" is utilized for boilers and engines to run the elevators and machinery for all manner of manufactories, to heat the vast structure, and furnish power to keep alive the electric lights in a whole block sometimes. Besides, many basements are fitted up as elegant restaurants, salesrooms and factories. In one of Chicago's basement restaurants more oysters are served during the "r months" than in any other single establishment in the world, metropolitan New York not excepted. Twice during the summer just past great rainstorms have overtaxed the sewers and caused the water to invade basements and cellars, to the great damage of property.

But the space below visible Chicago is not all used for the useful purposes mentioned. Many low saloons, resorts for thieves and thugs, where all manner of dark and diabolical crimes are concocted, discussed and perpetrated, are tucked away in basements secure from the observation of the casual passer-by. It is here that the almond-eyed Celestial conducts his laundry, too frequently but a fence or mask for an "opium joint," and the gratification of other vices of a still darker hue. Gambling houses of the "better" sort are usually situated high up in buildings, with openings to the roofs for egress in the event of an interruption in the form of a police raid; but the lower sort, particularly those operated and frequented by negroes, who are apt to be inveterate gamblers, are found in basements and cellars. These are often so connected with each other as to form a regular labyrinth, and render the inmates tolerably secure from arrest.

Pure water and good drainage are two of the principal requisites to the health of a city. These are supplied to the "Garden City" by underground systems which, together with the gas mains for furnishing light, fairly "honeycomb" the streets and justify the caption of "Underground Chicago."

The water-supply system of Chicago is unequaled in the world: and to such as have seen, or may hope to see something of it, a brief history will not prove uninteresting.

The first public effort in the direction of a supply of fresh water was on Nov. 10, 1834, when the Board of Trustees paid $95.50 for digging a well in the North Division. We will soon see to what majestic proportions this humble beginning has grown in a little more than half a century.


FOOTWAY OF LA SALLE STREET TUNNEL.

For many years water was peddled through the streets as potatoes and bananas are to-day. It was drawn about in hogsheads, on two-wheeled carts, and delivered to the good housewives at a cost of from five to ten cents per barrel, according to the competitions of trade. The hogheads were filled from the lake with pails, and the water was discharged through a short leathern hose. Thousands of people still living in Chicago can remember when this system was in vogue.

In 1836 the Chicago Hydraulic Company was incorporated by an act of the Legislature. The panic which swept over the country the following year retarded the movement, and it was not until 1840 that work was actually begun. Two years later it was completed. The hydraulic system consisted of an 18-inch inlet from the lake, connecting with a well 15 feet in depth; a pumping works fitted with an engine of 25-horse power, capable of lifting each minute 25 barrels of water 35 feet above the level of the lake; two reservoirs of a capacity of 1,250 barrels each, both of which could be filled in one hour and forty minutes; and several miles of wooden pipes, none over six inches in diameter. This exceedingly modest system, as looked at to-day, was spoken of by the press at the time as a "marvelous achievement of engineering skill." In 1850, 9¼ miles of pipe and 1,000 hydrants were in use, but not more than one-fifth of the people were thereby supplied with water.

In 1851 the Chicago City Hydraulic Company was incorporated. This was done as the result of a popular vote of the people. Bonds were issued and sold in New York, and in the summer of 1852 work was begun at the foot of Chicago avenue, in the North Division. They were unable to put in a thirty-inch inlet pipe to reach six hundred feet out into the lake and were obliged to take the water from near the shore. On Feb. 15, 1854, water was first introduced into the buildings of the city. For four months water was only pumped nine hours a day, and not at all on Sunday, except in case of fire. In 1857 a twenty-four inch wrought-iron main was laid to the West Side, and in 1858 two new reservoirs with a capacity of 500,000 barrels each were constructed, one on the North and one on the West Side.

At first this system was fairly successful, but as the city increased in population and extended its limits the increasing sewage which flowed through the sluggish river into the great lake began to seriously contaminate the water, which was drawn from a point too near the shore. Not only did this cause annoyance, disease and death, but it worked great injury to the fair fame of the city, whose visitors denounced it for its unwholesome, bad-smelling water. Besides this, as winter approached, great numbers of infinitesimal fishes sought the shore, and were thence delivered, along with the water, to every household.

An improved water supply thus became one of the greatest topics for discussion, both by the press and the people. All manner of schemes were proposed, debated, and rejected. At length Mr. E. S. Chesbrough, the City Engineer, originated the idea of constructing a tunnel, two miles in length, beneath the bed of Lake Michigan, which would literally tap the lake from the bottom at that distance from the shore, and through which pure water could be conveyed to the reservoir of the city.

After a good deal of delay to secure sanction from Congress and the State Legislature, and perfect the plans, the contract was let, for what was, indeed, a colossal undertaking.

On St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1864, the first shovelful of earth was removed amid ceremonies of an interesting and impressive character, and the great undertaking was commenced. The shore shaft was sunk on the side of the old pumping works, at the east end of Chicago avenue, on the shore of the lake. It was made about 9 feet in diameter, and 69 feet in depth. This was lined for 26 feet with a cast-iron cylinder 9 feet in diameter and 2¼ inches in thickness, below the cylinder the lining being of brick.

With the completion of the shaft began that nice engineering which one of the editors of the London *Times*, then in Chicago, declared to be "the greatest of modern times."

The point in the lake where the tunnel should terminate had been determined and marked with buoys, but the great difficulty was to run it in exactly the right direction, since the magnetic needle could not be relied upon for surveying below the surface of the lake. The only method of proceeding was to run the axis of the tunnel parallel with a line drawn over the top of the shaft in exactly the right direction.

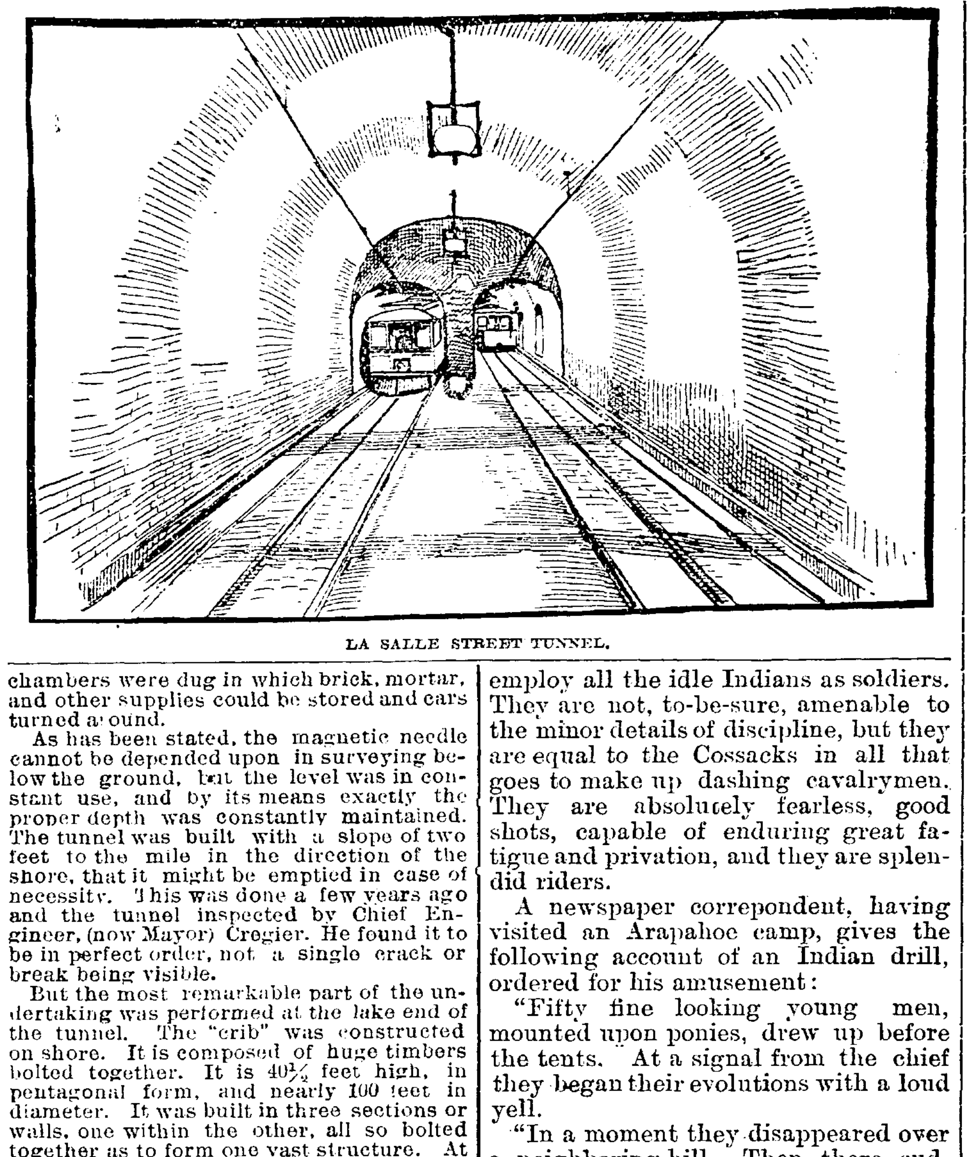
The work of tunneling was now begun in real earnest. The width of the tunnel when bricked up was to be five feet and its height five feet and two inches, the top and bottom arches being semi-circles, with two inches between. The space to be excavated being limited, but two men could work at one time; these were frequently relieved, and the work kept up night and day, without cessation.

Close behind the miners with their picks came the masons with their trowels. The masonry, of Illinois white brick, was eight inches in thickness, the bricks being laid lengthwise, with toothing joints to give them greater strength.

In this tedious way the workmen forced the great bore on under the lake, from fourteen to twenty feet being considered good progress for twenty-four hours.

As fast as the masonry was completed iron rails were laid, upon which small cars were run to remove the clay to the shaft, where it was elevated by steam power. At first the cars were pushed by men, but as the bore lengthened this became too slow and laborious, and two small mules were lowered through the shaft and used thereafter as the motive power.

As each thousand feet was completed chambers were dug in which brick, mortar, and other supplies could be stored and cars turned around.


LA SALLE STREET TUNNEL.

As has been stated, the magnetic needle cannot be depended upon in surveying below the ground, but the level was in constant use, and by its means exactly the proper depth was constantly maintained. The tunnel was built with a slope of two feet to the mile in the direction of the shore, that it might be emptied in case of necessity. This was done a few years ago and the tunnel inspected by Chief Engineer, (now Mayor) Cregier. He found it to be in perfect order, not a single crack or break being visible.

But the most remarkable part of the undertaking was performed at the lake end of the tunnel. The "crib" was constructed on shore. It is composed of huge timbers bolted together. It is 40½ feet high, in pentagonal form, and nearly 100 feet in diameter. It was built in three sections or walls, one within the other, all so bolted together as to form one vast structure. At the corners it was armed with iron plates to protect it from floating ice, or any object in the water. Computed in "board measure," over 600,000 feet of lumber was used, together with 65 tons of iron bolts and 500 bales of oakum for calking. Before it was moved from the stocks where it was built $100,000 had been expended upon it.

On July 24, 1865, this vast structure was launched, and amid great excitement towed out to the place selected. There the compartments between the different sections were filled with stone, and the crib sunk to the bottom of the lake, where it was firmly secured by means of marine mooring screws, here used for the first time in America.

This accomplished, a shaft was sunk like the one on the shore, and the work of tunneling was begun from the lake end of the sub-marine bore. The entire length of the tunnel is 10,587 feet, of which about four-fifths was constructed from the shore end. On the 24th day of November, 1866, the two sections were united by cutting away the barrier of clay which remained and the great tunnel was one continuous tube from the shore to the crib, two miles away.

It was believed that the water supply thus provided for would be adequate for the needs of the city for a generation at least, but so enormous was the growth of Chicago that within six years steps were taken to increase it.

Early in 1872 the Board of Public Works purchased ground at the intersection of Blue Island and Ashland avenues, about three miles south and more than two miles west of the shore end of the tunnel, where they propose to erect new pumping works. The supply of water was to be procured by means of a tunnel running diagonally across the city to the foot of Chicago avenue.

This second great work was begun July 12th, 1872, and completed in two years. The procedure was nearly the same as the first tunnel, and need not be described. The works consist of a tunnel seven feet in diameter and about four miles in length. This passes under the city below the bed of the river and the deepest of the city's foundations. The ground at the Ashland avenue pumping works is much higher than at the lake and considerable power is required to draw the water through the tunnel.

THE CRIB.

This great underground aqueduct draws its supply of water from the "crib," whose construction has been described. To accomplish this a second tunnel was constructed under the lake, and run parallel with the first, about sixty-three feet away. The new tunnel is about seven feet wide and seven feet and two inches high, and has a capacity about double that of the first one.

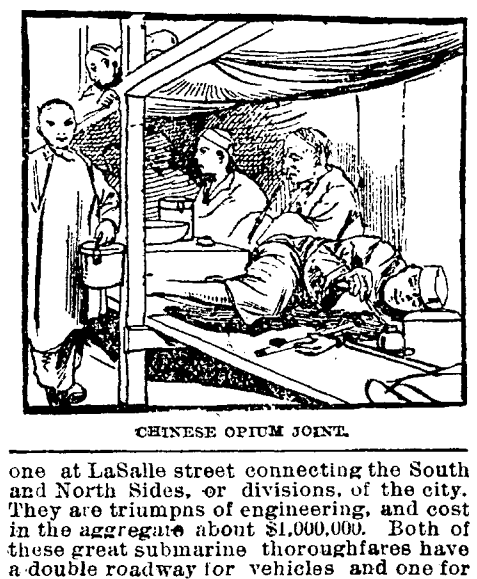
At present a third great tunnel is in course of construction under the waves of Lake Michigan. This was determined upon because the water now pumped from the crib is sometimes contaminated by the sewage, particularly when great storms rage, and because it had become evident that the two North Side tunnels would not long supply the demands of the rapidly growing city. The shore shaft is near the foot of Twelfth street, two miles south of Chicago avenue. It will be four miles in length and is being constructed much like the others, except that dynamite is employed to loosen the clay.

Up to the present time a little more than half a mile has been constructed. For the first 250 feet it is eight feet in diameter. At that distance it became necessary to fork it out into two parallel tunnels six feet in diameter. The engineers hope to be able to unite them further on into the one eight-foot bore, but there is some uncertainty about it.

It is expected that the entire four-mile tunnel will be completed in a year and a half, after which the city will be insured an ample supply of pure water under all circumstances.

Six hundred and seventy-seven miles of water mains, varying in size from three to thirty-six inches in diameter, are in use. Of sewers there are 493 miles, varying in diameter from one to nine feet. Besides, the streets are filled with conduits for telegraph, telephone, and electric light wires, while the gas mains rival in extent those of the water department.

There are two passenger tunnels under the Chicago River, one at Washington street connecting the South and West Sides, and one at LaSalle street connecting the South and North Sides, or divisions, of the city. They are triumphs of engineering, and cost in the aggregate about $1,000,000. Both of these great submarine thoroughfares have a double roadway for vehicles and one for pedestrians, the latter being entirely separate from the former. They are lighted by electricity.


CHINESE OPIUM JOINT.

The use of these tunnels has been sold to the North and West Side Street Railway companies. The one at LaSalle street has been for some time in successful operation, and the other is now undergoing repairs and alterations and will soon be in use. In both the motive power is a cable in connection with the regular "grip-car" lines. They do away with delays caused by the opening of bridges to permit vessels to pass, and will prove a substantial benefit to the people.

DWIGHT BALDWIN.

Indian Horsemanship.

It has been suggested that the easiest way to solve the "Indian problem," of which we hear so much, would be to employ all the idle Indians as soldiers. They are not, to-be-sure, amenable to the minor details of discipline, but they are equal to the Cossacks in all that goes to make up dashing cavalrymen. They are absolutely fearless, good shots, capable of enduring great fatigue and privation, and they are splendid riders.

A newspaper correspondent, having visited an Arapahoe camp, gives the following account of an Indian drill, ordered for his amusement:

"Fifty fine looking young men, mounted upon ponies, drew up before the tents. At a signal from the chief they began their evolutions with a loud yell.

"In a moment they disappeared over a neighboring hill. Then there suddenly rose a mighty tramping of feet, and they swept past again, so compact that I only saw a ball made of horses and men.

"Splitting in two, one body swept to the right and another to the left, and again they disappeared. Presently they charged each other in solid lines, and while the spectator waited breathlessly for the shock of collision, the files skillfully opened to the right and left, and the lines passed the intervals without touching.

"Now came the moment for displaying individual horemanship. Some of the riders approached, each lying so close to the pony's back that nothing but the horse could be seen. Others stood erect upon the animals' backs. Some hung to the horse by one foot and one hand, so that their bodies were completely protected by those of the ponies.

"These young warriors threw objects upon the ground and picked them up at full gallop, and drew bows and arrows from beneath the horses' necks. Some of the men exchanged horses while riding.

"Again, a man would fall from his horse, as if wounded, and two others riding up beside him, would take him by an arm and a leg, swing him between their horses and carry him off.

"This exhibition lasted nearly two hours."

Arabella's Effort.

"Is, oh, is this really the love?" said Arabella Todkins, "that Amelia Ives and Abi Jinkman describe so thrillingly. Oh, tell me, Adolphus, is it the same?"

"It is, my love," answered Adolphus, tenderly, as he gave her a passionate embrace which nearly dislocated her left ear. "The very same."

"Are you certain, darling?" cried Arabella, lifting her beautiful head from the right-hand corner of his manly breast. "Oh, let there be no mistake."

"Describe your symptoms, dearest," answered Adolphus, gracefully displacing a fly which was nestling in her dimpled chin.

"I feel," said Arabella, as she gave a great gulp, "as if my heart would leap from my throbbing breast. My throat contracts and then expands. The muscles of my throat leap back and forth, and my windpipe——"

"Arabella," interrupted Adolphus, sadly, "go no farther; I regret your disappointment, but it's only an old-fashioned hiccough, and—you'll have to try again."

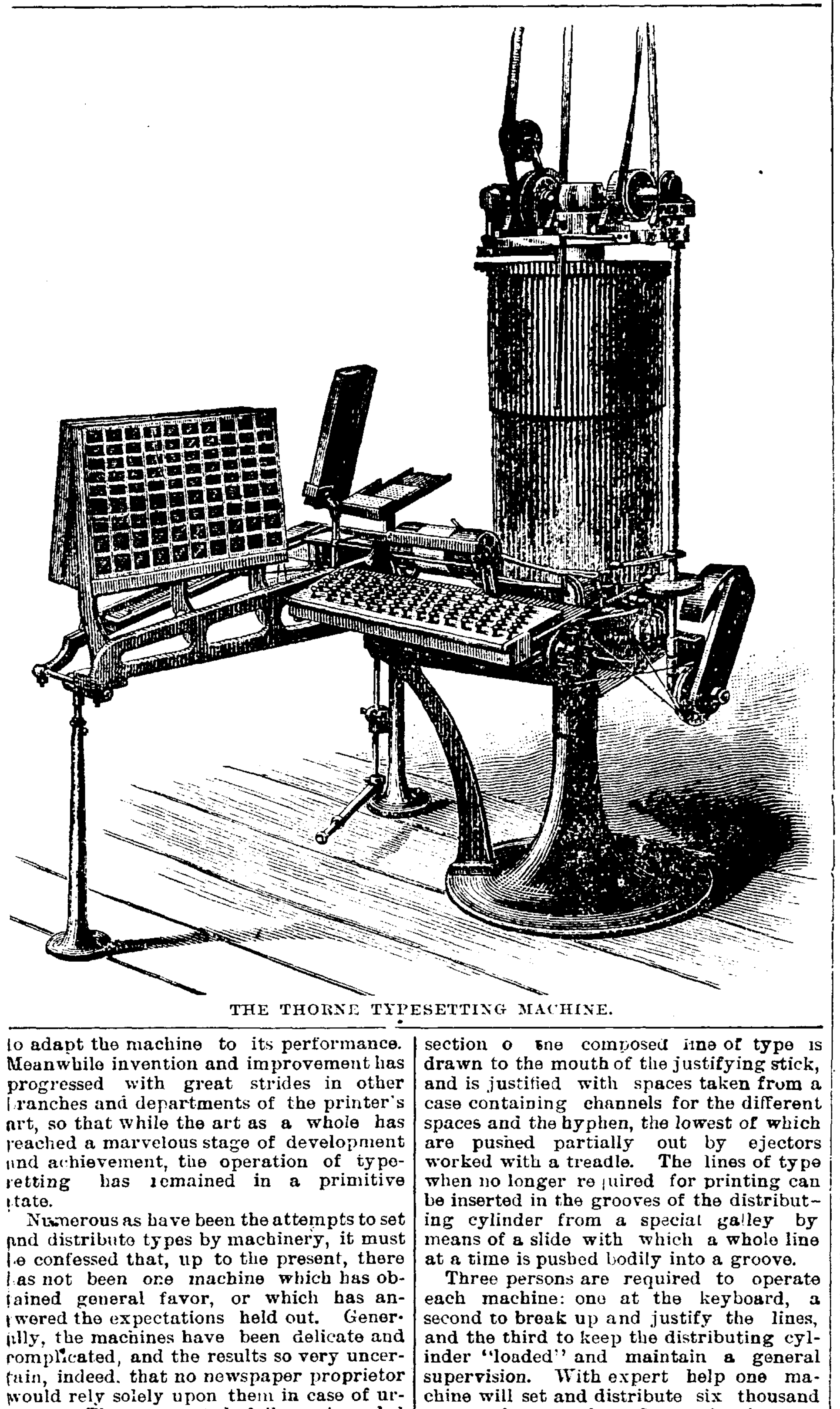
"THE worm that dieth not" is the cotton worm. He comes around to take a boll as regularly as the bar-room beat comes for his lunch.

A MARVELOUS MACHINE.

THE THORNE CONTRIVANCE FOR SETTING TYPE.

A Labor-Saving Invention that Seems Adapted to the Practical Requirements of a Printing Office—A Description of the Machine.

Whether or not type can be successfully set by a machine, and whether the machine can be adapted to the practical requirements of a printing office, is a question toward the solution of which the efforts of inventive genius have been continuously directed for many years. From one point of view it may be regarded as strange that the wonderful results that have been reached in other directions in the production of machines capable of performing the most complicated operations with almost human intelligence and more than human precision, have not been sooner paralleled in type setting, in which so large a proportion of the work is purely mechanical. On the other hand those practically familiar with the details of the work of the composing room have cherished grave doubts whether a machine could be devised and perfected that would perform the work of setting type in such a way as to make it practicable to supersede the method of hand setting that has been in use ever since the art of printing was invented. Difficulties have been encountered which have not met the inventor in any other field, and the operation of putting the types in place, so simple in appearance when done by hand, becomes involved in countless complications when it is sought to adapt the machine to its performance. Meanwhile invention and improvement has progressed with great strides in other branches and departments of the printer's art, so that while the art as a whole has reached a marvelous stage of development and achievement, the operation of type-setting has remained in a primitive state.


THE THORNE TYPESETTING MACHINE.

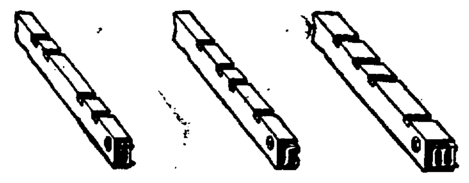
Numerous as have been the attempts to set and distribute types by machinery, it must be confessed that, up to the present, there has not been one machine which has obtained general favor, or which has answered the expectations held out. Generally, the machines have been delicate and complicated, and the results so very uncertain, indeed, that no newspaper proprietor would rely solely upon them in case of urgency. These repeated failures have led compositors, and employers too, to venture the prediction that until a machine could be endowed with brains the compositor would be indispensable. But recently the perfecting of what is known as the Thorne type-setting and distributing machine seems to overthrow that oft repeated prediction.

The Thorne, of which an accurate illustration is given in the accompanying engraving, is the invention of Joseph Thorne, from whom the machine and the company now engaged in its manufacture were named. The invention dates back to 1880, although the improvements which the last eight years of mental and mechanical labor upon it have effected have so metamophorphsed the original that the present perfected machine scarcely resembles the crude affair which first embodied the inventor's idea. At various times the Thorne has been exhibited and tested in competition with other type-setting machines in Europe and America, with results most decidedly in its favor. It is doubtful, however, if any other machine has ever been subjected to the severe test which has been applied to the Thorne, one of them being in continuous use in the office of a Hartford Conn., daily paper for nearly a year—a test which may be said to have thoroughly demonstrated its practicability, not only for general composition but also for the sterner requirements of daily newspaper work.

OPERATING THE MACHINE.

The Thorne type-setting machine consists of two iron cylinders, about fifteen inches in diameter, placed perpendicularly one above the other, in the external surface of each of which are cut longtitudinally ninety channels or receptacles for the types which are to be used in it. Within the channels of the lower cylinder are inserted "wards," or small steel projections extending in various relative positions through their entire length, which correspond respectively with "nicks" specially made in the type—the purpose of which is, in distributing the letters, to automatically divert each letter from the mass of letters in the upper or distributing cylinder to its appropriate place in the lower or setting cylinder, so that each channel in the latter shall receive types of only the particular character intended for and adapted to it. The work of distribution is carried on automatically by the revolution of the upper cylinder over the lower, with an intermittent motion, thereby causing the channels of the upper cylinder at each step to coincide with and rest directly over similar channels in the setting cylinder, which remains stationary. By means of the "nicks" in the type and the "wards" in the lower or setting cylinder a type of a given character can only fall into its own proper groove in the latter; in these grooves the types rest on a bottom plate. The types in the distributing cylinder are in the order they come from the forms, but by the step-like motion of the cylinder and the action of the wards in the channels of the setting cylinder the types are automatically sorted, so that each channel of the stationary cylinder contains only types of the same kind.

Composing is effected from a key-board —like that of a type-writer on a somewhat larger scale. By the depression of any key, through an arrangement of levers and rods, the lowest type in the corresponding groove of the cylinder is pushed radially outwards on a very rapidly revolving disc, which carries it to an opening in the stationary guard surrounding the disc and delivers it upon a moving belt, on which the types are carried in their proper order to a revolving lifter, which raises them in succession into a long setting stick at the upper end of an inclined channel or galley. In justifying, a section of the composed line of type is drawn to the mouth of the justifying stick, and is justified with spaces taken from a case containing channels for the different spaces and the hyphen, the lowest of which are pushed partially out by ejectors worked with a treadle. The lines of type when no longer required for printing can be inserted in the grooves of the distributing cylinder from a special galley by means of a slide with which a whole line at a time is pushed bodily into a groove.


TYPES "NICKED" FOR THE THORNE MACHINE.

Three persons are required to operate each machine: one at the keyboard, a second to break up and justify the lines, and the third to keep the distributing cylinder "loaded" and maintain a general supervision. With expert help one machine will set and distribute six thousand ems per hour, or from five to six times as much as the most rapid hand compositor. The work is not particularly laborious, and it is found by experience that intelligent girls are fully as well adapted as men to become efficient operators. The machines are so light running that a single horse power is sufficient for half a dozen machines.

Considering the purpose for which the machine is intended, the construction is simple, and there appears to be no difficulty or hitch in the working. It should be remarked that by manipulating the keys in one direction only, several keys may be touched simultaneously, without risk of the characters becoming transposed; in working the opposite way each key must be touched separately. The machine is driven from a shaft by two small belts. One belt transmits motion to the revolving disc below the typesetting cylinder and to the type lifter, whilst the other belt, by means of a tightening pulley and ratchet gear, produces the step-by step-motion of the distributing cylinder.

Ramming Ice Floes.

No stronger vessels than those of the Dundee whalers are built; they are from 400 to 1,000 tons displacement, have powerful, well-secured engines to resist the shock of ramming or stoppage of the propeller by ice, and are built with an eye to the easy and rapid replacement of rudder, propeller and propeller shaft if damaged, these parts being carried in duplicate. Above all other considerations, they possess strength for ramming as well as resistance to lateral pressure when nipped.

Another very important feature is that the bow shall have considerable inclination, which permits the vessel, when ramming very heavy ice, to lift slightly and slide on it, thus easing the shock and assisting the cutting action of the bow with the downward crushing weight of the ship. In this way it is possible for these steamers at full speed to ram ice over twenty feet thick and receive no immediate incapacitating damage.

If the ice is not too heavy the shear-like rise and fall of the bow is repeated several times as the vessel steams powerfully ahead until her headway is checked. The difficulty then is to extract the ship from the dock she has cut by her advance.

The Reason.

Two men, in the dining-room of a hotel, were watching a hungry fellow who sat near them.

"Waiter," said the hungry fellow," "bring me some fried perch."

After he had eaten the perch he ordered a broiled bass and, after devouring it, said:

"Now just bring me along any other fish that you happen to have handy."

"That fellow is extremely fond of fish," said one of the men.

"Not so much that he is fond of them as the fact that he hasn't had any for a long time."

"He could get them, I am sure. The markets are full of them."

"Yes, but you see he has been beyond the reach of the markets; he has just returned from a fishing expedition."

THE MUSIC OF THE FIRESIDE.

BY EVA KATHARINE CLAPP.

A FAVORITE discussion, of late, with the critics of the day, has been the music of the future.

Whether the forceful intellectuality of Wagner's sublime harmonies shall lead us out and up to the Alp-like summits of an entirely novel experience in music, a new school of sound, springing phœnix-like from the old, as chemistry arose from alchemy, or not, remains to be seen.

This may be the result; or, slipping back into the grooves of conventionalism, we may resign ourselves to lotus-eating dreams, lulled by the sensuous strains of less complex compositions. The question is one that is fraught with interest, to the high priests and priestesses of art and æstheticism chiefly.

In the meantime, the vast army of us, the rank and file of humanity, as we march along, time our steady footsteps to the cheery music of the fireside.

It is a low-toned, unobtrusive and comfortable melody, scarcely noticed amidst earth's more turbulent noises. Yet, what a dread and awful stillness would it leave in our lives should it suddenly go out and forever cease to be.

In the morning this fireside music is a kind of choral hymn, wherein are blended the voices of the children, raised in affectionate morning greeting; the silvery ripple of their happy laughter ripples through all the composition. It is the variation, played in flute-like tones upon the sober theme of breakfast table, household conversation.

And now, the canary bird, hearing the joyous stir about him, concludes that it is high time for him to strike in with his part, and he pipes up, with spirit, giving us a pleasing variety of trills, shakes, runs and roulades; while the pet dog contributes a few staccato yelps, purely from a spirit of emulation.

The coffee urn makes no noise, only offers up a fragrant incense of steam, as its share of the performance; but at evening, when the family shall gather around the cheerful fire, where snapping and crackling coals, like the tambourine in an orchestra, are more for looks than for sound, then the boiling teakettle will sing melodiously, a dreamy soft alto, and (if our fireside happens to be in an old country house) the cricket, sweet minstrel of domestic peace, will emerge from his secret nook, and tuning his violin to a high and resonant pitch he will pipe in pleasant accord to the kettle's low drone.

And now, perhaps, leading this delightful orchestra of quaint and original if humble musicians, softly rises toward heaven the voice of the mother, as with a tender lullaby she gently rocks her nestling off into slumberland. And call you not this harmony?

It is the harmony of home, the blessed music of the fireside.

The mother's slumber song, the children's laughter, the cricket's carol—this is music that inspires the manly heart to renewed efforts each day, in the paths of honorable toil.

It is music like this that softens the heart toward our fellow strugglers through life's vicissitudes. It is the music of sweet and wholesome home affections, bubbling up incessantly from the deep heart of life and chanting praise to the giver of all good.

It is not the result of any painful drill nor acquired by weary years of study. It solaces the cottage even more freely than it does the mansion.

Sweet as the thrushes' matin call, when the June sunrise flushes the east, and the wild rose exhales in fragrance the secret of her dreams, it is heartfelt and full of ministering grace for our fainting souls as the song of angels, and cheerful as the first day in Eden, when Eve, in the joyousness of innocence, laughed aloud as she gazed upon the beauty around her.

Here's a health to the shade of the glorious master, Wagner, a health to all artists and composers in the divine art of music; but after all, the music that we should miss the most, the music that makes life endurable, that sounds sweetly, even to the ears of the cherubim and seraphim, is the cheerful yet holy music of the fireside.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

The man who kant find ennything to do in this world iz az bad oph az a yearling heffer.

Thare iz no pashun ov the human heart that promises so much and pays so little az revenge.

Thare haint no man yet lived long enuff in this world tew doubt the infallibility ov hiz judgement.

Thare iz this odds between a humorous lekter and a scientiffick one—yu hav got to understand the humorous lekter tew enjoy it, but you kan enjoy the scientiffick one without understanding it.

It iz but a step from zeal tew bigotry, but it iz a step that iz most generally taken.

Don't lay enny certain plans for the fewter; it iz like planting tuds, and expekting to raize tudstools.

No man yet who had strength ov mind enuff ever resorted tew cunning. Cunning iz haff brother tew fear, and they are both ov them weakness.

Natur once in a while makes a phool; but, az a general thing, phools, like garments, are made tew order.

A man who iz good company for himself iz alwus good company for others.

Genuine praize consists in naming a man's faultz to hiz face, and hiz good qualities tew hiz back.

One ov the best temporary cures for pride and affektashun that I have ever seen tried iz sea-sickness; a man who wants tew vomit never puts on airs.

A fault concealed iz but little better than one indulged in.

Witty speeches are like throwing stones at a target—the more time spent in taking aim, the less danger thare iz in hitting the mark.

I have alwus noticed one thing, when a person bekums disgusted with this world, and konkludes to withdraw from it, the world very kindly lets the person went.

Woman haz no friendships. She either loves, despises, or hates.

A day in the life ov an old man iz like one ov the last days in the fall ov the year—every hour brings a change in the weather.

A coquette in love iz just about az tame az a bottle of ginger pop that haz stood sum time with the cork pulled out.—*New York Weekly.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY AND ABLY CONSIDERED.

A Scholarly Exposition of the Lesson —Thoughts Worthy of Calm Reflection—Half an Hour's Study of the Scriptures—Time Well Spent.

The lesson for Sunday, Nov. 24, may be found in 1 Kings, 3: 5-15.

INTRODUCTORY.

Solomon is the type of a wise man, as Absalom was of a foolish son. He was the youngest of David's children, being born in Jerusalem after the establishment of the kingdom there. He was well trained, his instructor being the prophet Nathan, and one of the pertinent lessons here is the value of a good and wholesome education. The main teaching, however, is the significance of a right choice. Teachers will do well to impress on their pupils that youth is the time for decision as to the aim of life, and no choice is invariably, constituted and circumstanced as we are, wrong choice. "Choose you this day whom you will serve."

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

My God. Solomon accepts Jehovah as his own as well as David's God.——Thou. His kingship was not of his own grasping (see Absalom). His was the divine right of kings.——A little child. In his own esteem: a word of humility. Solomon was at this time, it is supposed, nineteen or twenty years old.——Go out. For aggression.——Come in. For preservation.

In the midst of thy people. It was no insignificant charge.——Chosen. It was a precious charge.——A great people. A heavy and burdensome charge.——Counted. A hyperbolical statement, signifying too great to number.

Understanding. Hebrew, hearing. The reference is probably God-ward rather than man-ward.——To judge. That is, to give justice, to hear their cases of dispute and decide righteously.——Discover. Literally, to perceive, to view narrowly, discriminate.

Speech. The overture or request.——Pleased the Lord. Literally was good in the eyes of the Lord.——This thing. In the Hebrew the term for "word" and "thing" is the same (davar); it therefore occurs twice in this verse, once at the opening, translated "speech," and again here.

Asked for thyself. His request had been unselfish and in his people's behalf.——Riches for thyself. Absence of cupidity.——The life of thine enemies. Absence of truculence and vengefulness.——Hast asked for thyself. It was a severe test for any man to pass through. How many of us would have met it as well?

According to thy word. In the long run, Providence accounts to us just what we persistently seek.——Wise. Sagacious This is to be seen in the shrewd, political alliances made and the far-sighted commercial transactions entered into.——None like thee before thee. Solomon was the flower of Israel and indeed of all nations, thus far.——Neither after thee. Until Christ came (Matt. 12: 42).

Also given thee. God's giving is according to grace—to those who come into right relations with him.——Thou hast not asked. How far beyond our prayers God's blessings.——Riches and honor. See the testimony of the Queen of Sheba. (1 Kings, 10: 69.)——Like unto thee. Solomon brought Israel to be renowned among the nations, as David brought her to be feared.

If. The condition relates to the maintenance of this glory. It was given freely. So with God's gifts to-day.——Then I will lengthen thy days. It can scarcely be said that the condition was met. (1 Kings, 11: 1-8). He died when about sixty years of age. (1 Kings, 11: 42).

Behold, it was a dream. Better, and behold a dream, i. e., lo, he had had a dream, from God.——And he came to Jerusalem. His immediate conduct gives proof that the dream was accepted by Solomon as a divine communication.——A feast to all his servants. This second feast was more significant than the former.

This great kindness. The same word in the Hebrew as mercy above. He refers here to a special favor, so also esteemed by David. (2 Sam. 7: 19).

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

Ask what I shall give thee. It is the question put to every young man. At the beginning of life choice may be made. God gives us the privilege of saying what it is we seek pre-eminently. There comes a time in every life when the deliberate decision is made, and the after life is largely determined by the nature of the choice then made. Some decide to live for self, and the after life is full of selfishness. Some decide to labor for riches, and riches come. Others choose to give the life to helping others, and thus follows a career of philanthropy; or to make the most of this life for laying up treasure in heaven, and there is a blessed record of souls sought and won. In this sense also the Scripture is true, "Ask and it shall be given unto you." Great mercy. Twice this occurs in this one verse, for "great kindness" below is the same expression in the Hebrew. It seems well to see this word thus early in Solomon's vocabulary. The son is a worthy successor of a worthy sire, and it promises well for the reign to see the son so early finding the paths of his father's success. For if there was any word dear to David it was that word mercy—"for his mercy endureth forever;" and if there was anything that could be quoted as the secret of his success it is to be found hidden, and yet scarcely hidden, in this significant word. The saddest thing about Solomon's life was that he allowed his phenomenal advancement in worldly things to draw his heart away from simple trust in the grace of God. When Solomon ceased to speak of "great mercy" he began to prepare for great failure.

Thou hast kept for him this great kindness. It was a mercy in reserve. How little we know of the things "kept" for us. The mercies given are great; what can we say of the blessing yet to be bestowed. Grace is ours now, glory hereafter. But it is to be noted that David anticipated this very blessing when he said, "This was yet a small thing in thy sight, O Lord God: but thou hast spoken also of thy servant's house for a long while to come." He enjoyed the pleasures of sanctified life, by faith the substance of things not seen were his, he knew the joy of the blessing in reserve. "Eye hath not seen," we say, "nor ear heard, neither hath it entered the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." But remember, "God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit." Why not then begin to enjoy them now?

I know not how to go out or come in. It is a confession all of us might well make. To God we must resort for our equipment for service. And especially is this so of those called to lead amongst men. What pastor or superintendent or teacher, or, for that matter, what parent has felt equal to the double task imposed by Providence upon him? For he needs to know both the going-out and the coming-in, how to be a captain for aggression and a shepherd for defense at one and the same time. Who can teach us of this save he who is to us all the captain of our salvation and the shepherd of our souls, and who would have us learn of him?

Give, therefore, thy servant an understanding heart. It is, literally, a hearkening heart; that is, a heart that learns wisdom by its very meekness. Saul on the way to Damascus was in a condition to hear the voice that spake as well as see the light that shone. They that were with him "saw indeed the light and were afraid, but they heard not the voice of him that spake." Over in Corinthians (14: 2) we read of the man that speaketh with an unknown tongue that "no man understandeth him." In the margin "heareth" is suggested as the meaning of the original. It is the same word used here, though in a different language. The way to begin to understand is to first begin to hear and heed. That word religion is the opposite of the word negligence (religion vs. negligence), and its primary meaning is to give heed to the higher powers. To listen to what God says to the heart is to be able to teach others aright. An understanding heart must first be an obedient heart.

And he came to Jerusalem and stood before the ark. That was the way to make the vision a reality. Behold it was a dream, says the verse just before. Straightway he goes and communes with the Lord God and offers sacrifices; and now one feels like saying, Behold it was not all a dream! It is a good thought, a divine impulse, we may say, put into execution. Has God spoken to you in his providence? Through affliction, or it may be prosperity, in some silent hour of meditation, or in the watches of the night, have you caught a vision of better things? Then it is for you to say what it shall mean for you. Shall it be dream only or shall it be blessed deed? A time there is when it may be called not more than the baseless fabric of a dream. Take the good thought or message and make it over into reality. Then shall there be occasion for the feast of thanksgiving.

Next Lesson: "The Temple Dedicated.—1 Kings 8: 54-63.

A THANKSGIVING WISHBONE.

BY J. W. BURGESS.

JENNY and Johnny, and Albert and Mary
Sat at the table on Thanksgiving Day.
The turkey, all stuffed, and basted and brown,
Upon a big platter was turned upside down;
With its legs pointed skyward, its wings pinioned back,
As old Farmer Johnson began the attack.
He carved a nice piece from the rich steaming breast,
And passed to his wife—the first piece, and best;
Then said, "Now, Miss Jenny, what cut do you like?"
"O, please give me just what you happen to strike—
Some white meat, or dark, or a leg, or a wing."
She was a guest, and a sweet, pretty thing
Of some eighteen years, and the farmer's boy Johnnie
Thought never a damsel was one-half so bonnie.
The farmer's boy Albert was equally sure
That May—Jennie's sister—his heartache could cure.
And so these two sisters, by special request,
Were there to take dinner, dressed up in their best.
Jennie was pretty, and dainty, though vain,
While May was more sensible, homely, and plain.
"Give Jennie the wishbone," said Johnnie at last;
Accordingly, to her the wishbone was passed,
And all the while that her dinner she ate,
The wishbone was resting close by her plate.
With united action, they all waded in,
'Till their knives and their forks made a regular din.
The turkey, when finally laid on the shelf,
Was only a wreck of its once gorgeous self.
The squash, the potatoes, and cranberry sauce,
And mince pie and pumpkin, with crust all embossed,
Had each done its duty, and every one
Drew back and declared the dinner was done.
"Now, then, who will wish?" cried Jennie, the fair,
As high up she held the wishbone in air.
"I will!" said they all, and then came a scuffle
Insomuch that the wishbone was lost in the shuffle.
May was the first one the wishbone to spy,
And pursued by Johnnie, she quickly did fly
Clear through the sitting-room, into the hall,
In chamber, in cellar, in parlor, and all.
Then from sheer exhaustion dropped into a chair,
With cheeks all aglow, and tumble-down hair;
And Johnnie rushed up, and without much ado,
Smacked a kiss on her lips, and I don't know but two.
"Let us wish," said May, "for I still have the bone,
It is due you, I think, for your chase to atone."
Now, dear reader, we ought to have told you before,
That, though May liked Albert, she loved Johnnie more,
And her honest wish, when she pulled on that bone,
Was that some day she might have him all for her own.
They pulled on the wishbone, and May won the toss,
But what was her gain was by no means his loss,
For from that very minute affairs took a turn,
And Johnnie and May are so friendly, we learn,
That when Thanksgiving Day again takes its place
They'll have hooked up together for life's rugged race.
We know not what Alfred and Jennie will do,
But the neighbors all think they will get married, too.
Now May is ready at all times to own
That there's boundless virtue in a turkey's wishbone.

LIKED TO MAKE A SHOW.

BY DRIFT.

"THE Beggerley's coming here to spend Thanksgiving?" said Mrs. Nettleby. "Not if I know it."

Mrs. Nettleby was a close-fisted and calculating woman, who lived in a handsome house in a stylish neighborhood in N——, and was one of those who, as her maid-of-all-work expressed it, "would skin a flea to save the hide and tallow." Mrs. Nettleby liked to make a show, but she had a deep-rooted aversion to spending. And entertaining company on Thanksgiving Day was one of the things that could not be accomplished without the latter concomitant.

Mr. Nettleby, a little, weak-minded man, who viewed his big wife with respectful admiration, looked dubiously at her.

"But, my dear," said he, "how are you going to help it? They've sent word they are coming."

"I'll go to your sister Belinda's, up in Sugartuck County."

Mr. Nettleby felt of his chin. "They haven't invited us," said he; "that is, not especially."

"O, fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Nettleby. "Belinda's always glad to see me and the children. And as for staying at home to gorge Mrs. Beggerley and her six children, and Mr. Beggerley's two sisters, I won't do it. Why, such a turkey as they would expect would cost three dollars at the very least. Get me a time-table, Nettleby. Send word to Mrs. Beggerley that I've gone away to spend Thanksgiving."

Mr. Nettleby, who never dreamed of opposing his wife's will in this or any other matter, wrote the letter accordingly, and put it in his coat-tail pocket, where it remained; for he forgot all about it. Mrs. Nettleby packed up her own things and the things of the four little Nettlebys, and took the afternoon train for Scrag Hollow, in Sugartuck County.

"Mamma," said Theodora Nettleby—the juvenile scions of the house of Nettleby all had high-sounding appellations—"it looks all shut up and lonely. I don't believe any one is at home."

"I DON'T BELIEVE ANYONE IS AT HOME."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Nettleby. "People in the country always live in the back part of the house." And carrying a heavy carpet-bag in her hand she trudged around to the rear door, followed by Theodora, Lavinia, Evangeline and Gervase, each lugging a smaller bag.

Nobody responded to her repeated volley of knocks, but presently a little old woman, who had come from a neighboring cottage to the well for water, was made to understand what was wanted.

"Mrs. Peckfield?" said the little old woman, in the high-pitched, shrill voice which so often accompanies deafness. "You're her cousin from the city, come to spend Thanksgiving! Well; if that ain't too bad! Mrs. Peckfield started this very afternoon for Ladd's Depot; got some relations as lives there."

"That's very strange," said Mrs. Nettleby. "I telegraphed to her that I was coming."

"Couldn't a got the telegraph, I guess," said the little woman. But Mrs. Nettleby knew better than that, for under the corner of the piazza there lay a torn envelope of the Western Union Telegraph. And she knew that Mrs. Peckfield had fled from her, just as she, Mrs. Nettleby, had fled before the Beggerley family.

"But I'll be even with her," said Mrs. Nettleby, grinding her false teeth. "I'll go to Ladd's Depot. What are the names of her relations there?"

The little old woman, after some meditation, said that it was Jones. At least she thought it was Jones. She wasn't quite certain. It might be Smith, or it might be Brown. But she believed it was Jones. And she believed they lived on Thorn street. It was a long walk back to the railroad depot, and the four little Nettlebys were tired and cross, but they fortunately succeeded in reaching it before the last northward train started. But it was an express and didn't stop at small places like Ladd's Depot, as Mrs. Nettleby found to her cost when she paid five dollars for a hack to take her back to Ladd's Depot.

On inquiry it was found that there were about half a dozen families of the name of Jones at Ladd's Depot. The first place to which they drove on Thorn street was a tenement house, where they all had the scarlet fever. "Oh, my!" said Mrs. Nettleby, "drive on, quick. This isn't the place!"

The next was a clergyman's house, where a full-fledged prayer-meeting was going briskly on. "*This* isn't the place, either," said poor Mrs. Nettleby, waxing more and more in despair.

And the third was a vinegar-faced old maid who lived with her married sister, and "never had heard the name of Peckfield in her life."

"What *shall* I do?" said Mrs. Nettleby.

"Better go to a hotel, ma'am," said the hackman, who himself was beginning to get out of patience.

"But it costs so much," said Mrs. Nettleby. "And to-morrow is Thanksgiving Day. Is there a train goes back to-night?"

"THAT'S VERY STRANGE; I TELEGRAPHED HER I WAS COMING."

"To-night?" said the hackman. "Why, it's past eleven a'ready! And my horses has got the epizootic, and I couldn't keep 'em out no longer, not for nobody! But I s'pose I could take you to the twelve-thirty night express for a little extra!"

And this moderate specimen of the tribe of hackmen consented to be satisfied with eight dollars.

"Ma?" whispered Gervase, "where are we going?"

"Home," said Mrs. Nettleby, pronouncing the word as if it were a peanut shell she was cracking. There was one comfort, though—the Beggerley family would have been repulsed by that time; and, after all, cold beef was a cheaper way of supplying the table than turkey at thirty cents a pound.

It was 2 o'clock the next day when she reached her own door, having paid in hack and car fare enough to buy half a dozen ten-pound turkeys, and with jaded and fretful children, a violent headache on her own score, and one of the traveling-bags lost! "I'll stay at home after this," said Mrs. Nettleby to herself. "Eh! Parlor window-blinds open! People talking! I do believe Nettleby's got company to Thankigiving, after all!" And her heart sank down into the soles of her boots. It was quite true. The servant-maid, with a red and flurried face, opened the door.

"Mary!" said Mrs. Nettleby, "who's here?"

"Lots of people, ma'am," said Mary, looking guiltily over her shoulder.

"Where are they?" demanded her mistress.

"In the dining-room, ma'am." And Mary threw open the door, thereby disclosing a long table with three huge turkeys, well browned, and a savory chicken-pie that was a mountain in itself, and a glass reservoir of cranberry sauce that set Mrs. Nettleby calculating at once as to the probable amount of dollars sunk in its crimson billows; while, seated in hospitable array around the board, were Mr. and Mrs. Beggerley, the two sisters, and the six little Beggerleys, Mr. and Mrs. Smithers, seven little Smitherses, and the six Leonards of Maine, second cousins of Mr. Nettleby—twenty-six in all—including her husband.

Mrs. Nettleby and her children sat down and ate their Thanksgiving dinner with what appetite they might. But Nettleby had rather a hard time of it that night.

"My dear," said that sacrificial lamb, "what was I to do? They didn't get the letter. They said they had come to spend Thanksgiving, and of course I had to order dinner. What else could I do?"

"Do?" repeated Mrs. Nettleby, in accents of the bitterest scorn, "couldn't you close all the blinds, and lock the front door, and go down cellar and pretend not to be at home? I've no patience with you!"

Three days afterward the three youngest Nettlebys broke out with scarlet fever. The seven little Smitherses took it of them, the maid took it of the Smitherses, and Mrs. Nettleby had her winter's work before her.

"I wish to goodness I had stayed at home," thought Mrs. Nettleby.

And the amount of thankfulness she felt that year was not oppressive, in spite of the Governor's Thanksgiving proclamation.

A Presuming Little Girl.

A little girl, who made very frequent use of the word "guess," was one day reproved for it by her teacher.

"Don't say 'guess,' Mary," said Miss Jones, "say 'presume.'"

Presently one of Mary's little playmates coming up to her, remarked:

"I think your cape is very pretty, and my mamma wants your mamma to lend her the pattern, because she is going to make me one like it."

"My mamma has no pattern," was the prompt reply; "she cut it by presume."

IT has been stated that the lamented Father Damien attributed his leprosy to the inoculaton of an abrasion in the scalp through the agency of flies.

BRUIN IN A TRAP.

A HUNTER CATCHES TWO BEARS IN AN ODD WAY.

Bruin Caught in a Trap Which Swings Him About Helplessly in the Air—A Ludicrous Scene and Its Ending.

Absalom Quick, who has a cabin on Big Kettle Creek, saw a lively illustration of the fun-loving propensity of the Pennsylvania bear a few days ago, which culminated in an exciting manifestation also of the disposition of Bruin to tear things. Quick was deer hunting, in company with three other hunters, and occupying his cabin. On returning to the cabin one night the hunters discovered that a bear had been prowling around it, and had actually been making an attempt to burglarize it. He had given up the job for some reason or other, but Quick, knowing a thing or two about bears, declared this bear would be back again next day to complete the job.

"I'm gointer git that b'ar," said Quick, "an' I'm gointer git him peculiar."

Next morning Quick proceeded to lay his plans to intercept Bruin. Among the trees that were growing about the cabin was a whiteoak sapling, five inches through at the butt. It tapered gradually to the top, which was twenty-five feet above the ground. The sapling was straight from butt to tip. Quick climbed it and trimmed it of its limbs. Among his traps in the cabin was several feet of small but strong rope. Quick deftly tied a smooth-slipping noose in one end of the rope. By the combined efforts of the four men the oak sapling was bent over until its tip was within three feet of the ground. While the tree was held in that position Quick tied the rope securely to the tip, and, by an ingenious arrangement of pegs and notched sticks he had prepared for the occasion, he soon had the noose end of the rope fastened on the ground. By this the bent sapling was held in place, it being necessary to but slightly touch the delicately arranged sticks on the ground to release the rope and permit the sapling to slip back to its place. The trap was set close to the cabin door.

"I never ketched no b'ar this way," said Quick; "but if it don't work, then I don't know b'ars."

The hunters then went out on the ridge after deer, leaving the cabin door open, with a tempting piece of pork just inside the sill. A mile from the cabin the men separated to go to different runways. Soon afterward, while Quick was making his way down a steep pitch on the side of the ridge, he caught his foot in a root and fell heavily to the ground. Quick is a genuine woodsman, and if he had received any physical injury in the fall it must have been serious to cause him any great concern; but in falling he broke a bottle he had in his pocket, and the contents were lost. There was nothing left of them but the aggravating aroma that ladened the air. It was a cold day, and there were to be possible long hours of weary waiting at a runway for the coming of a deer. There was at the cabin more of what the bottle had contained. Quick stood his gun against a tree and hurried back to headquarters. He stepped cautiously over the bear trap at the cabin door, and was filling a new bottle from a demijohn when a noise outside caused him to turn his head and look out of the door. He saw a medium-sized bear making a bee-line toward the trap. Quick was only a few feet back from the door, but the bear evidently saw nothing but the piece of pork. The bear never stopped, but slouched right up to the snare that had been laid for him, and got both forefeet inside the loop. The sapling flew up with a noise like a gust of wind in a chimney. The bear disappeared from Quick's view at the same time. But the next second he appeared on the line of vision again, dancing and teetering around in the open space in front of the cabin like a ball on an elastic string. The rope had caught the bear around the body just back of the forelegs. With every effort he made to free himself the sapling raised him a foot or two from the ground, and kept him dancing like a baby in a baby jumper. The bear snapped and snarled and snorted. He struck and sparred at the rope. Now and then, by some particularly vicious lurch, he bent the sapling so that he could throw himself flat on his back, but instantly the stiff and springy oak would get its work in again and yank the bear back in the air until everything snapped. The involuntary antics of the bear struck Quick as being so extremely comical that he at last had to yell with laughter. It was not until then that the bear discovered Quick, and he seemed to look upon the hunter as being responsible for his extraordinary situation, for he at once made desperate attempts to get in the cabin and have it out with Quick. He would manage to dance and swing to the very threshold, and then his frantic struggles would give the sapling a new chance at him, and it would lift him up and snatch him away, his legs spreading out to all points of the compass, like a big spider swinging at the end of its depending web.

When this had been repeated three or four times Quick began to fear that he would burst with laughter and the bear with fury unless something was done to put a stop to the circus. Quick's gun was a mile away. He was about to look around and see what he could find to kill the bear with when he saw another bear, a good deal bigger than the one in the snare, come ambling out of the bushes. This one stopped within a few feet of where the first bear was bobbing and sparring around in front of the cabin, gazed at the performance a minute or two in evident astonishment. Then the fun of the thing seemed to strike him all in a heap, too, for he drew nearer, and, rising on his haunches, took to giving the snared bear a tap or two with his forepaws as the sapling danced and teetered him around. That increased the fury of the snared bear, and he turned his attention from Quick, and tried to get his clutches on the bear that was tantalizing him. But he couldn't stay long enough in one place to make a success of it.

After giving the dancing bear a clip a good many times as he circled around, the other bear seemed to see still more fun than he was having, and, watching his opportunity, he grabbed the first bear by the back and ran across the opening, pushing him ahead of him. When he had gone as far as the rope would let him, he gave the bear a last and a hearty shove and let go. The bear at the end of the rope sailed up almost to the branches of the surrounding trees, and then came rushing back. The impetus of the rush sent him among the trees on the other side. The other bear stood on his haunches and gazed on the result of his effort with unmistakable enjoyment. But the snared bear swished back again, and brought up against the bear that was having the fun, and the next instant the latter was wrapped in the forelegs of the swinging bear in a way that started the fur to flying in all directions. That made the young bear mad, and Quick says that the tooth and nail rough and tumble that ensued was the most liveliest thing he had ever seen in all his experience. The sapling bent and snapped under the weight of the two bears, and danced and tumbled them around until the dirt and stones and hair flew about like chips from a planing machine. The fight lasted but a few seconds, for the fun-loving bear managed to break the embrace of the snared bear, and limped away out of the latter's reach, where he sat down and glared and growled and showed his teeth at the bear that had used him so unexpectedly rough. This bear, discovering Quick rolling and howling on the cabin floor, began his jumping-jacking in that direction again. Quick then proceeded to carry out his resolution to close the show. He found a stout and heavy hickory stake in the cabin. When the dancing bear swung around once more to the cabin door Quick met him and dealt him a tremendous blow on the nose that stunned him. Before the bear could recover himself Quick killed him with a few more blows, smashing his skull.

In doing this Quick's attention had necessarily been taken from the other bear for the time, but it was drawn back in that direction in an unexpected manner. The hunter had scarcely dealt the snared bear the last blow when he received a blow himself that sent him sprawling to the ground. He scrambled to his feet. The second bear had come up to take a hand in the fight. Quick had not lost his club in his fall, but the big bear had followed up his blow so promptly that the hunter could not use his weapon to advantage. He fled to the cabin. The bear followed him. Quick turned and aimed a blow with the club. The bear parried it with one of his forepaws, and knocked the club out of Quick's hands. Quick ran to a small unglazed window in one side of the cabin, and threw himself from it head first, leaving one-half of one trousers leg in the bear's claws. Quick had scarcely alighted outside the cabin when the bear having come out by the door, came around the corner. The hunter ran around the cabin, followed by Bruin. Quick got back into the cabin a few steps ahead, found his club, and as the bear poked his head in the door he was met with a blow on his nose that felled him like an ox. He never got up again, for Quick brained him with another blow. Stowing the two bears in the cabin, Quick completed the filling of his bottle, and went back and finished the deer hunt.—[New York Sun.

THE SUN CURE.

Where it is Practised With Great Persistence and Success.

Hidden among the mountains of Carinthia lies the little wooden-roofed village of Veldes, or Bledu, in the irresponsible language of its Slavonic inhabitants. It stands on the shores of a small lake of deep blue water.

By the lake hotels and villas congregate. These are one and all brilliant and festive dwellings.

To this romantic little shrine sun worshippers come during the summer to offer sacrifices, while a larger number of pleasure seekers flock in from Trieste, from all parts of Germany, Poland and the north of Italy. What I lost in the society of the amiable and the wealthy I never knew, for they lived down on the lake side in the "air-hut colony," while I remained in the village high above the lake.

The "air-huts" are little wooden dwellings for the sun-cure patients, consisting of one large room, which has three walls instead of four. The flat roof of the bath-house has been enclosed by a tall fence, so that only the sky is visible from the enclosure. Here, with heads carefully shaded from the hot rays, each in a wooden compartment, the patients frizzle for about an hour or an hour and a half. This process is soothing, strange as it may appear. The sun god rewards his devotees.

Now and then a voice calls above the divisions for a glass of water, now and then a sigh over the heat escapes a worshipper; otherwise the place is quiet and sleepy and reposeful. Reading or mental exertion of any kind is forbidden, and indeed severely punished by headache or exhaustion. Uninspired must be the drowsy observations that mingle now and then with the humming of the flies, and no one attempts to break this rigid law. Even the execrations wrung from the sufferers by the persistent attacks of these insects ought to be of the mildest character possible, considering the provocation. Much had to be endured from the active colony that had established themselves at the sun bath.

During the last ten or twenty minutes the faithful are wrapped up in blankets like mummies; a tepid bath and a rubbing follows, and then the long-suffering one is released, but only to repeat the process in the afternoon. Through the opposite actions of the cool air in the morning and of the sun at midday, great things to the advantage of the patient are said to occur. Dr. Rikli traces a large number of illnesses, nervous and other, to the want of vigorous skin action and the consequent strain on the other parts of the body to do the work which the lazy skin is neglecting to do.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

A Wonderful Parrot.

London is marvelously empty, but entertainments are still given at Mrs. Mackay's. It is true that the hostess herself is not yet at home; but a grand green parrot has sat at the open window since last Sunday, looking on Buckingham gate, and attracting hundreds by its humorous conduct. I have seen and heard many parrots, but never one like this. I was returning from the park on Sunday when I first saw it. The pavement in front of the window was thronged, and everybody was roaring with laughter, for the bird itself was laughing so heartily that its example was contagious. At last it said, with intense emphasis: "Well, I delare," and then burst into convulsions of laughter again in a manner really too ludicrous.

It exchanged remarks with the spectators, it hailed passing hansoms, and on being asked what o'clock it was, replied: "Half-past four," which was, in fact, correct. Incredible as it may seem, the bird on Monday afternoon was asked the same question, and replied accurately, "A quarter to five." So great has been the attraction of this gray-green bird that the police have had to keep moving the people to prevent obstruction of the traffic. "Go on!" cries the bird.—[St. Stephen's Gazette.

THE fish are getting so numerous around the docks at Port Tampa, Fla., that they jump out of the water and land on the wharves. A king-fish weighing seventeen pounds was captured by Captain George Warner in that way.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

WILLIE LOPER, a thirteen-year-old Sumpter County, Ga., boy, was hunting recently in the woods, when he saw a squirrel jumping and capering and chattering, with its hair all turned the wrong way and seemingly in great terror. Will crept toward the squirrel, keeping the trees between them until he got within about ten feet of the frisky little fellow, when he cocked his gun and stepped to the side to get a sight on his game. He was nearly paralyzed by another sound—a sound clear, sharp and metallic, that will unnerve the oldest warrior. It went to his heart and caused his face to blanch with fear, but he cast his eyes around to locate his enemy. He found it—a large rattlesnake in coil within five feet of him, with head erect, eyes ablaze and its forked tongue flying in and out like lightning. Willie took no time to think, neither did he take sight with his gun, but turning the muzzle toward the angry reptile he pulled the trigger and sprang aside. The shot told on the head of the reptile, and Willie looked awhile at the writhing mass and ran to Chapman's mill and told his story. They went and saw the big snake, which was about twenty inches in circumference, seven feet long and sported twenty-three rattles.

A NEW YORK CITY bank was recently swindled out of $4,000 in a novel and ingenious way. Some time ago a man dressed in overalls, a check jumper and cow-hide boots, entered the bank and advanced to the receiving teller's window in a hesitating way. He said he was a cattle dealer and had purchased a lot of stock from a Western man. He was to have paid him $6,000 that day but had just received a telegram saying the cattle dealer had been detained and would not arrive until the following day. He wanted the bank in the meantime to take care of his money. Two certificates of deposit were given him, one for $5,000, and the other for $1,000. Next day the depositor and his friend arrived. He produced a deposit slip for $5,000 and received cash therefor. The $1,000 slip he said he would use elsewhere. Last Saturday another deposit slip for $5,000 was presented for payment. An investigation followed and it was discovered that the first slip which had been cashed for $5,000 was the $1,000 one ingeniously raised. The real slip for the same amount had been negotiated elsewhere, so the bank was out just four thousand cold American dollars.

MACON, GA., has a queer freak in an English sparrow. Every morning this sparrow flies into the office of the city clerk through the window, tarries awhile on top of the inner blind, chirps a merry good morning, and then makes itself at home. It does not seem at all frightened at the people coming in and going out, but flits about the room from window to window, from the top of the bookcase to the maps on the walls, as unconcerned as if sporting amid the branches of a tree. The chill of the morning causes the flies to remain dormant for some time, and it has been noticed that the bird makes a meal on these limp flies. After gathering them in and making a hearty meal the sparrow perches on the window through which it came, chirps its profuse thanks, and then skips out to join its less fortunate companions. It happened several days ago, when the morning was chillier than usual, that the porter at the city hall did not lower the window at the top as usual. That morning the bird was seen to fly against the window pane and kick up considerable fuss at not being allowed to come in. And it was not until the window was lowered that it seemed to be satisfied.

C. W. HAMMOND, of Cowan Station, Ky., turned a fine-blooded mare, valued at $500, and a large ox into the same enclosure. The two animals had been together several times before, but as soon as they entered the lot on this particular occasion, they rushed at each other. Two or three farm hands were present and attempted to separate them, but narrowly escaped serious injury and failed in the endeavor. The mare kicked the ox in the side with both feet, nearly stunning him, but the latter recovered and gored the mare two or three times. Both fought with the greatest fury. The mare both kicked and bit, tearing the flesh from the ox with her teeth, while she in turn was raked again and again by the ox's sharp horns. At last the ox plunged his horn almost entirely through the thick part of the mare's neck. The blow was fatal, but as the mare staggered her weight broke the ox's horn short off, and she fell and died with it in her body. The ox was so badly hurt that he died in the afternoon.

THERE has been discovered in the forests of India a strange plant, which possesses to a very high degree astonishing magnetic power. The hand which breaks a leaf from it receives immediately a shock equal to that which is produced by the conductor of an induction coil. At a distance of six metres a magnetic needle is affected by it, and it will be quite deranged if brought near. The energy of this singular influence varies with the hours of the day. All powerful about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, it is absolutely annulled during the night. At times of storm its intensity augments to striking proportions. During rain the plant seems to succumb, and bends its head during a thunder shower. It remains there without force or virtue, even if one should shelter it with an umbrella. No shock is felt at that time in breaking the leaves, and the needle is unaffected by it. One never by any chance sees a bird or an insect alight on the electric plant; and instinct seems to warn them that they would find their sudden death.

A PORTLAND (Oregon) special says: Tourists returning from the face of Mount St. Helen's at various times have brought back the report that smoke was seen issuing from the summit, thereby foreboding a possible eruption. These reports have come from people whose word could not be relied upon in all matters. The observations of District Attorney McBride, of Astoria, who recently spent a pleasant eight weeks on this mountain, not only discredits, but at the same time satisfactorily explains these statements. He says that on one side of the mountain is an extremely large deposit of pumice scoria and light volcanic dust, finer than flour and extremely dry. When an occasional avalanche of stones from above falls and detaches a part of this mass it rises in clouds and floats for hours, presenting from below the appearance of smoke, thus giving rise to the supposition that the mountain is about to belch in volcanic eruption.

THE theory that decapitation ends sensibility is questioned in Negaunee, Mich. Thomas Higgins, a brakeman, fell from the top of a moving train, five cars passed over him, and when the train was stopped and backed up to him it was found that the man was terribly mangled, the head being a dozen feet from the body. Fireman Matthew Byo picked up the head in order to dispose the remains decently for removal to the dead man's house, when he was horror-stricken to see the staring eyes slowly close. In tones of terror he was telling his companions, who were also busy, of the strange incident, and all eyes turned on the gory skull which the fireman held in his hands. As if consciousness still reposed there, the closed eyes slowly opened again, staring wide, and again slowly closed, to remain so forever. Five men saw the strange action, and as they are well known here as honest and truthful men, their story is not questioned.

A RACINE (Wis.) special says that a well-known lady of that city recently underwent two surgical operations with peculiar results. She has been troubled with severe pains in her left arm and right leg for a long time, and treatment by various physicians afforded no relief. Some days ago she consulted Dr. Senn, of Milwaukee, who went to Racine and opened the arm. He discovered a needle imbedded in the tissues and muscles of the arm, which he removed. The operation afforded the patient temporary relief, but pains continued in the right leg. Dr. Senn was again called and operated on the leg, finding a second needle imbedded in the tissues of that limb. The doctor says the case is a most peculiar one, especially so as the patient can not imagine when or how the needles entered her body.

THE most ingenious, perfect and complex watch ever manufactured was sent out from the works of Patek, Phillippe & Co., of Geneva, Switzerland, in July, 1887, and is now in possession of Baron Nicholas. It is what is known as the full-sized "hunter." On one side there is a dial of the regulation kind, exhibiting the hour, minute and second hands; also an independent chronograph hand which marks the fifth of seconds. The same dial has repeating mechanism which strikes the hours, quarters and minutes. The opposite dial has hands pointing to the months, weeks and days. Another large central hand on this dial, if set at the beginning of each year, correctly points to all moon phases and acts as a perpetual calendar. It is so constructed as to admit of its keeping two different times, say standard on one side and sun time on the other.

THE latest trick in amateur photography, according to the Boston Courier, is to have a trained dog who at a given signal will run and pull a string, by means of which the slide of an instantaneous camera is worked, so that his master may be taken in a group or alone as often as he pleases. It is of course necessary to start the creature at a distance sufficiently great to give the master time to rearrange his features after giving the word, but this is not a difficult thing to manage, and the young man who devised the trick has been exceedingly popular at the sea-side hotel where he passed the summer, as all the pretty and most of the plain young ladies in the house where anxious to have their pictures taken by the agency of the clever little bull terrier which served as his assistant.

AN elderly man went to a Harrisburg (Penn.) merchant and tendered him a quarter of a dollar, saying it was due him. On asking why, he told the merchant that about one year before his daughter had bought a remnant at his store, paying 25 cents therefor. But on getting home she discovered that two remnants had been put into the package by mistake. She intended paying for the second remnant, but put it off from time to time, until she fell sick, when she told her father the circumstances and asked him to see that the money was paid. He promised, but also neglected the matter. Finally the young woman reached death's door, and almost with her last breath she asked her father if he had paid for the remnant.

A CITIZEN of Eatonton, Ga., smokes about twelve pounds of tobacco yearly in a pipe that he declares is over two hundred years old. This leads a mathematical person to calculate that if that were the average amount used in the pipe since its first day, 2,400 pounds of the weed have been burned in its bowl, and if the first $12 had been put out at compound interest at the rate of 10 per cent. it would now have grown to the sum of $1,755,443,200. Just how this would have benefited the first owner of the pipe does not appear.

A SOMEWHAT novel and interesting traffic was witnessed at Baton Rouge, La. It was nothing more than a wagon load of turtles, which were being sold by Ebnezer Goze at fifty cents each. Goze says he left home with forty-five turtles and four alligators, and had sold all but the five turtles then in his wagon and they were engaged. He catches them in Baton Rouge bayou and Devil swamp, about seven miles above the city. Those sold were as large round as a half bushel measure.

THE heart of Queen Marie of Bavaria was removed from her body soon after her death at Munich several months ago and embalmed, according to the custom which has prevailed in the royal house since the Middle Ages. Recently it was placed in a silver urn, and taken with much pomp and ceremony to the ancient chapel of our Lady of Mercies, where it now rests in a niche of the chancel wall near the hearts of kings and queens who died centuries ago.

A SINGULAR circumstance recently occurred at Lower Biddeford, Me. Two men, one a small, slender person, and the other of proportions in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds, were employed by a woman to dig a grave on her family lot. They worked rapidly, and ere they were aware the excavation was so large and deep that the fat man was unable to get out of the hole. A machine was constructed and after quite a struggle the big man was once more on top of ground.

WHILE hunting partriges in the woods near Oakland, Penn., the pointer of Orrin D. Slocum flushed a bird that looked queer to Mr. Slocum's eye. He blazed away and killed the bird. It was a large hen partridge, the dark feathers of which, instead of being brown, were as black as the plumage of a crow. Mr. Slocum has hunted birds for eighteen years, and says he has never before seen a partridge with pure black feathers on it.

LAST July, while at Savin Rock, near New Haven, John Jackson, of Fishkill, N. Y., rescued from drowning a five-year old girl who had fallen in the water, and striking her head, became unconscious. A few days since he received word that he had fallen heir to a legacy of $1,000 left him by the girl's father, who had died soon after the rescue of the child, but not before he had inserted a bequest in his will evincing his gratitude to the rescuer of his daughter.

THE PHOTOGRAPHING FIRMS.

How an Amateur Photographer Lost His Camera.

A young man who lives less than twenty-five miles from the Milwaukee court-house, and who prides himself on his wealth of gall, became interesred in amateur photography along last spring, and the craze so grew on him during the summer that he soon got to be a regular fiend. The detective camera was his greatest forte, and with this abominable contrivance he delighted in catching views of his young lady acquaintances, or, worse still, young ladies who struck his fancy, whether he had the honor of their acquaintance or not. Time rolled on, and his collection of beauties grew in size, he congratulating himself that each and every picture had been taken without the consent of the fair one represented. The girls began to hear of this young man's wonderful collection, and much indignation was expressed in their midst. One young lady in particular was extremely indignant upon being informed that this young man was greatly impressed with her beauty, and had been heard to remark that her picture would grace his collection, or he would die in the attempt. On three different occasions after that she caught him in the act of aiming a detective camera at her features, and managed only in the nick of time to cover her face and foil his plans. It got so that she did not dare to go outside of the house, and her father vowed that he would kill the chump if he caught him. One day the young lady started to go into the back yard, where she was wont to play with her pet dogs, and glancing over the fence, she caught a glimpse of the fiend coming up the alley with a camera and tripod in his hand. Evidently he had heard that she was in the habit of playing with her dogs in the back yard, for he had come prepared to take a cabinet photograph. Hastily running into the house, the young lady informed her father of the state of things, and the old man almost jumped out of his boots, so mad was he.

"Go back to your dogs," said he, "and I'll see that the chump's camera never takes another picture."

The young lady did as she was commanded, and the father flew up stairs, where, grabbing a shotgun, and slipping a couple of shells in it, he threw up the window just in time to see the fiend squint through his camera, put in a plate, and then step away about ten feet, where he stooped down to look for something he had dropped. This was the old man's chance, and taking a quick aim, he emptied both barrels of his gun into the camera, blowing it all to pieces. The photographer did not even stop to rather up the pieces, but skipped out, and the young lady has not been troubled by him since.—[Peck's Sun.

MALARIA.

Causes and Manifestations of this Little Known Agent.

What is this invisible agent which carries sickness and possible death so afield, and has the power to weaken the energy and stunt the growth of those who are doomed to live on malarious soil? "We do not live," said an inhabitant of the Pontiac marshes to a stranger, "we die." Malaria constitutes the chief obstacle to the exploration and colonization of the African continent, and threatens to reduce to the condition of a desert vast tracts of the Southern States of America, which flourished so long as they were cultivated by the negro race, which better than any other resists its action. Cicero, in allusion to Romulus having built Rome, remarks that he selected a healthy spot in a pestilential region.

At one time a terrible epidemic visited Rome, which carried off multitudes of the inhabitants, including Camillus, the dictator. Toward the close of this visitation the earth opened in the middle of the Forum, doubtless by volcanic action, which was probably also the cause of the poisonous miasmata rising from the bowels of the earth. Indeed, the volcanic nature of the Italian peninsula generally may be taken into the list of causes which contribute to its insalubrity. The volcanic soil of Italy, we are told, acts as a sponge in absorbing and retaining an immense amount of moisture. Hence, after a period of drought, the tropical rains which fall steadily for days together, make but little impression on the parched surface of the earth until the underlying sponge is saturated. The overflow then becomes sudden, the brooks rapidly fill, every extinct crater becomes a lake replenished, every valley a bog, and the country a universal swamp.

So long ago as 300 years before Christ the connection between the fever and the swamp was fully recognized in that region of the earth. But, although true that the disease is more prevalent in the low-lying grounds, it may also be found in the higher altitudes, where soil, temperature and moisture favor its production. Still, it does not haunt the damp and marshy places alone; for even in dry, sun-baked parts of the earth the malaria finds egress through the fissures of the soil, keeping its base of operations in the moisture far beneath. If the upper crust is unbroken and dry it acts as a barrier against the egress of germs from below, just as a coating of water over malarious land neutralizes, for the time being, the necessary conditions of activity. When the surface water is withdrawn by the heat of the summer's sun, and the oxygen of the air comes into direct contact with the decomposing vegetation underneath, there, in all probability, may be discovered the home of the deadly malaria.

His Wonderful Ears.

Everybody who travels on the Pittsburg division of the Pennsylvania Railroad knows Conductor John Dinges. He is one of the greatest jokers in the service, and when not punching tickets is busy telling stories or perpetrating a joke. Conductor Dinges' ears are historical. They are remarkable not for their size, but for their wonderful pliability. His favorite trick is to double up his ears and then stuff them far into the orifice. This makes them look as if they had been mashed with a crowbar.

The other night, while the train was speeding along toward Altoona at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour, Dinges doubled his ears and passed through the fourth car. Nearly all the passengers were ladies. They regarded Dinges with amazement. The conductor's face wore a look of superb unconsciousness. One old lady with iron-gray curls and a pug nose could not take her eyes from the ears. When Dinges passed through the car again her curiosity was so great that she could not resist the temptation to stop him.

"What's the matter with your ears, conductor?" she asked.

"Nothing," he replied, innocently, as he elevated his eyebrows, and the ears flew back to their normal position.

The old lady nearly fainted.—[Philadelphia North American.

ROYAL

BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wal St., N. Y.

WANTED.

WANTED—A good German girl for general house work. Must come well recommended, wages $3 00 per week. Mrs. J. Pottlitzer, 50 West Wayne street. 21-2t

WANTED—Girl to do general housework. Good wages. Call at 65 E. Jefferson St. 22tf

WANTED—Ladies who understand sewing and repairing furs, call at Golden & Monahan's, 68 Calhoun street. 22-tf

WANTED—Reliable local and traveling salesmen. Positions permanent. Special inducements now; fast-selling specialties. Don't delay. Salary from start. BROWN BROS., Nurserymen, Chicago, Ill. Sept17-eod-4m

I wish to employ a few ladies on salary to take charge of my business at their homes. Light, very fascinating and healthful. Wages $10 per week. Reference given. Good pay for part time. Address, with stamp, MRS. MARION WALKER, Louisville, Ky. Nov11-eod2m

$60 SALARY, $40 EXPENSES IN ADVANCE. allowed each month. Steady employment at home or traveling. No soliciting. Duties delivering and making collections. No Postal Cards. Address, with stamp, HAFER & CO., Piqua, Ohio. Nov14-eod2m

AGENTS WANTED—We pay $60 to $200 per month to energetic gentlemen and ladies to procure members for our Association. If you can only devote a few hours each week to our business it will pay you well. For further particulars, address NATIONAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 103 State street, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—The people to know that I am selling a regular $12 plush rocker for $8, $14 rocker for $9, a $10 rocker at $17, nice crushed or silk plush suit for $35, never sold before for less than $50. Don't let any one throw mud in your eyes, but come and see for yourselves, that is business, all kinds of repairing done and mattress work. Respectfully,
24-tf F. E. HOUK, 36 Clinton St.

WANTED—Special agents for the National Life association of Hartford, Conn. Also agents to canvass for Accident Insurance. Good salary to good men. Call or address, General Agent, room 1, Windsor hotel, Fort Wayne, Ind. 3-tf

DR. G. B. M. BOWER, 72 Harrison steeet, attends to all kinds of general medical and surgical practice. Medicines furnished when desired. Also electric, steam, vapor and medicated baths. 31-tf

☞ PERSONS wishing to buy, sell or exchange property of any kind, or desiring to loan or borrow money, will find it to their interest to call on or address me.
J. F. CURTICE, Real Estate and Loan Broker,
Rooms 1 and 2, Pixley & Long Building,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Reference—Hamilton National bank. 20-2m

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—House of six rooms in good repair, will rent cheap to small family. Inquire at 238 West Wayne street.

FOR SALE OR RENT—A Soap factory on Erie street. Also a Planing mill and Lumber yard, corner of Virginia and Monroe streets. Apply to John Taylor at any time from 2 to 6 o'clock p. m., corner of Hanover and East Washington streets, Fort Wayne, Ind. 5-eod-6t

LOST.

LOST—A Knights Templar charm. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving same at Mordhurst's drug store, 74 Calhoun St. 14-tf

Handsomely Furnished Dining Rooms.

We are selling an unusual number of Handsome side-boards, Elegant Pillar Extension Tables and Leather Upholstered Chairs for Fort Wayne Dining Rooms. Our people are commencing to take a pride in handsomely furnished dining rooms, and we were never before so well prepared to assist them in that direction.

Possibly you could not please your wife more, at Christmas time, than by putting your dining room into handsome shape.

CAR LOAD AFTER CAR LOAD

Of Christmas Novelties are coming in daily. All the new and nobby styles can always be found at our establishment, as soon as they are out.

Already we have the new Bronze Metal Trimmed Furniture, now so popular, and in our Court street show window can be seen one of those 16th century Finished Oak Bed-room Suits, which have just been put upon the market.

We are selling an enormous number of Hanging, Parlor, Banquet and Piano Lamps. They make nice Wedding and Holiday Presents.

Baby Carriages sell all winter now-a-days, as mothers have found out they are almost as handy in the house, in caring for a baby, as upou the street.

We are headquarters for these goods.

FOSTER'S,

Fort Wayne, Lafayette and Terre Haute.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, NOV. 23, 1889.

ALL eyes are now on Montana.

THE legislature of Montana meets today and their opening proceedings will be watched with interest.

THE Ohio dispatches say that the combine is: Brice for senator, and Cleveland and Campbell for president and vice-president in 1892.

GEN. W. S. ROSECRANS, register of the treasury, in his annual report shows that during the year 21,500 bonds, amounting to $103,894,350, were issued, and 85,149 bonds, representing $231,811,450, were canceled. The total amount of bonds outstanding is $762,428,812, of which amount only $10,362,850, or 1.36 per cent., are held abroad.

DR. W. B. CLARKE, some time since, addressed a communication to the state board of health, asking if traveling doctors, who go through the state and exercise their medical talents on the population, are not subject to the state statutes governing the practice of medicine. The board yesterday decided that they were and could be prosecuted for violations of the state laws.

WESLEY C. HOLDEN, who was sentenced to the prison north from Boone county in 1883 for a term of sixteen years' imprisonment for criminal assault, was pardoned yesterday. The petitions contained the signatures of the judge before whom he was tried and the attorney who prosecuted the case. It was shown that the offense was committed with the consent of the party injured, then a minor.

THE political sensation of yesterday in Cincinnati was the arrest of R. G. Wood, of the famous ballot box forgery case which played so prominent a part in the late Ohio election. The arrest was made at the instance of Governor-elect Campbell, United States Senator John Sherman, and Congressman Butterworth. It is said the disclosures in connection with the case will cause a profound sensation in the political world.

INSPECTION OF FOODS.

In view of the discussion which has been going on in this city for the last few weeks concerning meat inspection and the ordinance which is now before the council on that subject, the following, taken from the Kansas City *Star*, will be found interesting:

"Anyone who imagines that the city meat inspector has nothing to do is in great error. That important city official is responsible for every horn and hoof of cattle shipped to Kansas City. He must guard against diseases, both contagious and local, and this involves a great deal more than is generally supposed. C. C. Anderson, the present inspector, makes a round of the stock yards regularly every morning and examines the cattle in every pen in the yards, noticing particularly those that have been shipped in since his former visit.

"Every bovine that he finds with the big jaw, Texas fever or any other disease is taken to the city pen and kept there under a sheriff's safety lock till the next morning, when they are shot. This way of killing them is considered the most humane and quickest. The bodies are turned over to the desiccating works. There is no time wasted or words spent, for with a diseased cow it is the same as with a rotten apple among a lot of healthy ones.

"Cattlemen divide sick cattle into three classes: 'Crips,' 'downers' and 'big jaws.' The 'crips' are those that have been hurt and have broken bones; 'downers' are the animals that have been stricken down with fever and other malignant diseases; 'big jaws' are those, of course, that are afflictid with that disease.

"In the afternoon Inspector Anderson makes a round of as many of the butcher shops as have not recently been visited to see that the meat on sale is all right. No dealer knows when he is to be called upon, and if bad meat is found in his store it goes hard with him. There are over 400 meat shops in this city and each one of them is visited once or twice every thirty days. The spoiled meat is bored full of holes and kerosene oil poured into them.

"The city also employs a man whose sole duty it is to visit the chicken dealers in town and see that they keep only healthy fowls. If a sick or dead fowl is found it is put in a box and the scavenger carts it away.

"The system of milk inspection by the city chemist, Dr. R. R. Hunter, is very complete and it is a rare case when any of the local milk dealers manage to sell any chalk and water preparations. Dr. Cutler, the assistant sanitary superintendent, sends two men out with bottles, numbered. Each milk dealer is visited and a sample of the milk he sells is taken in one of the bottles. These are brought to Dr. Hunter, who analyzes each and reports to Dr. Cutler the number of the bottle containing the "weak" milk. Each dealer has a number and Dr. Cutler can tell in that way who is selling deleterious milk. This inspection is constantly under way."

A Rome City correspondent says: "O. E. Fleming, of Fort Wayne, is again at the Sylvan Lake house. Mr. Fleming is a veteran fisherman and pedro player. —Mrs. Gertie Cook, of Fort Wayne, a cousin of Robt. Williams, is visiting the latter and his wife."

ELEVEN DEFECTIVE BOOKS.

The School Book Commission's Report of Its Investigation.

Professors Parsons, Wiley and Layne, of the state school book commission have completed their investigation of the complaints laid before them of defective books. In their report tc the state superintendent they mention in detail the instances of defects discovered. The entire list includes but eleven books. The final paragraph of the report is as follows:

"The company, through its representatives and secretary, Edward Hawkins, states that the defects and errors in printing, binding, etc., are due alone to the great haste with which it has been necessary to print and bind the large number of books—about 900,000—sent out on requisitions of school officials, and that the company is endeavoring to comply strictly and in good faith with the terms of its contract. The company agrees and offers to take back all defective books found in any of its shipments, and to replace these with good copies or to credit on account all books so returned. The company further agrees to see that hereafter all elementary geographies published by it and furnished on requisitions shall be bound with both wire and tape, as required by the contract. We are unable to see, from the evidence now before us, that there is any substantial violation by the company of its contract with the board of school book commissioners, and we, therefore, see no sufficient reason to call a special meeting of said board of commissioners to consider the subject further at this time."

Every member of the committee signed the report.

THE RECORD BROKEN.

Extraordinary Work Upon a Caligraph by Osborne and M'Bride.

Troy Morning Telegram, April 17, 1889.

Last evening at the Troy Business college, a spirited and interesting exhibition of typewriting on the Caligraph typewriter was given by T. W. Osborne, of Rochester, N. Y., and George A. McBride, of Ottawa, Canada. The exhibition was intended to demonstrate the capability of the Caligraph, having reference to high speed, alignment and legibility. The operators showed themselves complete masters of the machine and exhibited the utmost expertness in manipulating the keys, and their fingers flew with the rapidity of the most expert pianist.

After the selection of Messrs. Louis Lowenstein and Wm. B. Wilson and Miss Jessie Harrison as judges, the first test was one of five minutes' duration, during which Mr. Osborne wrote 752 words, an average of 150 2 5 a minute. Mr. McBride then wrote blindfolded 130 words per minute for two minutes, on familiar matter. On a one-minute test, on a memorized sentence, with keyboard covered with a handkerchief, Mr. Osborne reached 152 words.

Mr. McBride followed with 93 words a minute, on dictated editorial, selected at random from a daily paper. On technical matter, from dictation, Mr. Osborne wrote 389 words, or 93¾ per minute, in 4 minutes and 9 seconds, the quickest time on record, it having been written before in 4 minutes and 29 seconds. In one minute, on memorized matter, Mr. Osborne reached the extraordinary speed of 163 words, thus distancing any previous effort of any operator on any machine, although at New Haven, March 26th, Mr. Osborne reached 180 words.

Mr. McBride, blindfolded, on unfamiliar matter, in two minutes wrote ninety-four words per minute. In five minutes from dictated testimony, never before written by him, Mr. Osborne wrote 512 words, or 102 2-5 words per minute, which also has never been accomplished heretofore.

It must be conceded that the above result, conducted fairly before an impartial committee, two of whom are users of rival machines, and one a wholly disinterested party, are extraordinary in their character, and place the Calligraph, as their motto implies, "At the head," and are sure to increase the interest in typewriting machines to a greater extent than ever before. The Troy Business College deserves to be congratulated for their enterprise in securing so creditable an exhibition.

You will regret it if you buy a Piano or Organ before calling on D. H. Baldwin & Co., 98 Calhoun street. Instruments at greatly reduced prices until January 1. We have everything in the musical line from a Piano to a Jewsharp. Our low prices and easy terms will surprise you. 23-26

The First Regiment band has received a large Decker Bros.' Grand Concert piano, from Indianapolis, for use at their concert next Monday evening.

Laxador cures *Liver Complaint, Bilious Affections and Costiveness.* At druggists. Price 25 cts.

DR BULL'S COUGH SYRUP

CURES COUGHS & COLDS FOR 25 C

SALVATION OIL

(Price only 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.)

Relieves quickly Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Lumbago, Sprains, Headache, Toothache, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Sores, Backache, &c.

***CHEW** LANGE'S PLUGS, The Great Tobacco Antidote!—Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.*

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

BY DR. E. J. M'OSCAR.

It was a turkey, proud and fat,
Of habit philosophical,
Aware, by instinct certain, that
He neared his end sarcophagal.

"In this, at least," I heard him tell,
"I'm like to rich humanity.
Although the grewsome parallel
Arouses not my vanity.

"Alive—with keen, prospective eye,
They watch the quick increase of me,
Dead—gladly greedy, see them try
To snatch the fatted piece of me!"

Now Thanksgiving Day approaches,
And a thing we cannot shirk
Is the all-important question:
Which'll it be—chick or turk?

IN MEMORIAM.

In memory of Mrs. W. B. Kitselman, who died Nov. 13, 1889, by Mrs. A. Engle.

One more home is broken,
A mother's soul at rest,
Who suffered long in agony,
Has reached her home of bliss.

Fond ones who watched o'er her
In agony and in pain,
Shall never sooth her fevered brow
In the home she loved so well.

The father and the children,
Oh! who shall comfort them;
They'll never see her face again
In this cold, cold, world of sin.

There is a ray of sunshine,
'Twill come to you in need.
'Tis the brothers of your order—
'Tis the B. of R. R. B.

Nov. 16, 1889.

One Fact

Is worth a column of rhetoric, said an American statesman. It is a fact, established by the testimony of thousands of people, that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum, and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. Try it.

Oontz is the favorite game with the colored people of Crawfordsville.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

A Boon to Wives.

Having used "Mother's Friend" I would not be without it. It is a boon to wives who know they must pass through the painful ordeal of childbirth. MRS. C. MELBURNE, Iowa. Write The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

We have Pianos in Mahogany, Ash, Satin Wood, Rose Wood and Ebonized Cases, in prices from $250 to $600, for sale on the most liberal terms. Every instrument sold must be as represented, D. H. Baldwin & Co., 98 Calhoun Street. 23-26

Tho Knights of Labor will give their fourth annual ball at the Princess Rink, Thanksgiving evening, November 27, which promises to be a grand success. 18-20-23.

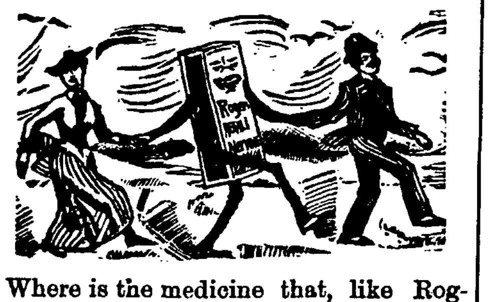
The zither soloist, Mr. Wilhelm P. Minckler, will appear at the Masonic Temple Monday night.

Go Somewhere.

Don't stay at home on Thanksgiving when you can travel on the Nickel Plate at one fare for the round trip. Tickets good going Wednesday, November 27, or Thursday, 28th; returning any time until December 2, 1889. Rate applies between all stations. Enquire of nearest agent. 18-27.

John Tyndall, father of the famous scientist, was a carpenter by trade and lived near Dublin.

Health and Beauty Attend It.



Where is the medicine that, like Rogers' Royal Nervine, will give
Bright Eyes,
Blushing and Rosy Cheeks,
Skin Soft as Down,
Rosy Lips,
Clean Tongue,
Sweet Breath,
Perfect Sleep,
Health,
Vigor,
Development,
Activity of Mind and Body,
Clear Brain,
Steady Hand,
Nervous Energy,
Freedom from Nerves.
Elastic Step,
Bounding Pulse?

Rogers' Royal Nervine

Is the Elixir of Life.

It cures and prevents Disease.
It insures and keeps Health and Strength.
Sold by Druggists. Price, $1.00.

ROGERS' ROYAL REMEDIES CO.,
41 Essex Street, Boston, Mass.

A. HATTERSLEY & SON.

PLUMBERS,

Steam and Gas Fitters,

48 East Main St.

FORT WAYNE, ... IND

PLEASE REMEMBER.

BY THE ADVERTISING SOLICITOR.

Little drops of printer's ink,
A little type displayed,
Make our merchant princes,
And all their big parade.

Little bits of stinginess—
Discarding printer's ink—
Burst the man of business,
And see his credit sink.

It is said that a great many Englishmen are visiting this country this season. I asked Jinks what they came for. He said he supposed "to marry soft-pated millionaire women, to talk the fellows out of their money, who want to be fooled, and to lay in a supply of Dr Bull's Cough Syrup."

"The greatest cure on earth for pain, Salvation Oil; take up the strain."

The Vincennes market is glutted with rabbits.

To-night and To-morrow Night,

And each day and night during this week you can get at all druggists Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma and Consumption. Get a bottle to-day and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price, 50c and $1. Sample bottles free.

Olney has already made arrangements to celebrate July 4, 1890.

"STOP"—Nature Has a Cure.

EATON RAPIDS, Mich.

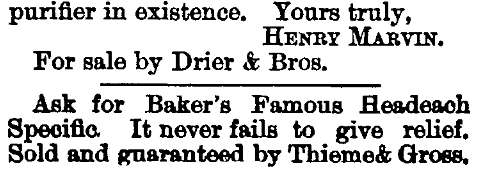
J. M. LOOSE RED CLOVER Co., Detroit:—Two years I was afflicted with a very severe attack of Erysipelas. After two physicians had used their treatment for several weeks and I continued growing blind, and in their diagnosis concluded that there was no earthly help or hope for me. I gave up, having tried all the remedies I knew or heard of. My neighbor, Mr. Miller, came in to see me one day, and said try Loose's Extract of Red Clover, as he had known of its working remarkable cures. I told him I had lost hope, that nothing would do me any good in the world. He insisted, and taking his hat went to the drug store and bought me one bottle and urged me to try it, which I did. Ten days afterward I sent for two more bottles, and it is wonderful how I improved. I continued using it and to-day I am better than I have been in years. No sign of erysipelas has shown itself and I heartily recommend it to suffering humanity as the greatest and best blood purifier in existence. Yours truly,

HENRY MARVIN.

For sale by Drier & Bros.

Ask for Baker's Famous Headeach Specific. It never fails to give relief. Sold and guaranteed by Thieme& Gross.

If you do not receive your SENTINEL regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.



Will be paid to any competent chemist who will find, on analysis, a particle of Mercury, Potash, or other poisons in Swift's Specific (S. S. S.)

AN EATING SORE

Henderson, Tex., Aug. 23, 1889.—"For eighteen months I had an eating sore on my tongue. I was treated by the best local physicians, but obtained no relief, the sore gradually growing worse. I concluded finally to try S. S. S., and was entirely cured after using a few bottles. You have my cheerful permission to publish the above statement for the benefit of those similarly afflicted." C. B. MCLEMORE, Henderson, Tex.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

TRADE S.S.S. MARK

Conley's String Band

Music furnished for Balls, Lodges, Clubs and private parties on short notice. 131 WALLACE ST., FT. WAYNE,
J. CONLEY, Caller. Ind.

$500 Reward!

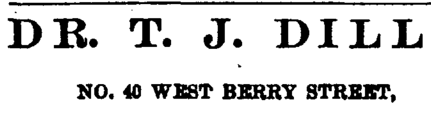
We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 862 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of a 3 cent stamp. Sold by Theime & Gross, Druggists, 94 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

I. S. McCURDY,

D·E·N·T·I·S·T

OFFICE—Room 15, over First National Bank. tues&sat6m

E. F. SITES, DENTIST,,
No. 74 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind



Opposite the Aveline House over the Mordhurst Drug Store.

DR. T. J. DILLS,

NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET,

DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.

Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m.

S. BREIDENSTEIN.

Real Estate & Loans

26 Court Street.

Watch this bulletin for some special bargain

An Awful Sore Limb

Skin entirely gone. Flesh a mass of disease. Leg diminished one third in size. Condition hopeless. Cured by the Cuticura Remedies in two months.

Cured by Cuticura.

For three years I was almost crippled with an awful sore leg from my knee down to my ankle; the skin was entirely gone, and the flesh was one mass of disease. Some physicians pronounced it incurable. It had diminished about one third the size of the other, and I was in a hopeless condition. After trying all kinds of remedies and spending hundreds of dollars, from which I got no relief whatever, I was persuaded to try your Cuticura Remedies, and the result was as follows: After three days I noticed a decided change for the better, and at the end of two months I was completely cured. My flesh was purified, and the bone (which had been exposed for over a year) got sound. The flesh began to grow, and to-day, and for nearly two years past, my leg is as well as it ever was, sound in every respect, and not a sign of the disease to be seen. S. G. AHERN,
Dubois, Dodge Co., Ga.

Skin Disease 17 Years.

I have been troubled with a skin and scalp disease for seventeen years My head at times was one running sore, and my body was covered with them as large as a half dollar. I tried a great many remedies without effect until I used the Cuticura Remedies, and am thankful to state that after two months of their use I am entirely cured. I feel it my duty to you and the public to state the above case.
L. R. MCDOWELL, Jamesburg, N. J.

Another Marvellous Cure.

The Cuticura, Cuticura Resolvent, and Cuticura Soap have brought about a marvellous cure in the case of a skin disease on my little son eight years old. I have tried almost all remedies and also the most eminent doctors, all alike failing, except the wonderful Cuticura Remedies. ED. N. BROWN,
720 N. 16th St., Omaha, Neb.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood Purifier and purest and best of Humor Remedies, internally, and Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, are a positive cure for every disease and humor of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from pimplees to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

☞ Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Soap.

HOW MY BACK ACHES.

Back Ache, Kidney Pains and Weakness, Soreness, Lameness, Strains, and Pain relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain killing plaster.

AMUSEMENTS.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

MONDAY, November 25th.

The Great

Levy Concerts

Under the management of

THE FIRST REGIMENT BAND.

Composed of the following eminent Solo Artists:

MR. JULES LEVY,

The World's Greatest Cornetist.
MME. STELLA LEVY,
The Distinguished and popular Prima-Donna Soprano.
MME. ROSA LINDE,
The Celebrated American Contralto.
MR. WILLIAM J. LAVIN,
The Great American Tenor.
MR. EDWIN M. SHONERT,
The Eminent Pianist.

Prices, 50c, 75c and $1 00. Box office opens for the exchange of tickets at 9 a. m., Friday, Nov. 22, and for sale of seats at 10 a. m. same day. Tickets now on sale at C. B. Woodworths.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

TUESDAY, NOV. 26th.

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

SEE THE SMITH FAMILY

ARE YOU IN THE CITY Directory.

Stop a Bit and Look at This!

Russel's Comedians!

In the Greatest of all laughing Farces, the

City Directory

And the Strongest Company of Comedians and Comediennes ever organized.

Seat selling begins Saturday a. m. at 10.

PRICES: $1.00, 75c, 50c & 25c.

Now what do you think of that?

'Standing-room-only' houses are the rule at the Chicago opera house, where "The City Directory" is still holding forth. The farce-comedy, one of the best ever seen, is repeating its success of last week.—Chicago Journal.

PAUL E. WOLF.

Steam Carpet Beating.

Carpets taken up, Cleaned and Relaid.

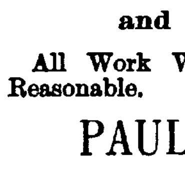
Upholstered Furniture and Mattresses of All Kinds Repaired and Remodeled.

All Work Warranted and Charges Reasonable.

PAUL E. WOLF,

No. 33 AND 35 CLINTON STREET.

ABOUT GLOVES.



When you are buying *gloves* remember that there is such a thing as a price that is too *cheap*. It is better to pay a fair price and get good gloves like **Hutchinson's.** They are made from selected skins in the best manner and are **warranted** to be the most serviceable made. If you want to know more about gloves in general and **Hutchinson's Gloves** in particular, enclose stamp for the book **About Gloves.** It will interest you. ESTABLISHED 1862.

JOHN C. HUTCHINSON, Johnstown, N. Y

WEAK MEN MADE STRONG

LOCAL ABSORPTION.
A new Treatise showing how men suffering from
NERVOUS DEBILITY,
LOST VIGOR,
PREMATURE DECLINE,
and all Kidney and Bladder difficulties, can find perfect health and vigor without stomach medication, sent sealed on receipt of stamp.

MARSTON REMEDY CO., 19 Park Place, New York.

BROU'S INJECTION

An Infallible Remedy for the Cure of all Contagious Diseases of the Urinary organs; guaranteed not to produce Stricture; no sickening doses; and no inconvenience or loss of time. Recommended by physicians and sold by druggists everywhere. J. Ferré, (successor to Brou), Pharmacien, Paris.

KIRK'S AMERICAN FAMILY SOAP.

A. FOSTER,

THE FASHIONABLE

Merchant Tailor!

Is now receiving his LARGE and WELL SELECTED STOCK of

FALL ❋ GOODS

Which are the Nobbiest ever brought to this city. He intends making

Suits in the Latest Styles

—AND AT—

Very Low Prices this Fall

and those wishing to get the worth of their money should call and examine his stock at his parlors,

NO. 15 W. WAYNE ST.

L. JAXTHEIMER,

MERCHANT

TAILOR!

—CARRIES A—

✦ FULL LINE ✦

Of Foreign and Domestic Goods, Suitings, FALL

OVERCOATINGS,

Trouserings. All work WARRANTED

83 Calhoun Street.

DAIRYMEN!

Call at Our Mills, ascertain prices and quality of our

Bran, Shorts and Middlings.

Mayflower Mills,

(Next to S. Bash & Co.)

TELEPHONE NO. 63

A. F. GESSLER,

DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF

FRESH, SALT

—AND—

SMOKED - MEATS,

60 East Main Street.

He has just placed new machinery in his establishment and is now prepared to make the finest Sausages in the market. Dressed Poultry and Home-made Lard for sale. 24-1yr.

WATER WORKS.

Bath Tubs, Pumps, Rubber Hose, etc.

—AT—

C. W. BRUNS & CO., PLUMBERS,

166 Calhoun Street,

Opposite the Cathedral, Fort Wayne, Ind

SPECIAL ATTENTION GIVEN TO Natural Gas Fittings.

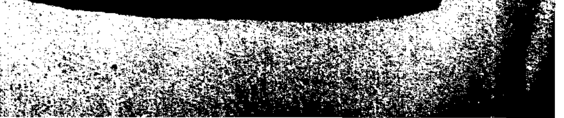
THE WABASH RAILROAD CO.

WILL PAY

$500 REWARD

For information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who tampered with the switch at Keller's, Ind., on the evening of October 24, 1889, causing the derailment of passenger train. CHAS. M. HAYS,
General Manager,
October 25, 1889. St. Louis, Mo.

They Have Stood the Test of Time



FOR
Sore Eyes
Catarrh
Lameness
Female
Complaints
Sunburn
Soreness
Sprains
Chafing
Bruises
Scalds
Piles
Burns
Wounds
Insect
Bites
Stings
Sore Feet
INFLAMMATIONS
and
HEMORRHAGES
ALL
PAIN

AVOID ALL IMITATIONS. THEY MAY BE DANGEROUS.

FAC-SIMILE OF BOTTLE WITH BUFF WRAPPER.

USE
POND'S
EXTRACT

DEMAND POND'S EXTRACT. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE FOR IT

THIS IS THE ONLY RIGHT KIND. DO NOT TAKE ANY OTHER.

DIETER'S
CROWN
BAKING
POWDER

Recommended by the highest medical and chemical authorities, who testify to its absolute purity, wholesomeness and wonderful strength. Every can guaranteed to do the work of any other baking powder costing twice as much. Every can guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded.

1 lb. Can, 20c.; ½ lb., 10c.; ¼ lb., 5c.

If your dealer does not keep Crown, do not let him persuade you to buy some other he claims to be just as good, but ask him to oblige you by getting
DIETER'S CROWN BAKING POWDER.

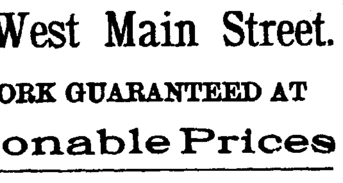
Health is Wealth!

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco, Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Thieme Gross, Druggists, Sole Agents, 94 Calhoun Street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

P. E. COX,
PRACTICAL
Sanitary Plumber,
Has opened a shop at
No. 29 West Main Street.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT
Reasonable Prices



H. C. SITES, DENTIST, NILL'S BLOCK
82 Calhoun st., Fort Wayne, Ind.
I still occupy same rooms occupied 14 years ago.

J. C. PELTIER,
Undertaker & Embalmer
17 WEST WAYNE ST.,
Telephone No. 174 - - - Fort Wayne, Ind

—THE FORT WAYNE—
FANCY ✦ STEAM ✦ DYE ✦ WORKS,
NO. 51 EAST MAIN STREET,
PAUL BAUMANN, Prop.

PUTTING ON STYLE.

The Lake Shore Making Handsome Improvements and Coming to the Front as a Popular Route.

This morning the railroad reporter of The Sentinel dropped over to the north side to see the improvements that the Lake Shore railroad are making.

The new depot building being erected by them is approaching completion and will be ready for occupancy during the first part of next month. The work on it is being rapidly pushed, and when finished the structure will be a credit to the city and the Lake Shore company.

The building is a handsome frame structure, built in a modern style of architecture, and comodious enough for the use for which it is intended—the joint occupancy of the Lake Shore and the Muncie. It is situated on Cass street, within a short distance of the river bridge, and is easily accessible and convenient to the traveling public, as the street-cars run right to it and a drive-way on either side lands passengers on the depot platform. The ticket office and the two waiting rooms—one for the ladies and the other for gentlemen—are large and handsome and will be fitted up in elegant style, so that when it is opened to the public the Lake Shore need not take a back seat for any of our railroads, as far as a passenger depot is concerned.

The baggage rooms of the company are in the same building and are large and well adapted for the purposes for which they are intended.

This, however, is not the only improvement the company is making. The freight building is receiving an eighty-foot addition on the west end and on the east extensive second story rooms are being built for the official force of the freight department. These will be on the corner of First and Harrison streets and will be the general offices.

Extensive additions are being made to the team tracks leading to the ware houses and when completed the company will have facilities for unloading forty-five cars of freight at one time. All in all, the north side depot is undergoing a wonderful change, and when the improvements are finished, those of our citizens who have not visited that locality for some time, will hardly know it, for the old land-marks are gone and handsome edifices stand in their places.

The road is making big advances in both passenger and freight business. This morning when our reporter was there the warehouse and the platforms were literally crowded with freight. A dozen trucks were engaged in loading and unloading freight, and we learned that the business of the company, in this respect, has increased 30 per cent. during the last year.

The affairs of the company in this city are under the management of Mr. E. S. Philley. He is the general passenger and freight agent of the Lake Shore, and also attends to the passenger and freight business of the Muncie road at the depot, making him joint agent of both roads. Mr. Philley is a pleasant and popular gentleman and stands high in the favor of the companies whose interests he serves so faithfully. He has been with the Lake Shore for more than sixteen years and has risen on his merits to the responsible position which he now occupies. There are few better men in the railroad service than he.

The roster of the clerical force of the Lake Shore company in this city is as follows: E. S. Philley, freight and passenger agent; E. E. Genn, chief clerk; F. L. Hoy, cashier; J. W. Minnich, ticket clerk; F. L. Starkle, Christ Kempe, William Myers, Frank Sweet, E. H. Harrison, John Parr, S. P. Barker, P. C. Harland, Frank Shipman, baggagemaster; Capt. A. C. Brown, foreman of the warehouse; R. C. Ross, yardmaster; Charles Aiken, assistant yardmaster, and a large force of men in the warehouse and yards.

The Lake Shore has a daily passenger service of two express trains each way, which are well patronized by the public, and in connection with the Muncie route, forms a through line running from Lansing, Mich., to Cincinnati, O., and Louisville, Ky., and with its west and east terminus does an extensive freight and passenger business to Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo and other points.

THE MACHINISTS' BALL.

Last night the machinists of the Pittsburg shops held their first annual ball at Arion hall. It was a success in every way. The hall was filled and a most enjoyable time was had.

The following committees had charge of the affair, and finely acquitted themselves: Arrangements—F. Olds, L. Miller, G. Schmoll, B. Coyle, C. Loos, W. Baker; reception—L. Miller, C. E. Pierce, G. Smoll; floor—F. Olds, L. Miller, S. B. Byanski, E. B. White, A. Slagel.

The music for the occasion was furnished by Barner's orchestra. The program began with the grand march, then followed twelve numbers until an intermission for refreshments, and after supper thirteen numbers, closing with No. 25, "Razzle-dazzle."

BUSY CENTER FLASHES.

G. H. James, of the Pittsburg shops, is quite ill.

Conductor Tom Riley is now running a passenger train on the Wabash.

John Dolan, of the Pittsburg shops, is doing work for the company at Lima, Ohio.

William Dillon, of Olds' wagon works, had the ends of three of his fingers taken off yesterday by a rip saw. The accident was a very painful one. The injured man was conveyed at once to his home.

B. B. Myers, of Kendallville, has taken a position at the electric light works.

The Fort Wayne Furniture factory was shut down Thursday afternoon for repairs on the engine.

Louis Bourie, of the Pittsburg shops, who has been ill for two weeks, has returned to work again.

Charles Daseler, of the Pittsburg paint shop store room, is again at work after several days' illness.

Louis Hiser, engineer on the Grand Rapids, is doing honors over the arrival of a baby girl at his home.

J. Balenbough, of the east yard shops, has resigned his position and returned to his home at Warsaw.

A. G. Brown, one of the supervisors on the Pennsylvania road, has been in the employ of the company since 1851.

D. B. Kehler, of the Fort Wayne Furniture company, is taking a week's trip through Illinois and Missouri in the interest of the firm.

The electric works have shipped a $20,000 plant to Middletown, N. Y., and another for $20,000 will be sent to Detroit, Mich., in a few days.

W. S. Morris, formerly master mechanic of the Wabash shops, in this city, but now residing at Grand Rapids, Mich., left for that place last night, after a few days' visit here.

Gen. Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur," is at Springfield, Ohio, and has turned his versatile mind to chances. He has invented a steel railroad cross tie which, if it is as successful as the inventor claims, it will revolutionize railroad construction.

In passenger circles the opinion prevails that E. P. Wilson will be selected as successor of J. N. Abbott as chairman of the Western States Passenger association. It is stated that the position was offered to James Charlton, general passenger agent of the Chicago and Alton, and he declined.

Articles of incorporation have been filed with the secretary of state, by the Evansville, Newburg and Rockport railroad company. It has a capital stock of $100,000. The road is intended to run from Newburg, in Warrick, to Rockport, in Spencer county, a distance of twenty-five miles. The directors are F. W. Cook, Lee Howell, D. G. Mackey, William Heilman, W. J. Wood, C. F. Hopkins and H. P. Cornick.

The worst feature about catarrh is its dangerous tendency to consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by purifying the blood.

Attica wants more and better street crossings.

Yon sturdy oak whose branches wide
Boldly the storms and winds defy,
Not long ago an acorn, small,
Lay dormant 'neath the summer sky.

Not unlike the thrifty oak in its germ, development and growth, is consumption. But even this mighty foe of mankind, positively yields to the wonderful curative properties of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery if taken early. Don't be blind to your own interests and think yours a hopeless case. This remarkable remedy has rescued thousands. Of druggists.

The Limited Fast Mail.

The Union Pacific Railway, the Overland Route, has just put on a Limited Fast Mail Train to carry the United States mail between Council Bluffs and San Francisco and Portland. This daily Fast Mail train will carry a limited number of passengers, and in addition to the United States Mail Cars, and a baggage car, will be composed of a Pullman Palace Sleeper and Pullman Dining Car for Portland, and a Pullman Sleeping Car for San Francisco, thus accommodating a limited number of passengers.

The sleepers and the diner will run through from Chicago, via the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. Only first-class tickets will be honored on this train.

This train with its connections, makes the extraordinary time of 107 hours, New York to San Francisco, and 104 hours to Portland.

As accommodations are limited, early application for same should be made to the Union Pacific Agents in New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, or to E. L. Lomax, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.

Thanksgiving Excursion.

One fare for round trip, good going Wednesday, November 27, or Thursday, November 28; returning to and including Decembar 2, 1889. Call on nearest agent of the Nickel Plate. 18-27

The four "B's" now interesting Europe are Barnum, Buffalo Bill, Boulanger and Bismarck.

CHIVALROUS.

Chivalry is getting to be a rather old-fashioned word; but the thing itself has not yet gone out of existence, The *Christian Advocate* cites a "modern instance."

Mary and Willie, aged respectively 6 and 4 years, were sitting together in one large rocking-chair near a window during a heavy thunder-storm.

As the lightning grew more vivid and the thunder more terrible, Mary, who sat nearest the open window, began to be greatly frightened, whereupon her little brother very promptly said, "Let me sit on the thunder side."

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

Symptoms—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. Swayne's Ointment stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

A. McConnell, of Covington, fell dead Tuesday, while helping to lift a stove.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The greatest musical event of the season at the Masonic Temple Monday evening.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does, is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c and $1. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

The only complete assortment of Pianos, Organs, Sheet Music, Music Books and general Musical Merchandise, can be seen at D. H. Baldwin & Co's., 98 Calhoun street. 23-26.

California Excursions.

The Wabash railroad is now prepared to sell for the coming season round trip tourist tickets to all principal Pacific coast points, giving a wide choice of routes both going and returning, and an extreme return limit of six months. Stop-overs granted at pleasure, west of the Missouri river. Parties contemplating a journey to sunny California—with a view of spending the winter there—will do well to call at the Wabash ticket office and learn the many advantages offered by the great through car route.

For rates, routes, time, accommodations and conditions call upon or address
R. G. Thompson,
Passenger and Ticket Agent,
18-tf Fort Wayne, Ind.

She Suffered for Twenty Years.

My wife has suffered for fifteen years from congestion and painful menstruation. After using three bottles of Bradfield's Female Regulator she is now able to do her house work and go where she pleases. J. W. Davis, Moravian Falls, N. C.

Write Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

Tourists' Rates to Points South.

Commencing November 1, 1889, and continuing until April 30, 1890. The "Muncie Route" will sell round trip tickets to southern winter resorts, good to return until May 31, 1890. Tickets also on sale to California points. For tickets and full particulars, call on or address
W. H. Fisher,
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent,
oc31tf 73 Calhoun Street.

CATARRH,

Catarrhal, Deafness--Hay Fever--A New Home Treatment.

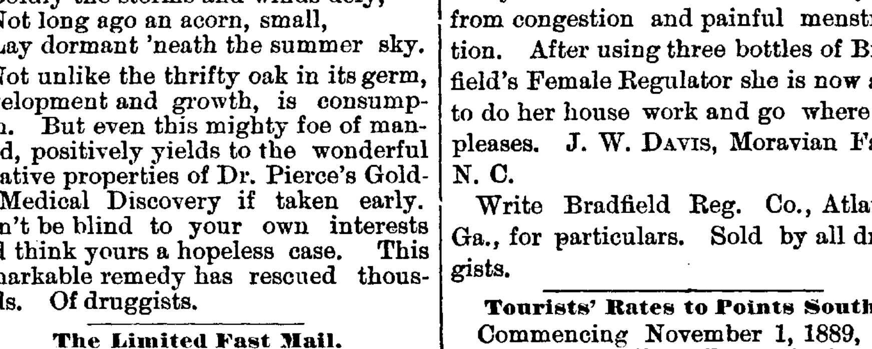
Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscropic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King street, Toronto, Canada.—*Christian Advocate.*

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

Everybody prepare to see the Dance of the Nations given by the congregation of the Episcopal church. 14-tf

Zola's new novel is to be called "La Bete Humaine." It deals with a murder in a railway carriage.



Is a constitutional and not a local disease, and therefore it cannot be cured by local applications. It requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, eradicates the impurity which causes and promotes the disease, and effects a permanent cure. Thousands of people testify to the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh when other preparations had failed. Hood's Sarsaparilla also builds up the whole system, and makes you feel renewed in health and strength.

"I used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh, and received great relief and benefit from it. The catarrh was very disagreeable, especially in the winter, causing constant discharge from my nose, ringing noises in my ears, and pains in the back of my head. The effect to clear my head in the morning by hawking and spitting was painful. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me relief immediately, while in time I was entirely cured. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is worth its weight in gold." Mrs. G. B. Gibb, 1029 Eighth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. Archer, M. D., 111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation, Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion, Without injurious medication.

The Centaur Company, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

MENIER CHOCOLATE
UNRIVALLED. UNEQUALLED.
PUREST IN THE WORLD.
CONTAINS no CHEMICALS or ADULTERATIONS.
Paris Exposition, 1889 } 3 GRAND PRIZES. 5 GOLD MEDALS.
40 CENTS—A POUND—40 CENTS.
Ask your Grocer for Menier Chocolate (Yellow Wrapper)
For Sale Everywhere.
BRANCH HOUSE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK. 3

JOHN

HENRY

The great leaders of the Shoe trade make their bow to the public and extend a cordial invitation to all to call and see their large and varied assortment of Boots, Shoes and Rubber Footwear. We do not advertise that we will give you gold dollars for 50 cents, but we do say that we will sell you GOOD HONEST GOODS at very reasonable prices. We will not deal in shoddy goods.

E. VORDERMARK & SONS,
32 Calhoun Street.
SIGN OF BIG RED BOOT.

RENNER, CRATSLEY & CO
Again Open for Business at the Old Stand,
56 CALHOUN STREET.
NEW STORE. NEW GOODS.
An entire stock entirely new. No old goods.
BOOKS, STATIONERY,
WALL PAPER, ALBUMS, TOYS,
DOLLS, FANCY GOODS,
Novelties for the Holidays, Oil Paintings, Etchings, Steel Engravings, Water Colors.
The Finest Line of Picture Frames and Mouldings ever brought to the city.
56 Calhoun Street.

HIGHEST SPEED ON RECORD.

Most Popular Typewriter in the World.
The Best for All Kinds of Work.
Most Durable, Most Rapid.

Every machine fully warranted. Call or send for circulars and specimens of work. Full line of best paper, supplies, office furniture, &c.

H. T. CONDE IMPLEMENT CO.,
General Agents for Indiana, Indianapolis, Ind.
W. E. McDERMUT, LOCAL AGENT,
Corner Calhoun and Berry streets, Fort Wayne.

L. O. HULL,
WILL SELL
WALLPAPER
FOR
TEN DAYS
—AT—
LESS THAN COST.
Now is the time to Get a Bargain.
No. 90 Calhoun Strete.

Horse Brushes, Curry Combs,
5-A HORSE BLANKETS!
Rubber Horse Covers and
Rubber Coats.
JOE. W. BELL,
13 East Columbia Street.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

From Pennsylvania Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains run by Central Time.

Leave and Arrive at Fort Wayne, by the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway, as follows.

GOING EAST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 20, Mail Express	1 20 p m	1 40 p m
No. 8, d, East Line	7 40 p m	8 05 p m
No. 2. d, Penn'a Limited	8 53 p m	9 00 p m
No. 4, d, Atlantic Ex	5 10 a m	5 20 a m
No. 58, Chicago Accom	10 50 p m	.....
No. 62, Plymouth Accom.	8 55 a m	.....
No. 10, Crestline Accom	.....	7 00 a m
No. 60, Chicago Express	1 55 a m	.....

GOING WEST:	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 3, d, Pacific Express	1 35 a m	1 45 a m
No. 5, d, Penn'a Limited	5 38 a m	5 45 a m
No. 1, Fast Line	11 20 a m	11 40 a m
No 9, d, Western Ex	5 10 p m	5 16 p m
No. 11, Crestline Accom	6 45 p m	.....
No. 61, Plymouth Accom.	.....	4 00 p m
No. 59, Chicago Accom	.....	6 30 a m

d Daily; all other trains daily except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.

GOING EAST		GOING WEST
Lv 2 00 p m	Express	Lv 2 00 p m
Lv 6 10 a m	Accommodation	Lv 6 45 a m

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.

[Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM NORTH		GOING NORTH
10 30 a m—A.	Cincinnati Ex	—Lv
	Detroit Ex	" 4 40 p m
3 40 p m	" —Detroit Fx	" 11 50 a m
5 20 p m	" —Way Freight	" 6 40 a m

All trains daily except Sunday.

NORTH DEPOT.

[MUNCIE ROUTE]

FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER RAILROADS.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

Through car service between Fort Wayne and Indianapolis Solid trains between Fort Wayne and Cincinnati.

Central Standard Time.

TIME CARD. Nov. 17, 1889.	No. 5. Daily.	No. 1. Ex-S'dy.	No. 3. Daily.
Fort Wayne..lv	6:15 a. m.	10:35 a. m.	6:00 p. m.
Indianapolis.ar	10:30 a. m.	3:50 p. m.	10:50 p. m.
Cincinnati...ar	—	5:24 p. m.	—
Louisville....ar	—	7:00 p. m.	—
RETURNING:	Daily.	Ex-S'dy.	Daily.
Louisville....lv	—	7:30 a. m.	—
Cincinnati....lv	—	8:15 a. m.	—
Indianapolis.lv	7:00 a. m.	11:10 a. m.	3:00 p. m.
Fort Wayne.ar	11:40 a. m.	4:00 p. m.	7:50 p. m.

ONE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP

Between all stations from Fort Wayne to Muncie on Sundays. Two Sunday trains each way. Trains leave from North Side depot. Rates to Cincinnati and points South less than via. any other line.

WABASH RAILWAY.

MARCH 31, 1889.

GOING WEST.	Depart
Pacific Express, daily	5 00 a. m.
Kansas City ex, daily ex'pt Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail	8 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom	3 30 p. m.

GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule Limited daily	5 05 a m
Cannon Ball, except Sunday	1 30
Limited Express, daily	6 25
Lafayette accom arrives 11 a m.	

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m	10 30 a m
1 45 p m	6 20 p m
Lv Indianapolis	**Ar Ft Wayne**
7 15 a m	1 20 p m
1 10 p m	6 10 p m
7 00 p m	5 00 a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.

Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect Nov. 10, '89

GOING NORTH.	
*For Grand Rapids and North	Lv 3 50 a m
" " "	" 8 05 a m
For Grand Rapids	" 2 40 p m
From Richmond	Ar 6 10 p m
GOING SOUTH.	
For Richmond and Cincinnati	Lv 5 45 a m
" " "	" 1 00 p m
* " "	" 12 10 a m
From Grand Rapids	Ar 6 30 p m

*Daily between Cin. and Grand Rapids.
All other trains daily except Sunday.

G. H. Morrill & Co.,
Manufacturers of
Printing,
Lithographic Inks,
and Varnishes.
119 5th AVENUE,
CHICAGO, ✻ ILLINOIS.
Chas. M. Moore, M'g'r.

JAMES MADDEN,
PLUMBER,
Steam and Gas Fitter,
101 Calhoun Street,
Next door to Y. M. C. A.,
FORT WAYNE, - - - INDIANA

J. M. E. RIEDEL,
ARCHITECT,
ABOVE SCHANE'S GALLERY.
112 Calhoun St. - Fort Wayne, Ind.

The Oldest Firm and Most Reliable in the City,
Wing & Mahurin,
ARCHITECTS!
Rooms 41 and 42, Pixley & Long Block.

TALMAGE ON THF WING.

THE PASTOR OF THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE IN ITALY.

Sermon Preached Sunday Nov. 17, 1889, at Brindisi—The Subject "A Mediterranean Journey" Full Report of the Discourse.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached at Brindisi Italy, on Sunday, Nov. 17. His subject was "A Mediterranean Voyage," and he took for his text Acts xxvii, 44: "And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land." Dr. Talmage said:

Having visited your historical city, which we desire to see because it was the terminus of the most famous road of the ages, the Roman Appian Way, and for its mighty fortress overshadowing a city which even Hannibal's hosts could not thunder down, we must tomorrow morning leave your harbor, and after touching at Athens and Cornith, voyage about the Mediterranean to Alexandria, Egypt. I have been reading this morning in my New Testament of a Mediterranean voyage in an Alexandrian ship. It was this very month of November. The vessel was lying in a port not very far from here. On board that vessel were two distinguished passengers; one Josephus, the historian, as we have strong reasons to believe; the other, a convict, one Paul by name, who was going to prison for upsetting things, or, as they termed it, turning the world upside down." This convict had gained the confidence of the Captain. Indeed I think that Paul knew almost as much about the sea as did the Captain. He had been shipwrecked three times already; he had dwelt much of his life amidst capstans, and yardarms, and cables, and storms; and he knew what he was talking about. Seeing the equinoctial storm was coming, and perhaps noticing something unseaworthy in the vessel, he advised the Captain to stay in the harbor. But I hear the Captain and the first mate talking together. They say: "We cannot afford to take the advice of this landsman, and he a minister. He may be able to preach very well, but I don't believe he knows a marlinespike from a luff tackle. All aboard! Cast off! Shift the helm for headway! Who fears the Mediterranean?" They had gone only a little way out when a whirlwind, called Euroclydon, made the torn sail its turban, shook the mast as you would brandish a spear, and tossed the hulk into the heavens. Overboard with the cargo! It is all washed with salt water, and worthless now; and there are no marine insurance companies. All hands ahoy, and out with the anchors!

Great consternation comes on crew and passengers. The sea monsters sport in the foam, and the billows clap their hands in glee of destruction. In a lull of the storm I hear a chain clank. It is the chain of the great apostle as he walks the deck, or holds fast to the rigging amidst the lurching of the ship—the spray dripping from his long beard as he cries out to the crew: "Now I exhort you to be of good cheer; for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar; and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee."

Fourteen days have passed, and there is no abatement of the storm. It is midnight. Standing on the lookout, the man peers into the darkness, and, by a flash of lightning, sees the long white line of breakers, and knows they must be coming near to some country, and fears that in a few moments the vessel will be shivered on the rocks. The ship flies like chaff in the tornado. They drop the sounding line, and by the light of the lantern they see it is twenty fathoms. Speeding along a little farther they drop the line again, and by the light of the lantern they see it is fifteen fathoms. Two hundred and seventy-six souls within a few feet of awful shipwreck! The managers of the vessel, pretending they want to look over the side of the ship and undergird it, get into the small boat, expecting in it to escape; but Paul sees through the sham, and he tells them that if they go off in the boat it will be the death of them. The vessel strikes! The planks spring! The timbers crack! The vessel parts in the thundering surge! Oh, what wild struggling for life! Here they leap from plank to plank. Here they go under as if they would never rise, but, catching hold of a timber, come floating and panting on it to the beach. Here strong swimmers spread their arms through the waves until their chins plow the sand, and they rise up and wring out their wet locks on the beach. When the roll of the ship is called, two hundred and seventy-six people answer to their names. "And so," says my text, "it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."

I learn from the subject:

First, that those who get us into trouble will not stay to help us out. These shipmen got Paul out of Fair Havens into the storm; but as soon as the tempest dropped upon them, they wanted to go off in the small boat, caring nothing for what became of Paul and the passengers. Ah me! human nature is the same in all ages. They who get us into trouble never stop to help us out. They who tempt the young man into a life of dissipation will be the first to laugh at his imbecility, and to drop him out of decent society. Gamblers always make fun of the losses of gamblers. They who tempt you into the contest with fists, saying "I will back you," will be the first to run. Look over all the predicaments of your life, and count the names of those who have got you into those predicaments, and tell me the name of one who ever helped you out. They were glad enough to get you out from Fare Havens, but when, with damaged rigging, you tried to get into harbor, did they hold for you a plank or throw you a rope? Not one. Satan has got thousands of men into trouble but he never got one out. He led them into theft, but he would not hide the goods or bail out the defendant. The spider shows the fly the way over the gossamer bridge into the cobweb; but it never shows the fly the way out of the cobweb over the gossamer bridge. I think that there were plenty of fast young men to help the prodigal spend his money; but when he had wasted his substance in riotous living, they let him go to the swine pastures, while they betook themselves to some other new comer. They who took Paul out of Fair Haven will be of no use to him when he gets into the breakers of Melita.

I remark again, as a lesson learned from the text, that it is dangerous to refuse the counsel of competent advisers. Paul told them not to go out with the ship. They thought he knew nothing about it. They said: "He is only a minister!" They went, and the ship was destroyed. There are a great many people now who say of ministers: "They know nothing about the world. They cannot talk to us!" Ah! my friends, it is not necessary to have the Asiatic cholera before you can give it medical treatment in others. It is not necessary to have your own arm broken before you can know how to splinter a fracture. And we who stand in the pulpit and in the office of a Christian teacher, know that there are certain styles of belief and certain kinds of behavior that will lead to destruction as certainly as Paul knew that if the ship went out of Fair Haven it would go to destruction. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment. We may not know much, but we know that.

Young people refuse the advice of parents. They say: "Father is oversuspicious, and mother is getting old." But these parents have been on the sea of life. They know where the storms sleep, and during their voyage have seen a thousand battered hulks marking the place where beauty burned, and intellect foundered, and morality sunk. They are old sailors, having answered many a signal of distress, and endured great stress of weather, and gone scudding under bare poles; and the old folks know what they are talking about. Look at that man—in his cheek the glow of infernal fires, His eye flashes not as once with thought, but with low passion. His brain is a sewer through which impurity floats, and his heart the trough in which lust wallows and drinks. Men shudder as the leper passes, and parents cry, "Wolf! wolf!" Yet he once said the Lord's Prayer at his mother's knee, and against that iniquitous brow once pressed a pure mother's lip. But he refused her counsel. He went where euroclydons have their lair. He foundered on the sea, while all hell echoed at the roar of the wreck: Lost Pacifics! Lost Pacifics!

Another lesson from the subject is that Christians are always safe.

There did not seem to be much chance for Paul getting out of that shipwreck, did there? They had not, in those days, rockets with which to throw ropes over foundering vessels. Their lifeboats were of but little worth. And yet, notwithstanding all the danger, my text says that Paul escaped safe to land. And so it will always be with God's children. They may be plunged into darkness and trouble, but by the throne of the eternal God, I assert it, "they shall all escape safe to land."

Sometimes there comes a storm of commercial disaster. The cables break. The masts fall. The cargoes are scattered over the sea. Oh! what struggling and leaping on kegs and hogsheads and cornbins and store shelves! And yet, though they may have it so very hard in commercial circles, the good, trusting in God, all come safe to land.

Wreckers go out on the ocean's beach and find the shattered hulks of vessels; and on the streets of our great cities there is many a wreck. Mainsail slit with banker's pen. Hulks abeam's end on insurance counters. Vast credits sinking, having suddenly sprung a leak. Yet all of them who are God's children shall at last, through his goodness and mercy, escape safe to land. The Scandinavian warriors used to drink wine out of the skulls of the enemies they had slain. Even so God will help us, out of the conquered ills and disasters of life, to drink sweetness and strength for our souls.

You have, my friends, had illustrations, in your life, of how God delivers his people. I have had many illustrations in my own life of the same truth. I was once in what on your Mediterranean you call Euroclydon, but what on the Atlantic we call a cyclone, but the same storm. The steamer Greece of the National line, swung out into the river Mersey at Liverpool, bound for New York. We had on board seven hundred, crew and passengers. We came together strangers—Italians, Irishmen, Englishmen, Swedes, Norwegians, Americans. Two flags floated from the masts—British and American ensigns. We had a new vessel, or one so thoroughly remodeled that the voyage had around it all the uncertainties of a trial trip. The great steamer felt its way cautiously out into the sea. The pilot was discharged; and, committing ourselves to Him who holdeth the winds in His fist, we were fairly started on our voyage of three thousand miles. It was rough nearly all the way—the sea with strong buffeting disputing our path. But one night, at eleven o'clock, after the lights had been put out, a cyclone—a wind just made to tear ships to pieces—caught us in its clutches. It came down so suddenly that we had not time to take in the sails or fasten the hatches. You may know that the bottom of the Atlantic is strewn with the ghastly work of cyclones. Oh! they are cruel winds. They have hot breath, as though they came up from infernal furnaces. Their merriment is the cry of affrighted passengers. Their play is the foundering of steamers. And, when a ship goes down, they laugh until both continents hear them. They go in circles, or, as I describe them with my hand—rolling on! rolling on! with finger of terror writing on the white sheet of the wave this sentence of doom: "Let all that comes within this circle perish! Brigantines, go down! Clippers, go down! Steamships, go down!" And the vessel, hearing the terrible voice, crouches in the surf, and as the waters gurgle through the hatches and port holes, it lowers away, thousands of feet down, farther and farther, until at last it strikes the bottom; and all is peace, for they have landed. Helmsman, dead at the wheel! Engineer, dead amidst the extinguished furnaces! Captain, dead in the gangway! Passengers, dead in the cabin! Buried in the great cemetery of dead steamers, beside the City of Boston, the Lexington, the President, the Cambria—waiting for the archangel's trumpet to split up the decks, and wrench open the cabin doors, and unfasten the hatches.

I thought that I had seen storms on the sea before; but all of them together might have come under one wing of that cyclone. We were only eight or nine hundred miles from home, and in high expectation of soon seeing our friends, for there was no one on board so poor as not to have a friend. But it seemed as if we were to be disappointed. The most of us expected then and there to die. There were none who made light of the peril, save two. One was an Englishman, and he was drunk, and the other was an American, and he was a fool! Oh! what a time it was! A night to make one's hair turn white. We came out of the berths, and stood in the gangway, and looked into the steerage, and sat in the cabin. While seated there we heard overhead something like minute guns. It was the bursting of the sails. We held on with both hands to keep our places. Those who attempted to cross the floor came back bruised and gashed. Cups and glasses were dashed to fragments; pieces of the table getting loose, swung across the saloon. It seemed as if the hurricane took that great ship of thousands of tons and stood it on end, and said: "Shall I sink it, or let it go this once?" And then it came down with such force that the billows trampled over it, each mounted of a fury. We felt that everything depended on the propelling screw. If that stopped for an instant we knew the vessel would fall off into the trough of the sea and sink, and so we prayed that the screw, which three times since leaving Liverpool had already stopped, might not stop now. Oh! how anxiously we listened for the regular thump of the machinery, upon which our lives seemed to depend. After a while some one said: "The screw is stopped!" No; its sound had only been overpowered by the uproar of the tempest, and we breathed easier again when we heard the regular pulsation of the over-tasked machinery going thump, thump, thump. At 3 o'clock in the morning the water covered the ship from prow to stern, and the skylights gave way! The deluge rushed in, and we felt that one or two more waves like that must swamp us forever. As the water rolled back and forward in the cabins, and dashed against the wall, it sprang half way up to the ceiling. Rushing through the skylights as it came in with such terrific roar, there went up from the cabin a shriek of horror which I pray God I may never hear again. I have dreamed the whole scene over again, but God has mercifully kept me from hearing that one cry. Into it seemed to be compressed the agony of expected shipwreck. It seemed to say: "I shall never get home again! My children shall be orphaned, and my wife shall be widowed! I am launching now into eternity! In two minutes I shall meet my God!"

There was about five hundred and fifty passengers in the steerage, and as the water rushed in and touched the furnaces, and began violently to hiss, the poor creatures in the steerage imagined that the boilers were giving way. Those passengers writhed in the water and in the mud, some praying, some crying, all terrified. They made a rush for the deck. An officer stood on deck and beat them back with blow after blow. It was necessary. They would not have stood an instant on the deck. Oh! how they begged to get out of the hold of the ship! One woman, with a child in her arms, rushed up and caught hold of one of the officers and cried: "Do let me out! I will help you! Do let me out! I cannot die here!' Some got down and prayed to the Virgin Mary, saying: "O blessed mother! keep us!" Some stood with white lips and fixed gaze, silent in their terror. Some wrung their hands and cried out: "O God! what shall I do? What shall I do?" The time came when the crew could no longer stay on deck, and the cry of the officers was: "Below! all hands below!" Our brave and sympathetic Capt. Andrews—whose praise I shall not cease to speak while I live—had been swept by the hurricane from his bridge, and had escaped very narrowly with his life. The cyclone seemed to stand on the deck, waving its wings, crying: "This ship is mine! I have captured it! Ha! ha! I will command it! If God will permit I will sink it here and now! By a thousand shipwrecks, I swear the doom of this vessel!" There was a lull in the storm; but only that it might gain additional fury. Crash! went the life boat on one side. Crash! went the life boat on the other side. The great booms got loose, and, as with the heft of a thunderbolt, pounded the deck and beat the masts—the jib boom, studding sail boom, and square sail boom, with their strong arms, beating time to the awful march and music of the hurricane.

Meanwhile the ocean became phosphorescent. The whole scene looked like fire. The water dripping from the rigging, there were ropes of fire; and there were masts of fire; and there was a deck of fire. A ship of fire, sailing on a sea of fire, through a night of fire. May I never see anything like it again!

Everybody prayed. A lad of 12 years of age got down and prayed for his mother. "If I should give up," he said, "I do not know what would become of mother." There were men who, I think, had not prayed for thirty years, who then got down on their knees. When a man, who has neglected God all his life feels that he has come to his last time, it makes a very busy night. All of our sins and shortcomings passed through our minds. My own life seemed utterly unsatisfactory. I could only say, "Here, Lord, take me as I am. I cannot mend matters now. Lord Jesus, thou didst die for the chief of sinners. That's me! It seems, Lord, as if my work is done, and poorly done, and upon thy infinite mercy I cast myself and in this hour of shipwreck and darkness commit myself and her whom I hold by the hand to thee, O Lord Jesus! praying that it may be a short struggle in the water, and that at the same instant we may both arrive in glory!" Oh! I tell you a man prays straight to the mark when he has a cyclone above him, an ocean beneath him, and eternity so close to him that he can feel its breath on his cheek.

The night was long. At last we saw the dawn looking through the port holes. As in the olden time, in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus came walking on the sea, from wave cliff to wave cliff; and when He puts His foot upon a billow, though it may be tossed up with might it goes down. He cried to the winds, Hush! They knew His voice. The waves knew His foot. They died away. And in the shining tracks of His feet I read these letters on scrolls of foam and fire, "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea." The ocean calmed. The path of the steamer became more and more mild; until, on the last morning out, the sun threw round about us a glory such as I never witnessed before. God made a pavement of mosaic, reaching from horizon to horizon, for all the splendors of earth and heaven to walk upon—a pavement bright enough for the foot of a seraph -bright enough for the wheels of the archangel's chariot. As parent embraces a child, and kisses away its grief, so over that sea, that had been writhing in agony in the tempest, the morning threw its arms of beauty and of benediction, and the lips of earth and heaven met.

As I came on deck—it was very early, and we were nearing the shore—I saw a few sails against the sky. They seemed like the spirits of the night walking the billows. I leaned over the taffrail of the vessel, and said, "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters."

It grew lighter. The clouds were hung in purple clusters along the sky; and, as if those purple clusters were pressed into red wine and poured out upon the sea, every wave turned into crimson, Yonder, fire cleft stood opposite to fire cleft; and here, a cloud, rent and tinged with light, seemed like a palace, with flames bursting from the windows. The whole scene lighted up until it seemed as if the angels of God were ascending and descending upon stairs of fire, and the wave-crests, changed into jasper, and crystal, and amethyst, as they were flung toward the beach, made me think of the crowns of Heaven cast before the throne of the great Jehovah. I leaned over the taffrail again, and said, with more emotion than before: "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters?"

So, I thought, will be the going off of the storm and night of the Christian's life. The darkness will fold its tents and away! The golden feet of the rising morning will come skipping upon the mountains, and all the wrathful billows of the world's woe break into the splendor of eternal joy. And so we come into the harbor. The cyclone behind us. Our friends before us. God, who is always good, all around us. And if the roll of the crew and the passengers had been called, seven hundren souls would have answered to their names. "And so it came to pass that we all escaped safe to land." And may God grant that, when all our Sabbaths on earth are ended, we may find that, through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, we all have weathered the gale!

Into the harbor of Heaven now we glide,
Home at last!
Softly we drift on the bright silver tide,
Home at last!
Glory to God! All our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore.
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
Home at last!
Home at last!

"It was ever so kind of you to bring me this box of candy," said the young lady to George. "I think you are exceedingly nice." "That's the way it goes," said George as he dropped another bonbon into her mouth. "Put a caramel into the slot and get some taffy."

First tramp—Down with whisky is what I say. Don't you say so, pardner? Second tramp—Well, I've allus set my face agin it whenever I could.

"I hear John has a place under the Government." "Yes." "Make any money?" "Heaps; $100,000 a week. He's in the mint."

There is said to be a great similarity between a vain young lady and a confirmed drunkard, in that neither of them can ever get enough of the glass.

How Some Girls Walk.

Why is it you young ladies do not know how to walk? Look! here comes one with her head pitched forward, her hands swinging ungracefully by her side, her feet scuffling the walk, and alogether presenting an appearance quite unbecoming one of America's lovely daughters, charming in all else, perhaps, but oh, such a gait! The next one walks with a jerk, her feet and lower part of her body having started on a race with her head to see which will get there first. The consequence is, for every step forward she comes part way back with a jerk.

Her sister follows, twitching ungracefully from side to side, rolling from one foot to the other like a sailor in mid-ocean, only he has some excuse, and she has not. The arms usually follow, but in opposite directions. The body of the next one makes a perfect bow, bent back, head forward and feet trying to catch up. Not one with the firm graceful step, erect head, straight shoulders, easy arms and hands to be acquired by sufficient determination to present a dignified carriage. When will deportment be taught in our schools?—*Kingston Freeman.*

$5,000 for a Wife.

One of the greatest stories (founded on fact) ever published, commences in the December (Xmas) number of Godey's Lady's Book, published at Philadelphia. Every woman, married or single, should read it. Ready November 15th. All newsdealers.

He Was Thoughtful.

"Can you furnish bail in the sum of $200?" was asked of a prisoner in the Police Court the other day.

"Yes, I suppose I could, but——"

"Who will go on your bond?"

"I was going to say that the President of the United States would probably be only too glad to, but I hate to bother him with such a trifle. I'll——"

"Get some one else?"

"No, I'll go to jail. This is Mr. Harrison's busy day, and I don't want to disturb him."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

As Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucus surfaces Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do are tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co. Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine; it is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

An Heiress' Valuation.

"I'm engaged to be married to a lovely girl," said a youth warmly to a traveling man of his acquaintance.

"Indeed?"

"Yes, congratulate me. She has lots of money too."

"How much?"

"A hundred thousand."

"That, no doubt, is her Pa value, isn't it?"

A New Kind of Insurance

has been put in operation by the manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's medicines. His "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription" are sold by druggists under the manufacturers' *positive guarantee.* Either benefit or a complete cure is thus attained, or money paid for these medicines is returned. The certificate of guarantee given in connection with sale of these medicines is equivalent to a policy of insurance. The "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all humors and blood taints, from whatever cause arising, skin and scalp diseases, scrofulous sores and swellings. The "Favorite Prescription" cures all those derangements and weaknesses peculiar to women.

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

It Reminded Him.

Col. Newcomb—Good morning, Uncle Jonas. Busy, I see.

Uncle Jonas—Yes, sah. I's fixin' up de chapel neah your house, sah. We's gwine ter hab rewival meetin' nex' week.

"Ah, indeed; glad to hear that there is an awakening among your people. That reminds me, uncle, I want you to fix a new lock on my chicken house some time this week."—*Texas Siftings.*

If you have ever used Dobbins' Electric during the 24 years it has been sold, you *know* that it is the best and purest family soap made. If you haven't tried it, ask your grocer for it *now.* Don't take imitation.

Caring for Her Eyes.

"I don't think we'll go to Niagara on our wedding trip, George, dear," remarked a Pittsburgh girl to her intended husband.

"Why, love?"

"I fear it will injure our sight."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I believe that people who gaze at the falls get a cataract in their eye."

George is considering whether or not to break off the engagement.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. *"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* give instant relief.

A Gentle Hint.

Mrs. Blinks (to her neighbor)—Oh, I do so like your house? It seems so home-like!

Mrs. Jinks—I want to know!

Mrs. Blinks—Yes; you've got so much of my cooking dishes borrowed, you know, your kitchen seems ever so more natural to me than mine does.—*Lawrence American.*

For Rickets, Marasmus, and all Wasting Disorders of Children

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is unequaled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful. "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing. In every case the improvement was marked."—J. M. Main, M. D., New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Some genius has invented a chin-holder for the violin. If he could only invent a hand-holder he would do more good.—*Texas Siftings.*

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

is really what The Youth's Companion is. It publishes each year as much matter as the $4 monthlies, and is illustrated by the same artists. It is an educator in every home, and always an entertaining and wholesome companion. It has a unique place in American family life. If you do not know it, you will be surprised to see how much can be given for the small sum of $1.75 a year. The price sent now will entitle you to a paper to January, 1891. Address

The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

"It will be better for me in the long run," remarked the cashier as he humped himself for the Dominion.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

The man who has no rights is the man who lost his right arm and limb in the late war.

What is that which must play before it can work?—A fire-engine.

Anguish Unspeakable

Is endured by the victims of inflammatory rheumatism, and any form of the disease may reach that agonizing phase or attack the heart and cause death. Unhappily they who feel its preliminary twinges seldom realize this. Like other possibly dangerous maladies, rheumatism is often disregarded at the outset. Well will it be for him if this brief notice shall serve as a warning of future peril or pain to a reader troubled with incipient rheumatism. The proper sequel will be an instantaneous resort to the great preventive depurent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, whose brevet of professional recommendation popular experience has confirmed. There is no finer or more genial antidote to the virus of rheumatism in the system. Botanic in its origin, it is free from the objections attaching to depurent poisons liable to be taken in more than the infinitesimal dose. The Bitters conquers malaria, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles.

Why They Sang Well.

Minister (to choir master)—The music went splendid this morning.

Choir Master—Yes; I flatter myself it did.

Minister—I am glad to see the singers give their whole energy to the important religious work. There is no deception in such singing as that.

Choir Master—Well, no; I should say not. You see, Mr. Thumper, I told the choir last night that an operatic manager would attend church to-day for the purpose of finding some good voices. —*Judge.*

Copy of Original.

Van Wert, Ohio, July 11, 1889.

Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich:

Gents—This is to certify that I had what is called sciatic rheumatism so badly that I was all drawn over to one side. My hip sank in so that you could lay your hand in the cavity, and I could do no work for over one year. I tried some of the best physicians and did almost everything I could hear or think of, and nothing did me any good until I purchased a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup of Hines & Son, druggists, Van Wert, O. Four bottles cured me and have never had it since.

Albert King.

We certify to the above testimonial.

Hines & Son, Druggists.

When you receive a note from your ladylove, and kiss it (as, of course, you are expected to do), why is it like the nightmare? Because it is the ink-you-buss.

Montana's Free Lands.

The Great Reservation of Montana, thrown open for settlement by the President last May, contains 18,000,000 acres of land, all eligible for entry for free homes, under the United States Land Laws. It extends for 300 miles East and West, and on an average of 100 miles North and South. If you intend going to Montana remember that The Wisconsin Central is the direct line between Chicago and St. Paul, making close connections at St. Paul for all points in Montana. Solid through trains with Pulman Palace Sleeping Cars and Unrivaled Dining Cars are run between Chicago and St. Paul. For other information, pamphlets, etc., address James Barker, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"Haven't you finished scaling the fish yet, Sam?" "No, master; 'tis a very large one." "Why, you have had time to scale a mountain."

Card of Thanks.

If the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam should publish a card of thanks, containing expressions of gratitude which come to him daily from those who have been cured of severe throat and lung troubles by the use of Kemp's Balsam, it would fill a full-sized book How much better to invite all to call on any druggist and get a free sample bottle that you may test for yourself its power. Large bottles 50c and $1.00.

"Sarah," said a wag "it's all over town!" "What's all over town?" was the anxious inquiry. "Mud." Sarah's eyes dropped.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it.

Don't undertake to kiss a furious woman; risk not a smack in a storm.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

A man ever ready to scrape an acquaintance the barber.

Catarrh

Is a complaint which affects nearly everybody, more or less. It originates in a cold, or succession of colds, combined with impure blood. Disagreeable flow from the nose, tickling in the throat offensive breath, pain over and between the eyes, ringing and bursting noises in the ears, are the more common symptoms. Catarrh is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strikes directly at its cause by removing all impurities from the blood, building up the diseased tissues, and giving healthy tone to the whole system.

"For several years I have been troubled with that terribly disagreeable disease, catarrh. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla with the very best results. It cured me of that continual dropping in my throat and stuffed-up feeling. It has also helped my mother, who has taken it for run-down state of health and kidney troubles. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all as a good medicine." Mrs. S. D. Heath, Putnam, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

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CATON'S FRENCH VITALIZERS. A Quick and Positive Restorer of Manly Vigor, and the only Legitimate Specific for Sexual Debility and Lost Vitality known. A Marvellous Invigorator, entirely harmless. By mail, $1, 6 for $5. Circulars free. DR. CATON, Boston.

$65 A MONTH AND BOARD PAID, or highest commission and 30 DAYS' CREDIT to AGENTS on our NEW BOOK. J. S. ZEIGLER & CO., Quincy Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

YOUNG MEN Wanted to Learn Telegraphy. Situations furnished. Circulars free. Address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

$25 AN HOUR [illegible] MEDICAL CO., [illegible]

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache,* Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

Every man may have a price, but every other man can not pay it.—*Whitehall Times.*

We recommend "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

Good name for a bull-dog—Agrippa.

ST. JACOBS OIL

CAUTION.

No other Liniment made to resemble

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St. Jacobs Oil is

THE BEST,

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At Druggists and Dealers.

THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

AGENTS WANTED To handle Article every stove requires. Retails $4.00; saves $1.50 per month. Must establish County Agencies. Samples sent, expressage prepaid, on receipt of $2.75. MOREY MFG. CO., Waukesha, Wis.

ASTHMA CAN BE CURED. A trial bottle sent Free to anyone afflicted. Dr. TAFT BRO., Rochester, N. Y.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

MAGIC REMEDY Will cure Blood Poison where mercury fails. Owned and for sale only by Cook Remedy Co., Omaha, Neb. Write.

ASTHMA.

Popham's Asthma Specific

Relief in TEN MINUTES.

PETER D. SWOYER, M. D. Fritztown, Pa., writes: "I have had Asthma for 20 years; found no relief until I tried your Specific, which relieved me immediately." Sold by all Druggists. $1 per box, by mail, post paid.

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$45 SEWING MACHINES | NOW ONLY $15

We are now selling our WESTERN IMPROVED SINGER SEWING MACHINE—same as cut—complete with all attachments and warranted for 5 years for only $15. Send for circular and see full description of this and other styles to M. A. SCULLEN & CO., 762 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND TRADE MARK.

This Trade Mark is on The Best Waterproof Coat in the world.

Send for Illustrated Catalogue. Free. A. J. Tower, Boston.

FAMILY PRIDE, $5.00.

A warranted U. S. Standard Family Scale, ¼ ounce to 244 pounds, sent free anywhere in U. S. on receipt of price. Price list of all sizes free. Address "JONES, he pays the freight," Binghamton, N. Y.

BASE BALL CHADWICK'S MANUAL. 7 in. x 5 in. 70 pages. Illuminated Cover.

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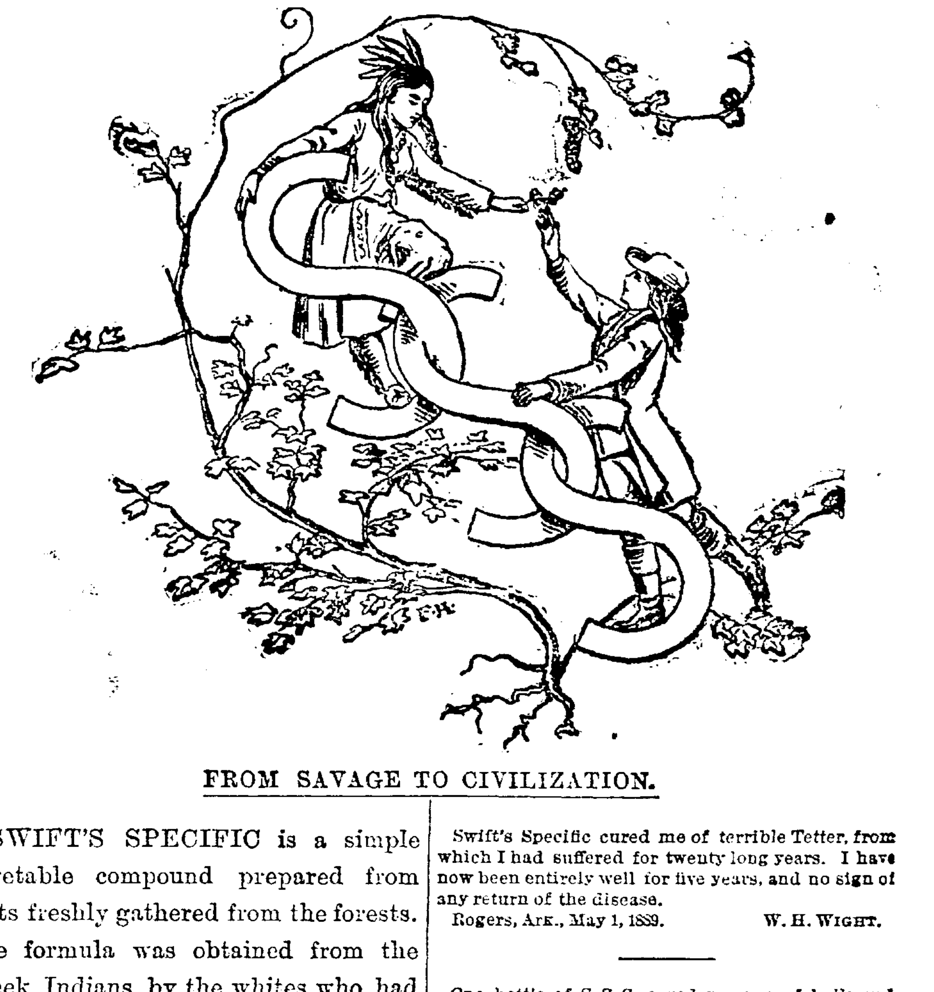
OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.



FROM SAVAGE TO CIVILIZATION.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC is a simple vegetable compound prepared from roots freshly gathered from the forests. The formula was obtained from the Creek Indians by the whites who had witnessed the wonderful cures of blood diseases made by that tribe. It has been used since 1829, and has been the greatest blessing to mankind in curing diseases of the blood, in many instances after all other remedies had failed.

Swift's Specific cured me of terrible Tetter, from which I had suffered for twenty long years. I have now been entirely well for five years, and no sign of any return of the disease.

Rogers, Ark., May 1, 1889. W. H. Wight.

One bottle of S. S. S. cured my son of boils and risings, which resulted from malarial poison, and affected him all the summer. He had treatment from five doctors, who failed to benefit him.

Cavanal, Indian Ter. J. B. Wise.

I have taken Swift's Specific for secondary blood poison, and derived great benefit. It acts much better than potash, or any other remedy that I have ever used. B. F. Wingfield, M. D., Richmond, Va.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

JOSEPH H. HUNTER, ATTORNEY, WASHINGTON, D. C., WILL GET YOUR PENSION without DELAY.

Bryant & Stratton Chicago Business College!

SHORT-HAND INSTITUTE and ENGLISH TRAINING SCHOOL. Is the STANDARD INSTITUTION and the LARGEST IN THE WORLD: Full information, Catalogue, terms, etc., sent FREE. Address H. B. BRYANT & SON, Proprietors, Chicago, Ill. We recommend this college to our readers. Mention this paper when you write.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

A MAN

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SABBATH READING.

What Some of the Workers Therein Are Doing and Saying.

THE BIBLE IN LITERATURE.

The Twine Under the Thumb-Nail—A Piece of Paper—Symptoms of Decay.

A Piece of Paper.

I was asked to go to a public house in Nottingham to see the landlord's wife, who was dying. I found her rejoicing in Christ as her Saviour. I asked her how she found the Lord. "Read that," she replied, handing me a torn piece of paper. I looked at it, and found that it was part of an American newspaper, containing an extract from one of Spurgeon's sermons, which extract had been the means of her conversation. "Where did you find this newspaper?" I asked. She answered, "It was wrapped around a parcel sent to me from Australia!" Talk about the hidden life of a good seed! Think of that! A sermon preached in London conveyed to America, then to Australia, part of it torn off for the parcel dispatched to England, and after all its wanderings, giving the message of salvation to that woman's soul! God's Word shall not return unto Him void.

Symptoms of Decay.

Having more interest in money matters than in soul saving.

A growing appetite for ease and pleasure.

Feeling no condemnation for fellowship with the world.

A disposition to use five dollars for self and five cents for God's cause.

Inclination to find fault with others rather than to help them.

Engaging in levity, and terming it Christian cheerfulness.

Reading secular newspapers in preference to the Bible.

Preferring meetings where there is nothing to do, rather than those which afford opportunities for personal work.

Avoiding the society of those noted for piety and godliness.

These signs give unmistakable evidence of the near approach of the grim monster; yea, already with one hand his icy fingers clutch at the victim's throat, and with the other he aims a dagger at the heart. Help, help! an hour hence may be too late.

The Twine Under the Thumb-Nail.

A minister relates: "A few months after my ordination I was invited to spend an evening at the house of a parishioner. Among the company was an old gentleman named Mr. Ford. When we had tea the most of us gathered round a table, and began to speak about various passages of Holy Scripture. But I was grieved to see, while the majority of us were profitably employed, this old man, seated on the sofa, with a number of young ladies around him, engaged in a conversation of a decidedly frivolous and flippant nature. A few days afterward, meeting my rector casually in the street, he asked me if I had heard that Mr. Ford was very ill. While he had been engaged in his office, tying a parcel, a twine had slipped under his thumb-nail and forced it up. Inflammation had set in, which rapidly extended to the hand, and then to the arm, so that great fears were entertained for his life. I hastened to his house, and was immediately shown into the sick-room. As he recognized me he faintly said, "Ah, it is you, sir; I did not expect to see you this way." I sat down and read the gospel to him. He was too weak to listen. In a few hours that man was in the presence of God. Oh, how he would regret, whether saved or lost, the time he had given to frivolous conduct, to the prejudice of his own salvation and that of others whose attention is diverted from the things of God.

The Bible in Literature.

It is safe to say there is no other book which has had so great an influence upon the literature of the world as the Bible. And it is almost as safe—at least with no greater danger than that of starting an instructive discussion—to say that there is no other literature which has felt this influence so deeply or shown it so clearly as the English. The cause of this latter fact is not far to seek. It may be, as a discontented French critic suggests, that it is partly due to the inborn and incorrigible tendency of the Anglo-Saxon mind to drag religion and immorality into everything. But certainly this tendency would never have taken such a distinctly biblical form had it not been for the beauty and vigor of our common English version of the scriptures. These qualities were felt by the people, even before they were praised by the critics. Apart from all religious prepossessions, men and women and children were fascinated by the native power and grace of the book. The English Bible was popular, in the broadest sense long before it was recognized as one of our noblest classics. It has colored the talk of the household and the street, as well as moulded the language of scholars. It has been something more than "a well of English undefiled;" it has become a part of the spiritual atmosphere. We hear the echoes of its speech everywhere, and the music of its familiar phrases haunts all the fields and groves of our fine literature.

It is not only to the theologians and the sermon-makers that we look for biblical allusions and quotations. We often find the very best and most vivid of them in writers professedly secular. Poets like Shakspeare, Milton and Wordsworth, novelists like Scott and romancers like Hawthorne; essayists like Bacon, and Steele and Addison; critics of life, unsystematic philosophers, like Carlyle and Ruskin—all draw upon the Bible as a treasury of illustrations, and use it as a book equally familiar to themselves and to their readers. It is impossible to put too high a value upon such a universal volume, even as a purely literary possession.—*The Century.*

"NONE SO DEAF."

It has been noticed that sometimes people who are slightly deaf appear to be able to hear certain sounds better than they are to hear others; and from this the proverb, "None so deaf as those who won't hear," has arisen. The story is a well-known one of the rich father, who was somewhat deaf, and who was asked one day by his scapegrace son:

"Father, will you give me fifty dollars?"

"What?" said the father, putting his hand to his ear.

"Will you give me a hundred dollars?" shouted the young man.

"Hold on!" said his father; "I heard you well enough the first time."

A somewhat similar story is told of Sir Richard Steele, who, when he was preparing a room in York Buildings, London, for public orations, happened to be a good deal behind in his payments to his workmen. Coming one day into the hall to see what progress was made, Steele ordered the carpenter to get into the rostrum and make a speech, in order to observe how it could be heard.

The carpenter mounted the stage, and, scratching his head, told Sir Richard that he did not know what to say. "I'm no orator, sir," he said.

"Oh, no matter," said Steele; "say the first thing that comes uppermost in your head."

"Why, then, Sir Richard," said the man, "here we have been working for your Honor these six months, and cannot get a penny of our money. Pray, sir, when do you intend to —"

"That will do—that will do!" said Steele. "You may come down. I heard you quite distinctly, but I didn't like your subject."—*Youth's Companion.*

MAKING HAY IN FINLAND.

A curious way of making hay is very generally adopted by the Fins. Poor men who own no meadows have long been accustomed to cut what grass they can find in the forest glades and other waste lands. Owing to lack of roads and farmsteads the hay was stuffed among the branches of neighboring trees to await the winter frost and snow, when it could easily be carrid off by sledges. After a wet season some farmers noticed that this was actually better in quality than that which they themselves had made from much better grass. The wild crop so to call it, had dried much better in the tree branches exposed to a free circulation of air than the rich herbage which had lain long on the sodden ground. Hence it occurred to them to make temporary trees upon which their crops might be dried.

This experiment was attended by such success that the plan has been widely imitated, and bids fair entirely to supplant the old-fashioned methods, After the mowing is done a number of poles about ten feet in length and provided with long transverse pegs are set up at intervals and the grass is loosely heaped upon them. The result is said to be excellent. Even in wet weather only a small portion forming the outside of the pile is discolored, wile the inner portions, exposed to the air beneath and protected from the rain above, are dried in perfect condition. Mowing can be carried on in spite of wind and rain, and when once the grass is placed upon the drying poles it may be left without fear of serious damage until the weather changes.—*Mark Lane Express.*

AN ANTIDOTE FOR FAT.

Peterthe Great was once traveling incognito in a part of Finland, just conquered, where he was executing some naval works. He met an over-fat man who told him he was going to St. Petersburg.

"What for?" said the Czar.

"To consult a doctor about my fat, which has become oppressive."

"Do you know any doctor there?"

"No."

"Then I will give you a few words to my friend Prince Menschikoff, and he will introduce you to one of the Emperor's physicians.

The traveler went to the Prince's house with the note; the answer was not delayed. The next day, tied hands and feet, the poor man was dragged off to the mines. Two years after, Peter the Great was visiting the mines; he had forgotten that adventure of the over-fat man, when suddenly a miner threw down his pick, rushed up to him, and fell at his feet, crying:

"Grace, grace! what have I done?"

Peter looked at him astonished, until he remembered the story, and said:

"Oh, so that is you? I hope you are pleased with me. Stand up. How thin and slight you have become! You are quite delivered from your over-fat; it is a first rate cure. Go, and remember that work is the best antidote for your complaint."

HOW SHE COUNTS HER CHILDREN.

A Philadelphia woman who attended a reception given to George Macdonald, the English novelist, when in this country, tells of a queer fad indulged in by the author's wife. The latter wore, wherever she went, a belt from which dangled what appeared to be a number of golden balls. During a conversation with the novelist the Philadelphian happened to ask how many children he had.

"One the wrong side of twelve," was his answer.

"I suppose you mean thirteen?"

"No, madam; I have only eleven."

Then Mr. Macdonald called his wife, who opened the golden balls which proved to be (lockets) and showed the photographs of all her children.—*New York Herald.*

WOMAN'S PROGRESS

Gossip About Matters in Which the Dear Creatures Take an Interest.

SEASONED WITH A LITTLE WIT.

A Column or Two of Tittle-Tattle Anent Matronly Mothers, Modish Maidens, and Merry Misses.

Where Women Avoid Men.

In Holland a lady is expected to retire precipitately if she should enter a store or restaurant where men are congregated. She waits until they have transacted their business and departed. Ladies seldom arise in Spain to receive a male visitor, and they rarely accompany him to the door. A gentleman does not offer to shake a Spanish woman's hand.

Mrs. Lew Wallace Reads "Ben Hur."

One day when the book in hand was Ben Hur, she said, "I think the strongest part of it are the conversations of Belthazar, the Egyptian," then selecting those passages she read them, and matchless as the eloquence is, it had an added charm in being spoken by Mrs. Wallace. She is unquestionable proud of her husband and is the typical "turtle dove" though she can verge on the snapping turtle dove when her hero is attacked—for instance, when a common-place person who believed that all men of letters were arrogant and tyrannical at home, declared that she would never marry a genius, Mrs. Wallace quietly remarked "very few women have the opportunity."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Strategy with Husbands.

The Indian squaw is the slave of her brave, says Maude Howe. She works for him and serves him even as his horse or his dog work for him; but, unlike the dog or horse, that Indian woman is possessed of the strongest human instincts—the love of power. The only voice she can have in the community, her very supremacy in her own wigwam, is through her influence over the men in the family. This being the case she must be a very remarkable squaw who does not flatter, wheedle and cajole her husband, and by every possible means secure as strong a hold as possible over him.

We all know households to-day where these wigwam tactics are pursued. The master is irascible, overbearing, and obstinate. The wife is his equal in many respects and in some his superior, in self-control and a good temper particularly so. For the peace of the household it is impossible to directly oppose the dicta of the master, who is of a sort that wants to know best about all domestic matters, the discipline of the nursery and kitchen, as well as the routine of the stable, or the ordering of the wine-cellar.

Now, in the matters pertaining to kitchen and nursery, the wife knows that her husband's ideas are wrong and that her own are right, and by a constant series of small deceptions the tyrant is led to believe that his measures are caried out, whereas, in point of fact, they are quite properly ignored. I do not say the wife is blameless, but I say that the fault lies first with the husband, whose tiresome tyranny forces his wife into subterfuges for the sake of the general good. There is a large class of men who have to be thus cajoled.

The Modern Woman.

"Nellie, dear," began young Mr. Towers to his bride, who had just come in from an early constitutional, "you ——"

"Helen, if you please, dear. Let us begin life in good form; Nellie is obsolete."

"Well, then, Helen, I'd like to have you drive with me after breakfast."

"Impossible, William; at 9:30 I practice with the pulleys and weights."

"Well, 10 will do."

"At 10 I begin muscular exercises, the neck and chest movement and ankle exercise."

"Eleven, then——"

"At 11 I take my Turkish, which brings me home to lunch with you at 1:30."

"Then surely, dar——"

"How inconsiderate, dear, I have an engagement with the manicure at 2 sharp, and at 2:30 the lady who does my hair and complexion——"

"Good heavens, you don't mean——"

"That I paint or bleach my hair? Oh, no; but it is now customary for ladies to put their hair out to regular artists—massage and oil and electric needles, you know, to strengthen the facial muscles, prevent wrinkles, and remove superfluous hairs."

"But you're pretty enough——"

"One must be beautiful, William. Mere prettiness is passe. At 3 o'clock I play tennis, which calls into action and develops one set of muscles. At 4 I mount the tricycle for the same reason. From 5 to 6 I go through my posing or drawing-room exercises, and after dinner——"

"Will you go with me?"

"Well, perhaps; but this is my raw veal evening——"

"Raw veal! What on earth——"

"Stupid boy! Of course you've noticed that I wear a mask every day to keep from tanning, and wear gloves every night, but the raw veal laid over one's face for two or three hours is only an occasional——"

"But, Helen," in horror, "do you never do anything but this all the year round?"

"Goose!—of course this merely happens to be my physical-culture day. To-morrow is society day; I receive and give myself up to society visitors and the club. Wednesday is church day: I hunt up worthy poor, arrange Sunday-school picnics, visit the W. C. T. U., foreign mission, Daughters of the King meeting, and have the minister and wife to dinner. Thursday I devote to literature and politics; I read, write, attend a suffrage meeting or lecture on literature, theosophical or science subjects. Friday is art day. This time I devote exclusively to art, to painting, modeling in clay, or in the search for antiques and in the study of ceramics. Saturday I give up to my dressmaker and the study of fabrics, tones, and draperies. You will notice the Greek model ——"

"Well, Mrs. Towers, will you tell me what time is left for me?"

"Oh, you, William? Why, I had forgotten; but then," cheerfully, "I'm never busy after church Sundays. That time is wasted anyway. We can always have Sunday afternoons, except the time I devote to home duties."

A modern woman is a martyr, concludes the Washington *Post*, and she rarely has an hour for her own enjoyment.

How to Be a Model Hostess.

A hostess has so very charming a position, if she is amiable, one wonders she should ever peril it by being unamiable. She is, in her hour of hostessship, perhaps at the acme of a woman's ambition. It is her place to see that a number of people are well fed and happy. She is the person of all others to whom every gentle, sweet emotion, every grateful feeling turns. A hostess at a pretty country house is very much to be envied, and she can, without much effort, make everybody happy. A hostess in the city can become an enormous social power, if she has tact and a certain intelligence. She becomes the envied of women and the admired of men. That she should ever use this power to make herself disagreeable is most amazing. If we had not seen it done, we could hardly believe it possible.

A hostess should never reprove her servants in the presence of her guests. All that worries her must be carefully concealed from them. It is her place to oil the wheels of the domestic machinery so that nothing shall jar. It is quite impossible in America that such a set of trained servants could be obtained, who should make the domestic wheels move without jarring. But the hostess must not appear to notice it. If she is disturbed, or flustered, or miserable, who can enjoy anything?

This necessity for calmness on the part of the hostess is well satirized in the old fashioned novel called "Cecil," where the hero writes to his sister, "Learn to be perfectly unmoved at your own table, even if your cook sends up stewed puppy." And an old poet eulogizes the calm hostess, who is—

"Mistress of herself, though China fall."

There is no such utter mistake as to lose one's temper, one's nerve, one's composure, in company. Society may be a false condition of things, but, whatever its faults, it demands of a woman the very high virtues of self-command, gentleness and composure, politeness, coolness, and serenity. Good manners are said to be the shadows of virtues.

But they are virtues. To be polite is a virtue of the very highest.—*Mrs. John Sherwood in Ladies' Home Journal.*

WHITEWASHING WAR.

Sir John Herschel, the great astronomer, was a most humane man, like all scientific men, by-the-way, and one of the problems of his life was to reconcile the horrors of war, pestilence and famine with the beneficence of the Creator. But he did it in a queer way, as Maria Mitchell relates in her "Reminiscences of the Herschels," in the *Century.*

One of Sir John Herschel's numerical problems was this: If, at the time of Cheops, or three thousand years ago, one pair of human beings had lived, and war, pestilence and famine had not existed, and only natural death came to man, and this pair had doubled once in thirty years, and their children had doubled, and so on, how large would the population of the world be at this time—could they stand upon the earth as a plane?

We were sitting at the breakfast table when he asked the question. We thought they could not.

"But if they stood closely, and others stood on their shoulders—man, woman and child—how many layers would there be?"

I said perhaps three.

"How many feet of men?" he asked.

"Possibly thirty," I said.

"Oh, more!"

"Well, we'll say a hundred."

"Oh, more!"

Miss Herschel said:

"Enough to reach to the moon."

"To the sun."

"More, more!" cried Sir John, exulting in our astonishment. "Bid higher."

"To Neptune," said one.

"Now you burn, he replied. "Take a hundred times the distance of Neptune, and it is very near. That is my way," he said, "of whitewashing war, pestilence and famine."

THE DARKEST HOUR JUST BEFORE DAWN.

Kind Minister (talking to his colored friend who had just lost his wife)—Don't feel so sorrowful, my good friend. It was the Lord's will. Don't you know that it is always the darkest just before the dawn?

Old Darky (brightening up)—Yas, massa, yas. I knows it am always de darkest just before de dawn. Yas, massa, this darky knows that bery well.

Kind Minister—And how do you know it, Sam?

Old Darky—Cause that am the time I used to take in de hen roosts, massa.—*Kearney Enterprise.*

NOTHING will so soon make a person hot as cold treatment.

ARNOLD AND SHERMAN.

What the Funny Old General Told the Noted English Editor.

From a letter by Sir Edwin in the London *Telegraph:* It was my good fortune to make at New York the close acquaintance of another and hardly less renowned soldier of the republic, Gen. Sherman, nor could any conversations have been more interesting than those in which he did me the honor to describe and discuss, among many other matters, that wonderful and memorable march led by him, which pierced the Confederate States like the thrust of a rapier and helped largely to bring about the collapse of "secession." The General was evidently and justly discontented with certain criticisms which have appeared in England, from a high military source, upon the conduct of the campaign. "We had," he said, "to create armies before we could use them in the established and scientific way, and it is unfair and illogical to judge the first two years of our war as if we had been commanding trained and seasoned troops. In the third year we had regiments to lead as good and skilled as commanding officers could ask for, and to the movements then made the rules of military science may be properly applied." Gen. Sherman spoke of the quality of courage in soldiers and men generally, distinguishing it impatiently from brutish and irrational recklessness. "True courage," he said, "is founded on presence of mind. The man who in the face of imminent peril can hold up his hand and count the fingers on it quite calmly is the brave, self-possessed, reliable individual. Moreover, true courage goes with unselfishness. I have seen an officer fight on unflinchingly in my presence bleeding from many wounds, of which he was disdainfully heedless, and in later life have witnessed the gentleman turn deadly white while he held the hand of his child that a surgeon might operate for some trifling abscess."

Many were the thrilling episodes and adventures of the great war which fell in fascinating recital from the lips of Gen. Sherman, but they are either recorded in the pagss of his autobiography or are too long and discursive to set down here. One little flash of humor is perhaps worth preserving from all the war talk which we enjoyed. "Gen. Thomas," said he, "junior to me in rank, but senior in service, was a stern disciplinarian. He had received many complaints about the pilfering and plundering committed by one of his brigades, and, being resolved to put this offense down, he issued some very strict orders, menacing with death any who should transgress. The brigade in question wore for its badge an acorn, in silver or gold, and the men were inordinately proud of this distinctive sign. Several cases of disobedience had been reported to the General, but the evidence was never strong enough for decisive action, until one day, riding with an orderly down a by-lane outside the posts, Thomas came full upon an Irishman who, having laid aside his rifle, with which he had killed a hog, was busily engaged in skinning the animal with his sword-bayonet so as to make easy work with the bristles, etc., before cooking some porkchops. 'Ah,' cried the General, 'you rascal! at last I have caught one of you in the act. There is no mistake about it this time and I will make an example of you, sir!'

"'Bedad! General, honey!' said the Irishman, straightening himself up and coming to the salute, 'it's not shooting me that you ought to be at, but rewardin' me.'

"'What do you mean, sir?' exclaimed Gen. Thomas.

"'Why, your honor,' the soldier replied, 'this bad baste here had just been disicratin' the rigimental badge and so I was forced to dispatch him. It's 'atin' the acorns that I found him at!' Even Gen. Thomas was obliged to laugh at this and the soldier saved his life by his wit."

A FORTUNE WITH HIS WIFE.

All the Athenians know Dan Taliaferro, the colored barber, who did business in this city and afterward moved to Jacksonville, Fla., and married. Dan was a polite and respectful man, and had the good will of our people, who will be glad to know that he will soon come in possession of a handsome fortune estimated at about $100,000 or more.

His story is a strange one. On Dan's removal to the land of flowers he met a colored girl of Key West, and after a brief courtship the pair were married. It now seems that the proudest blood of Castile flows in the veins of this octoroon, for she is a lineal descendant from a Spanish General who commanded troops in St. Augustine when it was under the dominion of that country. This old General was a great roue, and becoming attached to a mulatto girl, a descendant of the Minorcan, raised a family of children by her. On his deathbed he repented of his liaison, and left these children his entire landed property in Florida, including 30,000 acres, much of it lying in the principal cities of that state. A portion of the ground on which the Ponce de Leon Hotel stands was purchased from the heirs, while they still own valuable possessions all over the city, as also in Key West, Tampa, Tallahassee, and other places. This property has never been divided, being controlled by an old aunt to Dan's wife, who lives in fine style at St. Augustine, and was recognized as the head of the family. There are now only seventeen heirs to this vast property, and as they are all of age, have demanded that a division be made, arrangements for which are now in progress. The best lawyers in the State are employed. There is no question of doubt about the title to this property, and not an acre is in dispute. When Florida was sold by Spain to the United States there was a clause in the trade by which this Government was pledged to protect the titles of the Spaniards who had private landed interests. Under this clause does Dan's wife come in.—*Athens (Ga.) Banner.*

A BISHOP IN THE SALOONS.

Bishop Talcott, of the diocese of Montana and Idaho, preached at St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church. In the course of his address on the subject of the work that has been and is to be done in his field the Bishop gave a characteristic experience of his in a mining town where he desired to hold services and to have the inhabitants know of and attend the services. He said:

"I arrived in the town on Saturday morning. It was pay-day and an unusual crowd was about. I had printed a circular, which was placed in all the conspicuous places. Then I started about to see how it was being received, and, to my dismay, found that there were too many other circulars about for much attention to be paid to it. Clearly I must get at the people in another way. But how? Looking about I soon found that the majority of the inhabitants were in the saloons. It was an odd thing to do, but I determined to go into the saloons and speak to the men myself. So I started down the street.

"The first saloon I came to I entered. Several men looked curiously at me as I asked for the proprietor. I was taken back into a most comfortably furnished room, where the proprietor was. I introduced myself saying: 'I have come to pay my respects. Will you introduce me to these gentlemen?'

"'With great pleasure,' said he, and a minute later I was shaking hands with 'the boys' and talking to them. 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'I am going to hold services in the Town Hall to-morrow morning, and want to get the people there. Will you help me?'

"'Yes, sir,' they answered. 'Bishop, you can depend on us. We'll see you through.' And they did. I visited the other saloons with almost identical results, and the following morning you would have thought that the circus had come to town from the crowds that flocked to the service. I have never preached to a more reverent congregation than they were."

At the close of the sermon Dr. McConnell spoke a few words urging that the donations for the work should be large, and announcing that the offertory would be for Bishop Talcott's diocese. An unusually large collection followed. —*Philadelphia Press.*

KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN.

Precisely at noon the sound of military music was heard from outside the hall, and we knew that the King had come, says a writer in the Pittsburgh *Dispatch.* The audience rose and remained standing as he came in, bowing to the right and left, followed by the Crown Prince, the president and secretary of the Congress, the court-martial and adjutants. The involuntary expression which came to every one'e lips was: "What a splendid man!"

His handsome, florid face is set off by gray hair and beard, and his broad shoulders, erect and large figure well become his office. Trained at sea, he has the bearing of a captain who treads the deck with full confidence in his own powers to command. He wore the splendid uniform of an admiral, over it the broad blue sash of the Order of the Seraphim, stars and decorations in quantity and immense gold epaulettes. As soon as King Oscar had put on his eyeglasses he rose and read in French his address of welcome—or rather shouted it out as though he were giving commands from the bridge in a gale of wind. A man of fine literary taste and culture, which seemed to be heriditary in the Bernadote family, he is considered the best speechmaker in his kingdom.

"JOHN" AS A MONEY LENDER.

"Say," said an impecunious lounger at the bar of the Girard House, "do you know how to raise the price of lots of drinks and enough grub to last you for twenty-four hours, all legitimate biz, too?"

The reporter to whom the query was addressed confessed that he did not know, and allowed the impecunious one to tell his tale.

"Simplest thing in the world," said he of little means. "The other day I put about $2 worth of soiled cuffs, collars, shirts, and so forth into the hands of a Chinese laundryman to wrestle with, and I told him I wouldn't want 'em for a week or two. Then the Mongolian said, with a gentle, flowery kingdom smile: 'Got no money?' I said no, I hadn't. 'Then,' said he, 'sluppose I lend you dlollal, play me black when tlake clothes out?' Well, say, it just knocked me stiff for a minute, and, you bet, I just jumped at that dollar. It's a great scheme. Try it some time."

The reporter resolved to test the truth of the Bohemian's statement, and he asked his Oriental washwoman for the loan of $1 on his laundry left there that morning. With smiling promptness the big shinning coin was handed to the reporter, the Chinaman remarking:

"You pay him black and tlen cents more tlen you get washee, eh?"

This was more than the reporter bargained for, but the Chinaman explained that that was the custom when money was loaned on a wash, the linen being held as security. He could not or would not comprehend that he was practicing usury, but simply smiled as he said:

"You play black one dlollar and tlen cents, eh?"—*Philadelphia Inguire.*

SHE GUESSED IT.

"You have a bright future before you," said the young woman who told fortunes at the church fair.

"Right," replied the traveling man whom she addressed. "I start on the road to-morrow for a stove polish firm." —*Merchant Traveler.*

THE wood-cutter need never go hungry. He can always have a chop.

THE IRON CAGE.

The Device with Which Louis IX. Equipped Many of His State Prisons.

For Louis XI. of France—whom Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Henry Irving have made so familiar to the English public—the iron cage had a great attraction, and he seems to have equipped with it nearly every one of his State Prisons. When the Duc de Nemours, previous to his trial, was transferred to the Bastile, he was put in a cage of iron, and the King, learning that some indulgence had been shown to so illustrious a prisoner, wrote in the most uncompromising terms to the Sire de Sainte Pierre, one of the Commissaries appointed to try the unfortunate Prince. He was was not pleased, he said, to find that the fetters had been removed from the Duke's limbs, that he had been allowed to leave his cage, and that he had attended mass when women were present. And he charged him to take care that the Prince never left his cage except to be put to the question—that is, to be tortured—and that this should take place in his own apartment. Other important personages in the reign of Louis made acquaintance with these iron cages of his; among others William of Harancourt, Bishop of Verdun, and Cardinal de la Balue. According to an eminent French antiquary, each cage was about nine feet long, eight feet broad, and seven feet high, and consisted of a ponderous framework of timber, strengthened by solid iron clasps, and fenced in with stout iron bars, weighing altogether about a couple of hundred pounds, and costing about 307 livres, at the then value of money. Phillippe de Commines, the historian, makes some characteristic comments upon King Louis XI. and his cages. "It is quite true," he says, "that the King, our master, orders the construction of some 'rigorous' prisons—cages of iron and wood, covered with plates of iron, outwardly and internally, and with terrible iron bars, each about eight feet wide, and about the heigth of a man, or one foot more. The man who designed them was the Bishop of Verdun, and in the very first that was made he was incontinently immured, and lay therein for fourteen years. Many of us since have poured our curses upon him, and I, for one, having had an eight months' taste of this kind of captivity. Formerly, too, the King caused the Germans to make for him some very heavy and terrible fetters to fasten upon prisoners' feet and an iron ring to clasp around the ankle, with a solid chain attached and a great iron ball at the end of the chain. These instruments of torture were known as 'les fillettes du roy,' or 'the King's maidens.' These, nevertheless, I have seen on the feet of many prisoners of rank, who have since risen into honor and great joy and have received many favors from the King."—*All the Year Round.*

ONE WAY TO DO IT.

For a year or two past the collector for a certain Detroit tailor has been trying all sorts of pacific ways to get the sum of $13 out of a young man who has been a creditor for over two years, says the *Free Press.* The collector had been put off a hundred times by promises made only to be broken, and he has worked every scheme known to the profession without avail. The other evening he happened down at the Third Street Depot, and saw his young man buy a ticket for Chicago.

"So you are going West?" he asked.

"Only to Chicago. I'll be back in three or four days, and then I want to pay you that little bill."

"Yes. Going to Chicago on a visit?"

"Something of a visit; going to get married."

"No!"

"Fact. The ceremony takes place at 10 o'clock in the morning."

"And you want to be there, of course?"

"I should smile!"

The collector took off his hat, removed his coat, and was peeling off his vest, when the other asked him what was up.

"I've been biding my time, and my opportunity has come," he replied.

"How—what?"

"I'm going to light into you. You are the bigger man, and I expect to be licked, but the row will certainly cause both of us to be arrested and taken to the station, and you will thus miss your train. Perhaps I can black your eye, and in that case the marriage can't come off for a week. Put up your dukes!"

"Say, man, you wouldn't be as mean as that?"

"Thirteen dollars or a row!"

"I'll pay you half."

"The whole or nothing. It's my first, last, and only chance. Come down or put up!"

The young man took out his boodle and counted out the amount of the bill, and while he skipped for the train the other calmly donned his garments and left the depot whistling: "I Wonder What My Ma Would Say?"

WANTED, A LITERARY MAN.

Mrs. Parvenu (taking card from servant)—What is the occupation of this fellow who calls upon you twice a week?

The Sweet Child—I believe he is an author.

Mrs. Parvenu (severely to servant)—Say that Miss Margery is not at home.

T. S. C.—(correcting)—I mean a publisher.

Mrs. P.—Hurry down stairs, my sweet child. I have longed to have a literary man in the family.—*Town Topics.*

MULTIPLIED WOES.

"I was merely engaged in a problem of subtraction," said the pickpocket to the Judge.

"I was about to sentence you to prison for six months; now I shall add an additional six months to that sentence." said his honor. And then he became as deaf as an adder to the unfortunate prisoner's appeals for clemency.

ROOT & COMPANY

HANDKERCHIEFS !

This is the first thing you want to gobble up to-day. Ladies all Linen Hem-stitch Handkerchiefs—sheer,

at 12 1-2c Each.

NEXT

Will be those Gentlemens' Hem-stitch Hankerchiefs, all linen,

at 20c Each.

CARPETS

This week has been a good one for Carpets—an index of what next week will be. Carpets can now be had at prices that will make you glad to take them quickly.

COLLARS

Some new things for Ladies, Irish Point Collars, Van Dykes, Embroidered Collars, with an elegant new line of Ruchings.

THROWS !

A new line of these popular novelties at

23c, 25c, 30c, up to $1.00,

in Raw Silks and Madras.

ANTIQUE TIDIES !

Handsome patterns, 12 inch square, at 15c each.

ROOT & COMPANY.

—FOR YOUR—

Hay, Straw, Oats,
Corn, Mill Feed
And Poultry Supplies,

—GO TO—

W. E. MINER'S,
45 EAST COLUMBIA ST.,

830 6m) TELEPHONE 253.

ROBERT SPICE.

Pumps, Pipe, Hose and Fittings.
DRIVE WELLS.
Natural Gas Fitting a Specialty.

A BANQUET OF BARGAINS !

During the week we offer sweeping Reductions in

Imported Dress Goods!

75 HANDSOME

Imported Parisian Dress Robes, in classic designs, selected with care, will be retailed at extremely low prices.

Robes Selling at $18.50, Sold at $14.00.

Robes Selling at $15.00, Sold at $10.75.

Robes Selling at $10.00, Sold at $ 7.30.

☞ These rates, we might remark incidentally to anxious husbands, will make pretty and useful Holiday Gifts. ☜

Entire Line of Henrietta Cloths

In all Qualities are offered during this week at greatly reduced prices. We invite you earnestly to call at our store.

BEE HIVE,

[illegible] and 64 Calhoun St

Corner of Berry St.

[illegible] FRANK & CO

HIGH GRADE

FOOTWEAR.

Our Great Specialty

OUR LADIES'

$3.00--THREE DOLLAR--$3.00

SHOE,

The Finest $3.00 Ladies' Shoe in the country.

☞ GUARANTEE ☜

Every pair of these Shoes. Warranted to give full satisfaction or they will be replaced by A NEW PAIR.

TRY THEM.

Redlick Bros.

5 Keystone Block

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, NOV. 23, 1889.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Nickel Plate pay car has gone west.

Miss Mary Sharp, of Angola, is in the city on a visit.

The Fort Wayne Electric company to-day shipped a plant to Detroit.

The cloudy weather for a week past has been hard on photographers.

The People's Building and Loan association will be organized to-night.

The First Regiment band concert occurs next Monday night at the Temple.

Wayne lodge No. 25, F. & A. M., will confer the second and third degrees to-night.

Mr. Klotz, of South Calhoun street, was surprised by the O. N. O. club Thursday night.

Messrs. B. H. Barnett and John A. Brown, of the 'bus barn, will spend Sunday at Muncie.

Agent C. H. Newton, of the Wabash, was confined to the house by sickness yesterday. He is better to-day.

Manager Chas. Guild, of the Jenney Light and Power company, has returned from a business trip to Toledo.

The suit of John W. Vordermark vs. Gesina Robyans has been appealed to the circuit court from Justice Scarlet.

Mrs. Rose Marshall, of Atwood, Ind., is visiting at the residence of Hiram W. Tapp, corner Lewis and Hanna streets.

Miss Sophia Stein, of the Barcus confectionary, left to-day for Bluffton, where she will spend Sunday with her friends.

Mr. Jacob Forbing, of Lexington, Ky., is a guest at 385 Hanna street, the home of his brother, Mr. John Forbing, the real estate agent.

Miss Genevieve Orvis, who was visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Eliza Hartman, of 167 West Washington street, returned to Chicago to-day.

Mr. Mock and a hunting party returned from a two months stay in northern Michigan last evening and proceeded to their homes in Wells county.

The funeral of the late Christian Buschman will take place to-morrow at 2 p. m., from the Lutheran church in Madison township, Rev. Gotsch officiating.

James R. Williams, of Blackford county, obtained a $500 judgment against the Salimonie Natural Gas company, because they laid a pipe line across his farm.

Mr. Platt J. Wise, of this city, besides being a director of the Mutual Aid association of the I. O. O. F., is also vice-president of that body and presided at the recent meeting held at Indianapolis.

Mr. W. S. Harrison, deputy grand master workman for Indiana of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, will go to Huntington next Tuesday to complete the organization of a lodge at that place.

Mr. Harry McCracken, of the draughting department of the electric light works is quite sick and is compelled to refrain from duty. He has a carbuncle on his arm. Mr. McCracken is staying at the residence of P. A. Randall.

Mr. Charles Geiger, formerly of the Adams express office, has been at Columbus, Ohio, for a few days. Mr. Geiger and Mr. Con Schuler are having a building erected at the corner of Washington and Comparet streets, where they will soon open a grocery business.

The case of the state against Peter Dodine for assault and battery upon Frank Boitet has been dismissed from the circuit court. The action was first brought in the court of Justice Tancey, when a fine was imposed, and the case was carried to the circuit court. The fine and costs assessed by the justice were paid.

In acting upon the proposition to erect a home in this state for old and indigent Odd Fellows, the Grand Lodge recommends that the work be carried out, and, in accordance with the recommendation, the matter was referred to managers of the charity fund. It was decided to ask lodges, encampments, and Rebekah degree lodges to become supporters of the enterprise.

Mr. Hugh McC. Bond is in the city from New York.

Mrs. A. G. Barnett, who has been on the sick list, is now able to sit up.

The teachers of Monroe township will hold an institute December 14.

The Pittsburg machinists had their ball last night. It was a grand success.

Mr. W. Knox, of 105 West Berry street, left for Grand Rapids this morning.

Sam Albrecht and several other young gentlemen are arranging to give a social hop next week.

Mr. Will Peltier's fine grey-hound was run over by a wagon to-day, but the canine will recover.

Judge S. M. Hench has refitted his office on East Main street, and will resume the practice of law at once.

The Nickel Plate road is in need of more freight cars. The stock traffic over this road is something immense.

Miss Hermio Fischer, the pretty stenographer in the Muncie offices, will go to Elkhart to attend the wedding of a friend.

U. S. Deputy Marshal Robert Hanna is serving subpœnas against a person named Reinheimer for violation of the internal revenue laws.

Mr. John Greer, who has been visiting his brother, Mr. Thomas Greer, and other relatives, returned to his home at Columbus, Ohio, last night.

Miss Daisy McBride, of Waterloo, daughter of Judge McBride, is visiting the family of Rev. Van Slyke, at the Berry street M. E. church parsonage.

The bunco steerer in "The City Directory," has in the east been likened to the creations of Denman Thompson, owing to its absolute fidelity to nature.

Mr. Ivers Leonard, first lieutenant of the Rifles, is drilling the girls of the Congregational church for the coming festival. He is introducing some original movements.

Dr. J. W. Younge delivered his lecture, "Wonders of the Human Body," to a large audience Thursday evening, at Coesse. He will lecture to-night at Saturn, Whitley county.

The committe on arrangements for the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Catholic Knights of America will meet next Tuesday evening at the office of Dr. J. M. Dinnen.

The Huntington *Herald* says: "J. W. McDonald, a young citizen of Fort Wayne, is here canvassing among the musicians for the sale of a new game similar to authors and intended to familiarize one with musical history."

General Passenger Agent W. H. Fisher, of the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville road, says the new passenger coaches are expected to be placed on the road next Monday or Tuesday. The train men will then be uniformed.

The actor manager, Mr. Collier, in "The City Directory," is as quaint a bit of burlesque as has been seen since the "Crushed Tragedian" of the late E. A. Sothern. Mr. Collier is the son of Edmund Collier, who for a number of years supported the late John McCollough.

Lafayette was pounced upon recently by a cheap John clothing firm. City Attorney McHugh called upon the proprietors and informed them that they must take out a city license, $150, or stand a fine of $50 for every day they operated without it. The clothing men left.

The Wabash *Plaindealer* says: "Mrs. H. L. Wells, with the Wabash railroad at Fort Wayne, has resigned and gone to West Point, where her husband has a position on the Chicago and Atlantic. Mrs. Wells will be remembered as Miss Anna Seber, formerly manager of the Western Union office here."

James E. Spurlack, of Huntingburg, ex-treasurer of Dubois county, committed suicide yesterday by cutting his throat. When he retired from office there was a shortage of $3,000, which he settled by mortaging his property. His losses drove him insane. He was aged fifty years, and he leaves a wife and several adult children.

Trappers on the Kankakee river report that the dry season for several years has cut down the annual catch of muskrat from 30,000 to about 5,000 and the low water having killed thousands of acres of wild rice, ducks do not frequent its shores as was formerly their habit. They also believe a wet season or two will restore that region to its former prolificness in rats and ducks.

W. Alexander Johnson, secretary of the state board of charities, attended the national prison association meeting at Nashville, Tenn. The convention was interesting and successful, he says, and several citizens of Indiana distinguished themselves by the part which they took in the proceedings. Charles H. Reeve, of Plymouth, read a strong paper, and J. W. French, of Lafayette, delivered an address in which he advocated a system of paroles for worthy prisoners of every grade, including those sent for life.

THE SENTINEL stated yesterday that Judge O'Rourke has appointed Messrs. Wm. T. Abbott, James Kane and Wm. Miller to appraise the value of the city engine house property on Court and Berry streets. It is to be hoped that this time the appraisement will not be so high as to defeat the object aimed at by the city council, to-wit: the sale of the property that the proceeds may be used for the purpose of erecting a city hall. The city has maintained a nuisance right in the heart of the city long enough, to the damage of enterprising citizens who have built up Court and Berry streets, and everybody will rejoice that there is now a likelihood of getting rid of it.

Miss Bertha Hawks, of Goshen, is visiting at Westminster seminary.

Miss Bertha Hawks, of Goshen, Ind., is visiting at the Westminster seminary.

Smith & Gotsch have a fine display of Oxydized silverware in their show window.

Fred Bauker and Miss Maggie Eggeman were married in Marion township last Thursday evening by Rev. Schaaf.

The Huntington *Democrat* says: "Hon. R. C. Bell and G. W. Wilson, of Fort Wayne, are in the city on business."

Miss Daisy McBride, daughter of Judge McBride, of Waterloo, is visiting at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Van-Slyke.

G. E. Androvette & Co., of Chicago, have representatives here to place the stained glass in the new Second Presbyterian church.

Mr. Norman Franklin is in the city visiting his stepfather, Mr. C. B. Oakley. He has been traveling with a theatrical company.

Sister Radegundis died at the St. Joseph hospital this morning of paralysis, aged fifty-four years. The funeral will occur Monday morning.

Mary, the two-year-old child of Engineer Michael Laughlin, died this morning, of brain fever. Funeral Monday, from the Cathedral, at 9:30 a. m.

Dr. A. P. Buchman, of this city, has been appointed a member of the board of pension examiners. The outgoing man is not known here at present.

Thomas Manning, an employe of the Wabash shops, living at 15 Brandriff street, had the middle finger of his left hand badly lacerated and contused to-day.

The Transfer and Storage company to-day placed the furniture and a safe for Swift & Co., the meat dealers. The goods came from Chicago over the Nickel Plate.

The funeral of the little child of Mr. and Mrs. Rehrer, of 310 Broadway, occurred this morning from the house, Rev. R. M. Barns officiating. The remains were shipped to Avilla for interment.

Mr. John Rodabaugh has purchased the two story brick block on Columbia street, occupied by the Fort Wayne Newspaper Union. He purchases it as an investment and believes it will prove a paying one.

The Pennsylvania railroad owns one hundred feet of Columbia street property just east of Dr. Barnum's livery stable, and sixty feet on the south side of the street, on the corner of Lafayette, and are now offering it for sale. It will probably find a ready sale, and be built upon at an early day, as the extension of East Columbia street makes it valuable property.

The county commissioners are finishing the business before Mr. Henry Hartman retires from the board. Mr. Jasper W. Jones, who will be Mr. Hartman's successor, is from Jackson township and is in the first district of the county. He will enter upon his official duties the first Monday in December. Mr. Hartman has been a good officer, ever faithful to the people's interest.

The attendance at the Rainbow festival last evening was very encouraging and the program interesting, The dinner to-day was well patronized. At the entertainment to-night Reineke's full orchestra will discourse the music and Jacob Seibold will sing vocal selections. On account of the continued bad weather this week it has been decided to continue the festival during the first four nights of next week, with dinners each day and a special Thanksgiving dinner on Thursday.

The Indianapolis *News* says: "Mr. Peter Pernot, formerly of the *Sentinel* staff, but now one of the Oklahoma boomers, is in the city. He says Indianans are forging to the front in the new territory in fine style. The territory, he says, contains now 50,000 people who have nothing to sell and everything to buy. He estimates that 40 per cent. of the population are bound to have aid to prevent starvation during the winter. Every town already has its relief committee. Guthrie had 20,000 inhabitants when two days old. Now it has 10,000. It has reached very hard pan, though, and is beginning to climb again."

Don't fail to attend the Rainbow Festival to-night. Good program.

Don't forget the ball of the Three River Rod and Reel club to be given at Turner Hall, Thanksgiving eve, Nov. 27. 23-4t

A general rehearsal of all the Kirmess participants and Chaperons will be held on Monday night at the Academy. No outsiders will be admitted.

A grand benefit Concert will be given at the St. Paul M. E. church on Thursday evening, Nov. 28. An excellent program has been arranged and a cordial invitation is extended to the public.

If you are in need of a Carving Knife and Fork do not buy until you have examined our line of Jno. Russel Cutlery Co.'s Carving Sets.

SMITH & GOTSCH,
22 Calhoun St.

Celery, 2 stalks for 5c.

Silver Thread Sauer Kraut, 5c quart.

Nice Yellow Bananas, 15c a doz.

Gilt Edge Country Butter, 20c per pound.

Best Creamery Butter, 25c a pound.

Maltby's Oysters, for stewing or frying, by the can or quart.

AT GUMPPER'S,
[illegible] Calhoun street.

Rainbow Festival to-night.

HARTZ MOUNTAIN CANARIES.

Just received, the first consignment of genuine imported Hartz mountain canaries at Max G. Lade's bird store, No. 58 East Main street. This lot contains some beautiful birds and good singers. Mr. Lade also handles a large line of bird cages embracing all sizes and prices. He is the only practical dealer in the city and can supply you with the best bird food for either canaries, mocking birds, bird mannia, bird medicine and everything necessary for the successful keeping of birds. Come early and get your choice of the finest lot of canaries ever brought here.

Rainbow Festival to-night.

Subscriptions to the Father O'Leary monument fund must be handed to the treasurer, Louis Jocquel, by DECEMBER 3, 1889. It is important to contract for the monument on the date named, and no subscriptions will be received after said date. GEO. P. GORDON, W. P. BREEN, Sec. Pres.
18-23-30.

New Crop New Orleans Sugar and Molasses.

Orleans Clarified Sugar, 7c lb.

Orleans Molasses, 35c; best, 50c gallon.

Extra C Sugar, 6c lb.

Standard Coffee A Sugar, 7½c lb.

Granulated and Powdered, 8c lb.

FRUIT HOUSE.

NOTICE.

The firm of T. M. Baxter & Co., Commission Merchants and Brokers, of Chicago, Ill., are not represented in Fort Wayne by any one as agent, either through newspapers or otherwise. Anyone representing themselves as our agent or agents after this date, will be sailing under false colors.

T. M. BAXTER & CO.,
40 Board of Trade, Chicago, Ill,

Florida Oranges and Malaga Grapes.

Large Florida Oranges, 40c dozen.

Choice Malaga Grapes, 15c pound.

Sweet Jamaica Oranges, 25c dozen.

Choice Bananas, 15c dozen.

FRUIT HOUSE.

UNSUSPECTED !

How a Charming Lady Allowed a Fatal Trouble to Come Upon Her Unawares.

"Nearly every one of my friends has a cold." This remark was made to a party of friends by an attractive lady who resides on 44th-st., New York. That evening she felt a tickling in her throat, a slight pain across the chest, and she coughed once or twice. The next day she was tired and despondent and had much difficulty in breathing. To-day she is suffering from quick consumption, and can live, it is feared, only a short time. Her experience is a sad one, but, unfortunately, it is the same that thousands of others are passing through. Such troubles should not be neglected.

Nature needs help. It MUST be helped and that promptly. In but one way can this be done, and that is by the use of a pure stimulant which drives out the germs of disease before they can become fixed upon the system. This is what Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey does. It is a stimulant to the organs that have been congested by cold. It arouses the tissues to fresh action. It wards off disease, and, containing no fusel oil, does not injure. It is used by the leading people of the land. A prominent lady writing on this subject says: "I have watched the faces of ladies very carefully for many years, and on nearly every one have seen either lines of care, or unhappiness, swollen eyelids, dark lines around them, or some equally certain evidence of ill-health and happiness. I am a firm advocate of temperance, but I believe ladies should take some good tonic or stimulant and something, too, that is known to be pure and reliable. I have tried Duffy's Malt, and have been benefited by it; and while I do not advocate its use by all, I think very many women could be made healthier, happier, and more attractive to their husbands, lovers, friends, and families if they would do likewise."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

(Refitted, refurnished and Decorated.)

—THE—

KIRMESS!

—OR—

Carnival of Nations!

Dances of All Countries.

Week of December 9th.

Grandest spectacle ever produced in this city by 150 participants.

Popular Prices.

WANTED—Table boarders at 61 Douglass avenue.

WHAT IS A REPUTATION?

That Depends on How You Get It.

Business men generally have a reputation. Some for doing business on the cheap plan, some for selling goods too high or unreliable wares, while others enjoy the enjoy the reputation of reliability. They boast of neither superiority over the world, nor of being cheaper than everyone else. The merchant tailoring establishment of Joseph M. Clark & Co., on East Berry street, has done business on this plan in the city for nearly a quarter of a century, and therefore reliable. They ask no more for their goods on this account. Their line embraces everything known to the trade, from the modest business suit or overcoat to the finest made, and their prices always correspond to the value of your selection.

Mr. Wm. J. Lavin, the tenor of the Levy Concert Co., is acknowledged the superior of Signor Campanini.

Princess Rink Opening

Thanksgiving afternoon and evening. Come and enjoy an afternoon of sport.
22-5t

Call for Hendricks Club 1880 Sour Mash Whisky. Sold by all leading dealers and druggists. In bottles only. 11-20tf

COME TO STAY.

Our Fourth Year.

Toys, Notions, Novelties, Tinware, Glassware, Woodenware and Dolls a specialty. Wholesale and retail, at the Temple of Economy, 15 East Main St.
16-tf A. R. HILLS.

Seats now on sale for the First Regiment Band concert Monday night.

The largest and best assortment of Pianos ever seen in the city at
D. H. BALDWIN & Co's.
23-26. 98 Calhoun street.

Go to the Rink, or 85 Calhoun street, and reserve your skates for Thursday, the 28th. 22-5t

The ladies of the city are invited to call at Westminster Seminary Saturday, from 3 to 9 p. m., when a display of Art Work, including Decorated China, will be made. 22-2t

The winter term of the School of Music at 36 West Wayne street, will begin on Monday, Nov. 25.
M. M. LARGE,
23-3t JOSEPHINE LARGE.

Secure your seats for the First Regiment Band concert Monday evening.

Good music, an elegant floor and good skates for Thanksgiving. 22-5t

Try Hendricks Club 1880 Hand-made Sour Mash Whisky. Put up in bottles only. Sold by all leading dealers and druggists.

—THE—

PEOPLE'S STORE

(PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK), EAST BERRY STREET.

—TWO—

SPECIAL ✻ DRIVES!

—IN—

HANDKERCHIEFS !

FIRST LOT,

100 Doz. Handkerchifes

Assorted, regularly sold at 17c. and 20c. each. Our price will be

12 1-2c. Each.

THE SECOND LOT,

150 Doz. Handkerchiefs

Worth 25c., 33c. and 37½c. each. Our price will be

19c. Each.

They are HUMMERS and we have secured them just in time for the

Holiday Season!

We have them DISPLAYED in OUR SHOW WINDOWS.

Our Display of Fancy Silk Handkerchiefs, Silk Mufflers for the Holiday Trade, will be found attractive, at the Most Popular and Lowest Prices.

UMBRELLAS------UMBRELLAS!

Gold and Silver Mounted Silk Umbrellas for Holiday Gifts, at Prices to Suit the Most Economical Buyers.

INSPECTIOR INVITED.
ONE PRICE TO ALL.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,
Pixley & Long Block
Berry street.
Dozois, Beadell & Co.

ELOCUTIONIST.
MISS SUSIE V. DUNAVON,
58 E. WAYNE ST.

BOSTON T STORE.

Challenge Hams,
English Breakfast Bacon,
Silver Leaf Flour,
Fresh Roasted Coffee Everyday.

Full Line of Fancy and Staple Groceries, Domestic and Tropical fruits.

No. 20 W. BERRY ST.
TELEPHONE 152.

J. G. THIEME & SON,

Clothiers and Tailors.

SUITS AND OVERCOATS!

FOR FALL ARE NOW
READY FOR INSPECTION.

Our stock of Suitings, Overcoat Patterns and Trowserings is more complete than ever.

COR. CLINTON & COLUMBIA.

86cts. Ladies Pebble Button
Worked Holes, All Sizes.

40cts. Men's First Grade Rubbers,
ALL SIZES.

$2.00 MEN'S FIRST QUALITY RUBBER BOOTS!
Colchester Rubber Co., Regular Price $2.75.

$1.50 Gent's Nobby Dress Shoes, Lace or Congress,
Solid, and as good a shoe as is usually sold for $2.00.

NEW - YORK - SHOE - STORE,

J. W. EMERY & CO., THE HUSTLERS,

Scheifer & Davenport's Old Stand, - 36 Calhoun Street.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833 SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1889. PRICE FIVE CENTS

Protect Your Children

—From the—

COLD

—WITH—

Natural Wool

UnderweaR.

Nothing Like them in the
Market for comfort.

GEORGE -|- DEWALD

—AND—

COMPANY,

Calhoun and Columbia Sts

J. E. WAUGH, D. D. S.,

Dental Office in Shoaff's Gallery,

21 W. Berry St,

THE BEST MEATS IN THE CITY

GOTTLIEB HALLER

South Side Meat Market, carries nothing
but the choicest meats. Fresh and
Salt Meats, Hams, Sausage at

No. 366 CALHOUN STREET.

D HANNA STREET (WESSEL BLOCK.)

Don't fail to go to the

Knights of Labor

BALL

Thanksgiving Eve,

Wednesday, November 27th.

AT THE PRINCESS RINK,

Music by the First Regiment Band.
A good time guaranteed to everybody.

LADIES!

We have just received something
New and Handsome in

DRESS

ROBES!

The Richest and Daintiest of all.

Some are

Plain Cloth, Braided,

While others are a combination
of

Cloth

and

Velvet

With fancy Braided work.

We have them in different colors,
including Black.

It is impossible to describe these Robes or tell of their Beauty.

You Must Come
and See Them.

LOUIS WOLF & CO.

54 Calhoun St.

Be sure and visit our Cloak
Department.

TOOK A REST.

The Cronin Case Adjourned Until Monday—No Evidence Introduced To-Day.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—When Dan Donahoe gets through with his evidence in behalf of Kunze to-day, the state will begin the introduction of its rebuttal evidence. Among other things that will be proved will be the fact that all of O'Sullivan's wagons and all of his men, with the single exception of Mulcahey, were engaged after 10 o'clock on the morning of May 5, owing to the demand for ice. A number of witnesses will be introduced to prove that Menehan, Knight and Brennan could not possibly have played cards in the Ashland avenue saloon, as they claimed to have done. The testimony that will be used to quash the remarkable statements made by the Hylands as to their visit to Nieman's saloon on the night of May 5 has already been outlined.

The two cousins swore that when they reached the saloon there was nobody there but Nieman. The latter has furnished the names of a dozen men who were there at the hour the cousins mentioned and they will all take the stand. So far as Burke's alibi is concerned it will not stand long when witnesses are introduced to show that saloonkeeper Delaney was out buggy riding on the night of May 4th, instead of serving drinks over his bar, as he claimed to have done. It was on account of his absence from the saloon that night that suspicion was originally directed against him and caused his temporary arrest one day about a month ago to give Hatfield, Revells & Co.'s salesman, and Throckmorton, Knights & Marshall's bookkeeper, a chance to identify him as J. B. Simonds.

Coughlin's alibi has gone down under it own weight. There was a good deal of gossip around the criminal court yesterday about instituting criminal proceedings against every man who had lent himself to the alibi business, but Judge Longenecker said nothing would be done in this direction until the trial was over.

The somewhat sensational occurrences of yesterday had the effect of crowding Judge McConnell's court room this morning. When court opened Mr. Forrest stated that he had been informed that Lynch was unable to appear in court, owing to a relapse of his illness, and that the defense would rest, so far as that part of the defense was concerned, on the testimony of Koch. Koch is the man who testified that April 7, Coughlin and Lynch came to his house looking for Kunze, who boarded there.

After a wait of several minutes, and no witnesses appearing for the defense, the court announced that the trial would be postponed until 10 o'clock, Monday, and then if the witnesses were not on hand the state would proceed with its rebuttal testimony.

TELEGRAPH TALK

As it Comes Over the Wires, Telling the News of the Day.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—Frank T. Barry, fifteen years old, son of the late Hon. Henry W. Barry, of Mississippi, was found dead in his bed yesterday by his mother, Mrs. Kate Barry. He had rigged a string from his bed to the gas bracket so that he might study while in bed and turn out the gas without leaving the bed when he became sleepy. In his sleep he had involuntarily turned on the gas, which, during the night, filled the room and asphiyxated him.

Mary Wolfe, nineteen years old, was discharged from her service place in this city on Wednesday. The next day her trunk, a bundle of clothes and a letter arrived at her father's house just outside the city limits. The letter stated that she has concluded to kill herself. The police were informed of its contents by the father. The girl had been betrayed and was about to become a mother. The police think she is still alive.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 23.—The cal issued by Plymouth church last night for a Congregational council to install Dr. Abbott and Rev. Mr. Bliss as pastor and assistant pastor of that church, is addressed not alone to such local churches as are in harmony with the advanced ideas of Plymouth but also to the Andover professors. President Dwight and ex-President Porter, of Yale, and many noted men representing the liberal side of the churches' doctrine.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—James Alexander Ruthven, the noted Irish player, song writer and abolition orator of war times, died from a complication of diseases yesterday, in his sixty-eight year.

DES MOINES, Nov. 23.—The St. Louis, Des Moines and Northern railroad, a narrow guage road running from here to Boone, a distance of about fifty miles, was sold yesterday under a decree of foreclosure, to Solon Humphreys and J. T. Granger. Their offer was about $175,000. The road will be transferred to-day to the Des Moines and Northern railway company.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—Adam Keyser, thirty-five years old, employed as a clerk in Hecker's flour mill, committed suicide this morning by taking "rough on rats."

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—It was reported after the close of business yesterday that a large coffee firm was in trouble. The embarassment is said not to have been caused by events at Rio, as the house is in the Java trade.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—The president to-day appointed William H. Spellmire to be pension agent at Philadelphia.

NO FLIES ON FRED.

Officer Wahrenburg Continues to Lead in the Number of Arrests.

There was a spirited police court today when each of five persons tried to convince the mayor that they were only a little drunk.

Officer Wahrenburg continues to run in the salubrius intoxicated individul. He had the majority of cases at court this morning.

Patrick Welchman was arrested by Wahrenburg, on Columbia street. Patrick had the collateral to buy his freedom.

John Clark was arrested on Main street by Wahrenburg. John went to jail.

Joseph Williams was arrested by Wahrenburg on Columbia street. Joseph paid.

Frank Henry, a vag, was arrested by Officer Kennelly. While Heney is not suspected, it is thought there might be a possibility of this man being implicated in the north side robbery in which James W. Minnich, the ticket agent, was a victim. The prisoner was sent to jail.

Frank Brady was arrested by Kramer on Calhoun street. Frank went to jail.

Louis Banet was meek as a lamb when he paid a fine of $5 and costs for creating a disturbance and assaulting a man. This arrest was also made by Wahrenburg. Banet has been keeping a disorderly place, but he promised the mayor that he would reform.

ALLEN COUNTY INSTITUTE.

A Program of the Session to be Held Next Week.

The annual session of the Allen county teachers' institute will be held at the circuit court room three days next week, commencing Monday.

The session will be an exceedingly interesting one, including talks by Dr. Jordan, president of the state university at Bloomington; Alexander Forbes, of Chicago; Professor Sanders, of the Warsaw schools, and others.

Dr. Jordan ranks foremost among the scientists of the west, and is an entertaining speaker.

The appended program shows the proceedings complete:

	MONDAY—FORENOON SESSION.	
9:30.	Organization.	
10:00.	Reading	Alex. Forbes
10:30.	Elementary Language Work	A. R. Abel
11:00.	Methods of Teaching	Alex. Forbes
	AFTERNOON SESSION.	
1:15.	American Literature	W. O. Seibert
1:40.	Natural Science	D. Jordan
2:10.	Arithmetic	Andrew Martin
2:35	RECESS.	
2:45.	Geography	Alex. Forbes
3:25.	Address	Dr. Jordan
8:00.	Lecture—"Ascent of the Matterhorn"	Dr. Jordan
	TUESDAY—FORENOON SESSION.	
9:00.	Devotional Exercises	Rev. Moffatt
9:20.	Natural Science	Dr. Jordan
10:00.	Arithmetic	Alex. Forbes
10:30.	RECESS.	
10:40.	Music	W. F. Heath
11:10.	Geography	Alex. Forbes
	AFTERNOON SESSION.	
1:15.	Cellular Growth	Dr. Porter
1:55.	Reading	Miss Annie Philley
2:30.	RECESS.	
2:40.	Methods of Teaching	Alex. Forbes
3:20.	Value of Higher Education	Dr. Jordan
8:00.	Lecture—"Mission of Our Public Schools"	Alex. Forbes
	WEDNESDAY—FORENOON SESSION.	
9:00.	Devotional Exercises	Rev. Barns
9:20.	Reading	Alex. Forbes
9:50.	International Date Line	T. J. Sanders
10:25.	RECESS.	
10:35.	Geography	Dr. Dryer
11:10.	Arithmetic	Alex. Forbes
	AFTERNOON SESSION.	
1:30.	Grammar	T. J. Sanders
2:10.	Methods of Teaching	Alex. Forbes
2:35.	RECESS.	
2:45.	Music	W. F. Heath
3:15.	Liberal Education	T. J. Sanders
8:00.	Lecture—"The Mormons in Utah"	Hon. R. S. Robertson

The music at the evening exercises will be under the direction of W. F. Heath.

HANDSOME WINDOWS.

Those Adorning the New Second Church Edifice and Their Donors.

One of the handsome features of the new Second Presbyterian church will be the windows, which are the gifts of individual parties. They are of ornamental stained glass, elegant in make and design, and will be lasting memorials to the donors, who will have suitable inscriptions upon them.

The following is the list of those who have made such donations to the new edifice:

Col. Chauncey Oakley and Mrs. O. J. Wilson, in memory of father.

Hon. Hugh McCulloch, of Washington, D. C., in memory his mother.

Mrs. Hugh McCulloch, in memory of two deceased children, Alida and Edward.

Chas. B. and Minnie Beaver and Mrs. Marion Webb, in memory of father, Mr. D. S. Beaver.

Judge R. S. Taylor, in memory of mother, Mrs. Margaretta Taylor.

F. W. Autrup, in memory of his wife.

Mrs. M. C. Garvin and Wayne Township Missionary Society, missionary window, inscribed "The World for Christ."

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Kellar, family memorial window.

Brainard Missionary Society, dedicated to Home Missions, inscribed, "Brainard Society."

IS DR. PETERS DEAD?

Conflicting Reports Concerning the Massacre of the Missionary by the Natives.

ZANZIBAR, Nov. 23.—News received here from Lamu confirms the reports of the killing of Dr. Peters, a German companion and all but five of the natives of the expedition. They were massacred at Addu Burrorbara, on the Tanna river, by a party of Soumalies, who attacked the camp at night.

BERLIN, Nov. 23.—The Emin Pasha relief committee has received a cablegram from the Hamburg committee at Zanzibar, which says that Dr. Peters and his party are safe and well and that they have established a fortified station at the foot of Mount Kenie.

TRUSTS IN MISSOURI.

Prosecuting the Firms Who Do Not Comply With the Anti-Trust Law.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 23.—Attorney General John M. Wood and Secretary of State Lesueure had a conference with Circuit Attorney Clover last night, relative to the prosecution of the St. Louis corporations that failed to comply with the anti-trust law. "There are 500 Missouri corporations that have ignored the law," said General Wood, "and two foreign companies. The charters of the Missouri companies will all be revoked by to-night, and now we propose to proceed against foreign and local corporations by information.

THE CITY CHURCHES.

Pastors Who Invite Our Readers to Their Sunday Services.

Welcome to the Baptist church.

The usual service will be held at the Trinity M. E. church, Sunday, by the pastor. All are invited.

First Presbyterian church. Morning services at 10:45. Sabbath school, 9:30 a. m. No evening service.

Regular service to-morrow at the Christian chapel, corner of Jefferson and Griffith streets, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Rev. J. L. Leeper will preach at the Second Presbyterian (Y. M. C. A. chapel) at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m.

In the Third Presbyterian church the pastor, Rev. J. M. Boggs, will preach at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. Young people's prayer meeting at 7 p. m.

Trinity Episcopal church, Berry and Fulton streets, Rev. A. W. Seabrease, rector. Sunday services, 10:45, a. m., 7:30, p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Strangers cordially welcome.

Congregational church, corner Washington and Fulton streets. Services at 10:50, conducted by President Herrick, of the M. E. College. Sunday school at 12 m. No evening service.

Services at the Grace Reformed church to-morrow morning at 10:30. In the evening the pastor will give the fourth lecture on "Home and Matrimony." Topic: "Happy and Unhappy Marriages."

Regular services to-morrow morning and evening at the First Presbyterian church by Rev. Dr. Moffat. Meeting of society of Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All invited.

Regular services at the rooms of the R. R. department of the Y. M. C. A. Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, standard time. All men cordially invited and assurred a hearty welcome. Good music and singing for one hour only.

Simpson M. E. church, corner Harrison and Dawson streets. Quarterly meeting services to-morrow all day. Elder Mahin will preach in the evening and conduct the sacramental services. All are cordially invited to attend.

At the St. Paul M. E. church to-morrow evening, at 7:30, the pastor, Rev. M. C. Cooper, will deliver the third of the series of four sermons on the temptations and vices of city life. Large congregations attend these special services.

The city department Y. M. C. A. would like to see every man in the city at their meeting to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon at 4:30, city time. W. D. Page will deliver an interesting address. W. H. Strickland, assisted by Messrs. Todd, Barnett and Cromwell, will lead the singing and music. Come and spend a pleasant hour.

Berry street M. E. church, corner of West Berry and Harrison street. Quarterly meeting services. Love feast at 9:30, a. m.; preaching at 10:30, a. m., by the presiding elder. Rev. A. E. Mahin, followed by the sacrament of the Lord's supper. Preaching at 7:30, p. m., by Rev. H. N. Herrick, president of Fort Wayne college. Praise service at 7 o'clock, Sunday school at 2:15 p. m.

"HELD UP."

N. P. Eckles, a Fort Wayne Man, Robbed at Kansas City.

The Kansas City *Star* of last Thursday's issue, says: "N. P. Eckles, of Fort Wayne, Ind., who arrived in the city yesterday and who is stopping at the Cottage house, was 'held up' and robbed of $63, at Fourth and Oak streets, about 10 o'clock last night, by two white men. They left him $15 and his gold watch. No arrests."

Mr. Eckels is the Kansas City representative of the Fleming Manufacturing company, and is selling the company's famous "Walk-away" plows in the western country. The foot-pads out there seem to differ somewhat from those that happen in these parts. Our's are not considerate enough to leave a man $15 and a gold watch. They take everything, even to a bunch of keys.

BUILDING SOCIETIES.

Close of the Discussion on National Societies.

The following communication from Mr. Frank E. Chipman is dated at St. Paul, Minn., October, 8, 1889. The Philadelphia *Ledger* has stated over and over again that it did not investigate the financial condition of building associations, either at home or abroad, but that on general principles it believes that small savings should be invested under the eye of the investor; that is as near his home as possible. It ofter happens that these savings are needed at a moment's notice, by reason of sickness or death in the family, or through many other causes, and the nearer the investor is to the place of deposit the greater are the chances that the money can be had when most needed. We would not recommend parties outside of Philadelphia to send their money here to be handled by strangers, and, on the other hand, consistency compels us to advise our own home wage-workers to invest their savings very near home, and to guard these savings with a jealous care. We have stated that Philadelphia building associations east of the Schuylkill river have lost money when they have even crossed the bridge to make loans, and likewise societies located at West Philadelphia have made mistakes when they have attempted to do business this side of the stream, simply because the farther away the security for a loan is located the less knowledge there is of the values of property and the harder it is to manage. If advising wage-workers not to be tempted by large rates of interest, which involve the sending of hard earned savings hundreds of miles away from home and from personal control, is "a stand against national companies," the matter will have to stand that way.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

LOCAL ITEMS.

The St. Patrick's Benevolent society will hold a meeting to-morrow.

Mr. S. B. Bond went west on the Wabash yesterday, on a business trip.

The rectory of Trinity Episcopal church will be completed by January 1st.

Congressman McClellan is in the city to-day. He starts for Washington Tuesday.

Miss Cora Havens, night operator at the telephone exchange, is able to sit up after a long siege of sickness.

The D. N. Foster Furniture company has been awarded a large contract for furniture for the new feeble minded school.

Tybilla Powers has sold to John F. Rodabaugh, lot 36, original plat for $4,200. This is the Columbia street property, now occupied by the Newspaper Union.

This morning occurred the death of Nellie A., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Laughlin, of Hanna and Lafayette street. Cause, brain fever. Age, two years. The funeral will be held Monday at 9:30, a. m., from the Cathedral.

The City department of the Y. M. C. A. sent out a number of invitations to the ladies of the city this week for something of their work or anything else they may desire to contribute. The first contribution was received this afternoon, of a very handsome and useful article, from Mrs. W. H. Strickland.

Mr. Chas. F. Pfeiffer, manager of the Fleming Manufacturing Company, has moved from his bachelor apartments at the residence of Dr. E. F. Sites, 206 West Wayne street, and is now living at the Wither's homestead north of the city with his father, J. C. Pfeiffer, and his sister's. The west-end loses an affable gentleman.

Mr. Henry Graffe, the jeweler, has rented the store room next east from his present quarters and is putting in a handsome plate glass front. He has connected the new room with his old one by an arch and will establish in it an art department that will be a credit to Fort Wayne and fill a long-felt want. Columbia street continues to look up.

Two cases were brought in from Delaware county a few days ago on change of venue. Frank Sailors and Elmer E. Johnsbaugh each sues the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville railroad, running north and south through Muncie, for $1,500 damage. The complaints are alike except as to name of plaintiff, both alleging that a few months ago they tried to buy tickets at Muncie for Royarton, a station a few miles north, but the office had none at the time, and when the conductor found them without tickets he fired them off. G. W. Saul, manager of the road, asked the change of venue.

Levy Concert Company Monday night.

THE MONTANA FIGHT!

Republicans Will Stick to the Certificates of the State Board First, Last, and all the Time.

HELENA, Mont., Nov. 23.—At a caucus of the republican members of both houses this morning, it was decided to stick to the certificates of the state board first, last and all the time.

Witter, of Beaverhead, was nominated for speaker. The democratic caucus is being held with closed doors and reporters rigidly excluded.

HON. GEORGE H. PENDLETON.

The Distinguished Statesman is Not Dangerous.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—Mr. Frank Pendleton, who returned from Brussels two weeks ago, said it was not true that his father had an abcess. He was suffering from a stomach trouble, but was not in a dangerous condition. Mr. Pendleton received a cable dispatch informing him that his father was not as well as he had been, but that no immediate danger is apprehended. One of his daughters is with him.

A RASCAL CAUGHT.

Newton Hill Arrested for Wholesale Stealing.

To-day Officer Patton arrested Newton Hill for stealing three saws from Frederick Korte, a carpenter living on Maumee road.

The prisoner was arraigned before 'Squire France who bound him over in the sum of $100.

Hill had a lot of goods in his possession when arrested and these were taken to the police station, where articles were identified as follows: Mrs. Samuel Griebel, clothes; August Corneille, tools and clothes; Pfeiffer & Schlatter, grindstone and bucket.

Hill has been looked upon as an idler, but he seems to have been hustling.

EXHIBIT OF ART.

A Magnificent Display of Fine Art as Seen at Westminster Seminary.

This morning THE SENTINEL reporter called at the Westminster Seminary to inspect the works of art displayed in the parlors for the exhibition, which commenced at that place this afternoon at 3 o'clock, and continues until this evening at 9 o'clock. The parlors are thrown open to the public between those hours, and they are invited to call and examine the work done in the art department of the institution.

The display consists mainly of work done by the pupils and shows the excellent instruction given under the management of the art teacher, Miss Jennie S. Rugar, an accomplished young lady.

Charcoal drawing is represented by the works of Misses Daisy Hattersley, Rose French, Grace Bass, Charlotte Lowry and Lida Baumgartner.

Water colors, by Miss Bertha Jackson. In oil paintings there are, among others, three paintings representing flowers and fruits, the work of Miss Laura Lightfoot; a marine view by Miss Philley; a large painting of a trumpet creepe in bloom and an exquisite painting of roses, the work of Miss Rugar, the art instructor; while a handsome three panel screen is the work of Miss Tillie Siemon.

The department, perhaps the most interesting to the ladies in general, is the China painting. Vases, pitchers, plates, berry dishes, etc., in bewildering profusion cover the tables and represent the work of Misses Bird Ellison, Harriet Shulze, Pauline Thieme, Laura Lightfoot, Bird Bulger and Mrs. Wells. Miss Maxie Nickey has the largest China exhibit of any one pupil, her work covering an entire table. An assortment of plain white China, in fancy shapes, for painting, is kept by the institution.

The display of decorative work is magnificent, and well repays a visit. The exhibit reflects great credit upon the pupils and teacher, Miss Jennie S. Rugar, and the principals, Mrs. Wells and Miss Sharp, who deserve all the words of praise that can be given them for the noble work they are doing in our midst.

Noble Approves.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—Secretary Noble has approved Pension Commissioner Raum's demand for the resignations of William P. Davis, of Illinois, and Samuel B. Hersey.

Weather.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—For Indiana: Fair; warmer; variable winds, becoming easterly.

Last night Conductor Caddis, a Pullman car conductor, fell from a train near Mansfield and was either killed or fatally injured. He was not known here.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—Wheat: November, 78¼; December, 79½; January, 80; May, 83⅜. Corn: November, 32¼; December, 31 ; January, 31; May, 33⅜. Oats: November, 20; December, 20; May, 22½. Pork: November, $9.87½; year, $9.25; January, $9.37½; May, $9.70. Lard: November, 5.97½; year, $5.92½; January $5.92½; May, $6.10. Short ribs: November, $5.37½; year, $4.97½; January, $4.82½; May, $5.02½@$5.05.

NOT RESPONSIBLE.

O. M. Stone Compelled to Close His Commission Business.

O. M. Stone, who has been operating a "bucket shop" commission exchange in a room at the corner of Calhoun and Berry streets, has been obliged to quit business.

The concern was first conducted by T. M. Baxter & Co., Chicago, who did a legitimate business. Stone then assumed control and played a sort of a "heads win, tails lose" game. He was not responsible and several local investors know this to their financial sorrow. Stone, it is said, is operating offices at several other places.

The death of this exchange has encouraged two gentlemen of this city to continue the business in a wholly fair and square manner, one of the new firm being Mr. Joseph Schwerzgen, who receives the United Press report for the *Journal*. Convenient quarters will be leased and a brokerage business will be done in connection.

A CAMP FIRE.

A Fine Entertainment Given by Sion S. Bass Post.

Last night was to be held the nomination of officers of Sion S. Bass post G. A. R., to be followed by a camp-fire. The nomination was postponed but the camp-fire program was carried out to the fullest extent at the post hall.

The occasion abounded in pleasant features. The program consisted of addresses by Dr. Barnes and T. W. Blair, Mrs. Sue Beals, president of the Relief corps, and Mrs. Gorsline, past president; music by the colored jubilee singers and the Sons of Veterans' Glee club, a solo by Mr. Frank Dickson, and other things to make the event a lively and highly enjoyable one.

Mr. James E. Graham was master of ceremonies.

Another camp-fire will be given during the holidays.

DO ALL YOU CAN

To Help Make the Y. M. C. A. Fair a Success.

The ladies' auxilliary of the City Y. M. C. A. would like to say to their many friends that contributions will be thankfully received, and would say to those who have not decided what to give that oysters, cold meat, etc., will be acceptable, as they have decided to give a luncheon.

The Y. M. C. A. fair will be held at the Second Presbyterian church ten days, commencing December 5 and may be continued two weeks.

AN OFFICIAL HONOR.

Supt. George F. Felts Appointed on the State Normal Board.

Mr. George F. Felts, superintendent of the Allen county schools, has received notice of his appointment to a membership on the official board of the state normal.

The appointment was made by the state board of education, and its bestowal upon our worthy superintendent is a high compliment.

Mr. Felts will accept.

Fresh Mackinaw Trout or White Fish, 10c lb.
Smoked Halibut, 15c lb.
Sweet Florida Oranges, 40c doz.
Malaga Grapes, 15c lb.
At GUMPPER'S,
240 Calhoun street.

Go to the New York Bakery for good bread, fine cakes, sherbets, ice creams, ices, etc., 37 West Berry street.

Men of families are reminded that they can get Thanksgiving Dinner cheaper and no trouble to the wife, by patronizing the auxiliary of the R. R. Y. M. C. A. on that day. Full Turkey Dinner only 25c.

The ladies of Grace Reformed church are making extensive preparations for the annual Thanksgiving dinner, which they will serve at the church parlors on Thanksgiving day, from 12 to 3 o'clock, 25 cts.

We have just received a large import of Geo. Wastenholm "IXL" and Jos. Rodgers Pocket Knives and Razors, which we invite the public to examine.
SMITH & GOTSCH,
22 Calhoun St.

Hair Goods.

Mrs. E. Casey, formerly Hair Dresser on Calhoun street, has a fine lot of Switches she will sell at a bargain. Watch Guards made to order. Masquerade Wigs to rent at her residence, 38 East Williams street, four squares south of Wabash depot, near Clinton.

Mergentheim's Bazaar, has a rush in the Millinery Department. Everybody is taking advantage of the mark-down sale.

Messrs. Smith & Gotsch have displayed in their show case the finest line of Builders' Hardware in Oxidized Silver ever brought to this city.

The music for the Kirmess dances is one of its most attractive features and will be played by a full orchestra of ten or twelve musicians, directed by Prof. Reineke.

The Caledonians meet to-night.

BENEATH THE STREETS.

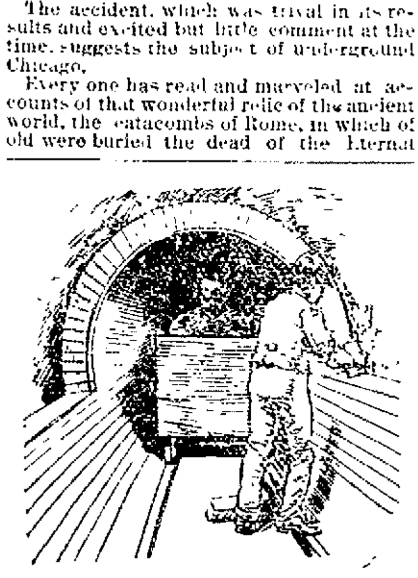
A SUBTERRANEAN WORLD OF MARVELOUS INTEREST.

Chicago Fairly Honeycombed with Tunnels, Conduits and Sewers Where Dens of Vice Abound How the Great Water System Has Been Built Up.

NOT long ago a man walking along one of the busiest of Chicago's streets was suddenly projected several feet into the air. This singular occurrence, accompanied as it was by a loud report, revived memories of the dreadful anarchist bomb of May 4th, 1886, and caused quite a sensation in the neighborhood. But this soon subsided when it was discovered that the man was not seriously injured, and that the explosion had not been occasioned by dynamite, but by the bursting open of a "man-hole" produced by the pressure of noxious gases generated in the enormous sewer below.

The accident, which was trival in its results and excited but little comment at the time, suggests the subject of underground Chicago.

Every one has read and marveled at accounts of that wonderful relic of the ancient world, the catacombs of Rome, in which of old were buried the dead of the Eternal City, and yet few, even among Chicago's own people, know that below the level of her streets there is a subterranean world surpassing in interest the one beside the Tiber.



BRICKING UP THE LAKE TUNNEL.

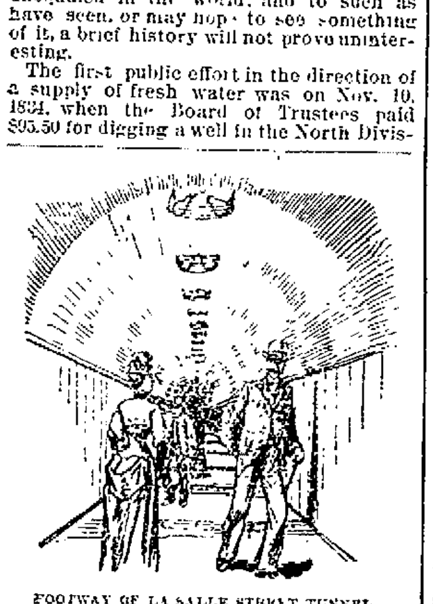
Chicago abounds in beautiful buildings—"massive and tall and grand," many of these rise to a height of two hundred feet and number thirteen stories and more. As the eye of the visitor sweeps their extensive fronts, rich in architectural designs and ornamentations, he forgets the solid foundations, reaching far into the earth, upon which the superstructure, vast and beautiful, is reared. The cost of the foundations of Chicago would suffice to build a city of no mean proportions. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are often expended on a single building before its granite walls rise to the level of the sidewalk. The space thus reclaimed from the "bowels of the earth" is utilized for boilers and engines to run the elevators and machinery for all manner of manufactories, to heat the vast structure, and furnish power to keep alive the electric lights in a whole block sometimes. Besides, many basements are fitted up as elegant restaurants, salesrooms and factories. In one of Chicago's basement restaurants more oysters are served during the "r months" than in any other single establishment in the world, metropolitan New York not excepted. Twice during the summer just past great rainstorms have overtaxed the sewers and caused the water to invade basements and cellars, to the great damage of property.

But the space below visible Chicago is not all used for the useful purposes mentioned. Many low saloons, resorts for thieves and thugs, where all manner of dark and diabolical crimes are concocted, discussed and perpetrated, are tucked away in basements secure from the observation of the casual passer-by. It is here that the almond-eyed Celestial conducts his laundry, too frequently but a fence or mask for an "opium joint," and the gratification of other vices of a still darker hue. Gambling houses of the "better" sort are usually situated high up in buildings, with openings to the roofs for egress in the event of an interruption in the form of a police raid; but the lower sort, particularly those operated and frequented by negroes, who are apt to be inveterate gamblers, are found in basements and cellars. These are often so connected with each other as to form a regular labyrinth, and render the inmates tolerably secure from arrest.

Pure water and good drainage are two of the principal requisites to the health of a city. These are supplied to the "Garden City" by underground systems which, together with the gas mains for furnishing light, fairly "honeycomb" the streets and justify the caption of "Underground Chicago."

The water-supply system of Chicago is unequaled in the world; and to such as have seen, or may hope to see something of it, a brief history will not prove uninteresting.

The first public effort in the direction of a supply of fresh water was on Nov. 10, 1834, when the Board of Trustees paid $95.50 for digging a well in the North Division. We will soon see to what majestic proportions this humble beginning has grown in a little more than half a century.



FOOTWAY OF LA SALLE STREET TUNNEL.

For many years water was peddled through the streets as potatoes and bananas are to-day. It was drawn about in hogheads, on two-wheeled carts, and delivered to the good housewives at a cost of from five to ten cents per barrel, according to the competitions of trade. The hogheads were filled from the lake with pails, and the water was discharged through a short leathern hose. Thousands of people still living in Chicago can remember when this system was in vogue.

In 1836 the Chicago Hydraulic Company was incorporated by an act of the Legislature. The panic which swept over the country the following year retarded the movement, and it was not until 1840 that work was actually begun. Two years later it was completed. The hydraulic system consisted of an 18-inch inlet from the lake, connecting with a well 15 feet in depth; a pumping works fitted with an engine of 25-horse power, capable of lifting each minute 25 barrels of water 35 feet above the level of the lake; two reservoirs of a capacity of 1,250 barrels each, both of which could be filled in one hour and forty minutes; and several miles of wooden pipes, none over six inches in diameter. This exceedingly modest system, as looked at to-day, was spoken of by the press at the time as a "marvelous achievement of engineering skill." In 1850 9½ miles of pipe and 1,000 hydrants were in use, but not more than one-fifth of the people were thereby supplied with water.

In 1851 the Chicago City Hydraulic Company was incorporated. This was done as the result of a popular vote of the people. Bonds were issued and sold in New York, and in the summer of 1852 work was begun at the foot of Chicago avenue, in the North Division. They were unable to put in a thirty-inch inlet pipe to reach six hundred feet out into the lake and were obliged to take the water from near the shore. On Feb. 15, 1854, water was first introduced into the buildings of the city. For four months water was only pumped nine hours a day, and not at all on Sunday, except in case of fire. In 1857 a twenty-four inch wrought-iron main was laid to the West Side, and in 1858 two new reservoirs with a capacity of 500,000 barrels each were constructed, one on the North and one on the West Side.

At first this system was fairly successful, but as the city increased in population and extended its limits the increasing sewage which flowed through the sluggish river into the great lake began to seriously contaminate the water, which was drawn from a point too near the shore. Not only did this cause annoyance, disease and death, but it worked great injury to the fair fame of the city, whose visitors denounced it for its unwholesome, bad-smelling water. Besides this, as winter approached, great numbers of infinitesimal fishes sought the shore, and were thence delivered, along with the water, to every household.

An improved water supply thus became one of the greatest topics for discussion, both by the press and the people. All manner of schemes were proposed, debated, and rejected. At length Mr. E. S. Chesbrough, the City Engineer, originated the idea of constructing a tunnel, two miles in length, beneath the bed of Lake Michigan, which would literally tap the lake from the bottom at that distance from the shore, and through which pure water could be conveyed to the reservoir of the city.

After a good deal of delay to secure sanction from Congress and the State Legislature, and perfect the plans, the contract was let, for what was, indeed, a colossal undertaking.

On St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1864, the first shovelful of earth was removed amid ceremonies of an interesting and impressive character, and the great undertaking was commenced. The shore shaft was sunk on the site of the old pumping works, at the east end of Chicago avenue, on the shore of the lake. It was made about 9 feet in diameter, and 66 feet in depth. This was lined for 26 feet with a cast-iron cylinder 9 feet in diameter and 2¼ inches in thickness, below the cylinder the lining being of brick.

With the completion of the shaft began that [illegible] which one of the editors of the London *Times*, then in Chicago, declared to be "the greatest of modern times."

The point in the lake where the tunnel should terminate had been determined and marked with buoys, but the great difficulty was to run it in exactly the right direction, since the magnetic needle could not be relied upon for surveying below the surface of the lake. The only method of procedure was to run the axis of the tunnel parallel with a line drawn over the top of the shaft in exactly the right direction.

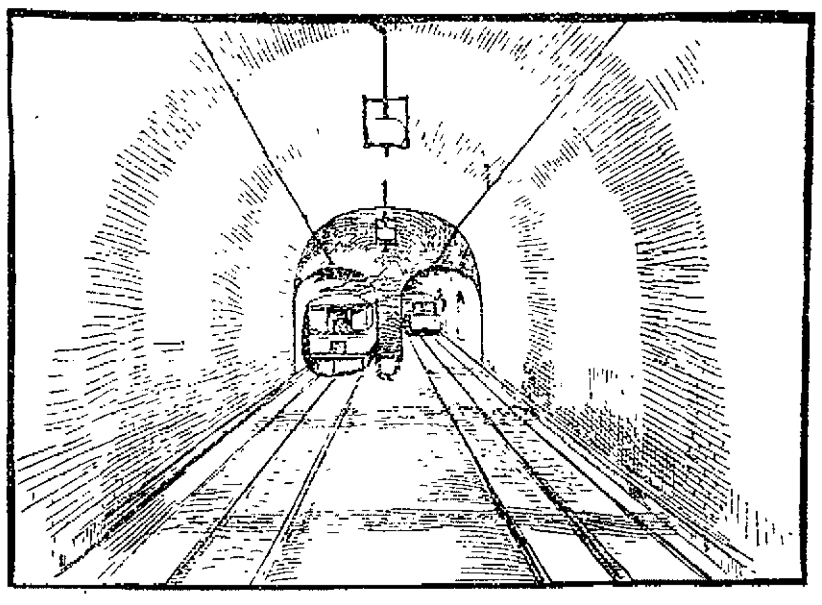
The work of tunneling was now begun in real earnest. The width of the tunnel when bricked up was to be five feet and its height five feet and two inches, the top and bottom arches being semi-circles, with two inches between. The space to be excavated being limited, but two men could work at one time; these were frequently relieved, and the work kept up night and day, without cessation.

Close behind the miners with their picks came the masons with their trowels. The masonry, of Illinois white brick, was eight inches in thickness, the bricks being laid lengthwise, with toothing joints to give them greater strength.

In this tedious way the workmen forced the great bore on under the lake, from fourteen to twenty feet being considered good progress for twenty-four hours.

As fast as the masonry was completed iron rails were laid, upon which small cars were run to remove the clay to the shaft, where it was elevated by steam power. At first the cars were pushed by men, but as the bore lengthened this became too slow and laborious, and two small mules were lowered through the shaft and used thereafter as the motive power.

As each thousand feet was completed chambers were dug in which brick, mortar, and other supplies could be stored and cars turned around.



LA SALLE STREET TUNNEL.

As has been stated, the magnetic needle cannot be depended upon in surveying below the ground, but the level was in constant use, and by its means exactly the proper depth was constantly maintained. The tunnel was built with a slope of two feet to the mile in the direction of the shore, that it might be emptied in case of necessity. This was done a few years ago and the tunnel inspected by Chief Engineer, (now Mayor) Cregier. He found it to be in perfect order, not a single crack or break being visible.

But the most remarkable part of the undertaking was performed at the lake end of the tunnel. The "crib" was constructed on shore. It is composed of huge timbers bolted together. It is 40½ feet high, in pentagonal form, and nearly 100 feet in diameter. It was built in three sections or walls, one within the other, all so bolted together as to form one vast structure. At the corners it was armed with iron plates to protect it from floating ice, or any object in the water. Computed in "board measure," over 600,000 feet of lumber was used, together with 65 tons of iron bolts and 1500 bales of oakum for calking. Before it was moved from the stocks where it was built $100,000 had been expended upon it.

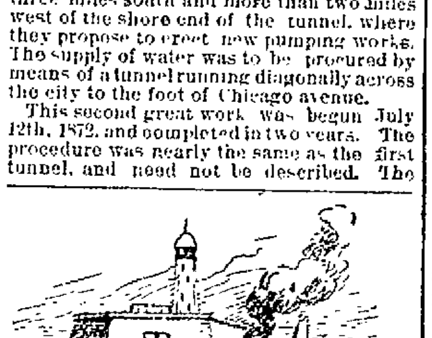
On July 24, 1865, this vast structure was launched, and amid great excitement towed out to the place selected. There the compartments between the different sections were filled with stone, and the crib sunk to the bottom of the lake, where it was firmly secured by means of marine mooring screws, here used for the first time in America.

This accomplished, a shaft was sunk like the one on the shore and the work of tunneling was begun from the lake end of the sub-marine bore. The entire length of the tunnel is 10,587 feet, of which about four-fifths was constructed from the shore end. On the 24th day of November, 1866, the two sections were united by cutting away the barrier of clay which remained and the great tunnel was one continuous tube from the shore to the crib, two miles away.

It was believed that the water supply thus provided for would be adequate for the needs of the city for a generation at least, but so enormous was the growth of Chicago that within six years steps were taken to increase it.

Early in 1872 the Board of Public Works purchased ground at the intersection of Blue Island and Ashland avenues, about three miles south and more than two miles west of the shore end of the tunnel, where they propose to erect new pumping works. The supply of water was to be procured by means of a tunnel running diagonally across the city to the foot of Chicago avenue.

This second great work was begun July 12th, 1872, and completed in two years. The procedure was nearly the same as the first tunnel, and need not be described. The works consist of a tunnel seven feet in diameter and about four miles in length. This passes under the city below the bed of the river and the deepest of the city's foundations. The ground at the Ashland avenue pumping works is much higher than at the lake and considerable power is required to draw the water through the tunnel.



THE CRIB.

This great underground aqueduct draws its supply of water from the "crib," whose construction has been described. To accomplish this a second tunnel was constructed under the lake, and run parallel with the first, about sixty-three feet away. The new tunnel is about seven feet wide and seven feet and two inches high, and has a capacity about double that of the first one.

At present a third great tunnel is in course of construction under the waves of Lake Michigan. This was determined upon because the water now pumped from the crib is sometimes contaminated by the sewage, particularly when great storms rage, and because it had become evident that the two North Side tunnels would not long supply the demands of the rapidly growing city. The shore shaft is near the foot of Twelfth street, two miles south of Chicago avenue. It will be four miles in length and is being constructed much like the others, except that dynamite is employed to loosen the clay.

Up to the present time a little more than half a mile has been constructed. For the first 250 feet it is eight feet in diameter. At that distance it became necessary to fork it out into two parallel tunnels six feet in diameter. The engineers hope to be able to unite them further on into the one eight-foot bore, but there is some uncertainty about it.

It is expected that the entire four-mile tunnel will be completed in a year and a half, after which the city will be insured an ample supply of pure water under all circumstances.

Six hundred and seventy-seven miles of water mains, varying in size from three to thirty-six inches in diameter, are in use. Of sewers there are 475 miles, varying in diameter from one to nine feet. Besides, the streets are filled with conduits for telegraph, telephone, and electric light wires, while the gas mains rival in extent those of the water department.

There are two passenger tunnels under the Chicago River, one at Washington street connecting the South and West Sides, and one at LaSalle street connecting the South and North Sides, or divisions, of the city. They are triumphs of engineering, and cost in the aggregate about $1,000,000. Both of these great submarine thoroughfares have a double roadway for vehicles and one for pedestrians, the latter being entirely separate from the former. They are lighted by electricity.

CHINESE OPIUM JOINT.

The use of these tunnels has been sold to the North and West Side Street Railway companies. The one at LaSalle street has been for some time in successful operation, and the other is now undergoing repairs and alterations and will soon be in use. In both the motive power is a cable in connection with the regular "grip-car" lines. They do away with delays caused by the opening of bridges to permit vessels to pass, and will prove a substantial benefit to the people.

DWIGHT BALDWIN.

Indian Horsemanship.

It has been suggested that the easiest way to solve the "Indian problem," of which we hear so much, would be to employ all the idle Indians as soldiers. They are not, to-be-sure, amenable to the minor details of discipline, but they are equal to the Cossacks in all that goes to make up dashing cavalrymen. They are absolutely fearless, good shots, capable of enduring great fatigue and privation, and they are splendid riders.

A newspaper correpondent, having visited an Arapahoe camp, gives the following account of an Indian drill, ordered for his amusement:

"Fifty fine looking young men, mounted upon ponies, drew up before the tents. At a signal from the chief they began their evolutions with a loud yell.

"In a moment they disappeared over a neighboring hill. Then there suddenly rose a mighty tramping of feet, and they swept past again, so compact that I only saw a ball made of horses and men.

"Splitting in two, one body swept to the right and another to the left, and again they disappeared. Presently they charged each other in solid lines, and while the spectator waited breathlessly for the shock of collision, the files skillfully opened to the right and left, and the lines passed the intervals without touching.

"Now came the moment for displaying individual horemanship. Some of the riders approached, each lying so close to the pony's back that nothing but the horse could be seen. Others stood erect upon the animals' backs. Some hung to the horse by one foot and one hand, so that their bodies were completely protected by those of the ponies.

"These young warriors threw objects upon the ground and picked them up at full gallop, and drew bows and arrows from beneath the horses' necks. Some of the men exchanged horses while riding.

"Again, a man would fall from his horse, as if wounded, and two others riding up beside him, would take him by an arm and a leg, swing him between their horses and carry him off.

"This exhibition lasted nearly two hours."

Arabella's Effort.

"Is, oh, is this really the love?" said Arabella Todkins, "that Amelia Ives and Abi Jinkman describe so thrillingly. Oh, tell me, Adolphus, is it the same?"

"It is, my love," answered Adolphus, tenderly, as he gave her a passionate embrace which nearly dislocated her left ear. "The very same."

"Are you certain, darling?" cried Arabella, lifting her beautiful head from the right-hand corner of his manly breast. "Oh, let there be no mistake."

"Describe your symptoms, dearest," answered Adolphus, gracefully displacing a fly which was nestling in her dimpled chin.

"I feel," said Arabella, as she gave a great gulp, "as if my heart would leap from my throbbing breast. My throat contracts and then expands. The muscles of my throat leap back and forth, and my windpipe——"

"Arabella," interrupted Adolphus, sadly, "go no farther; I regret your disappointment, but it's only an old-fashioned hiccough, and—you'll have to try again."

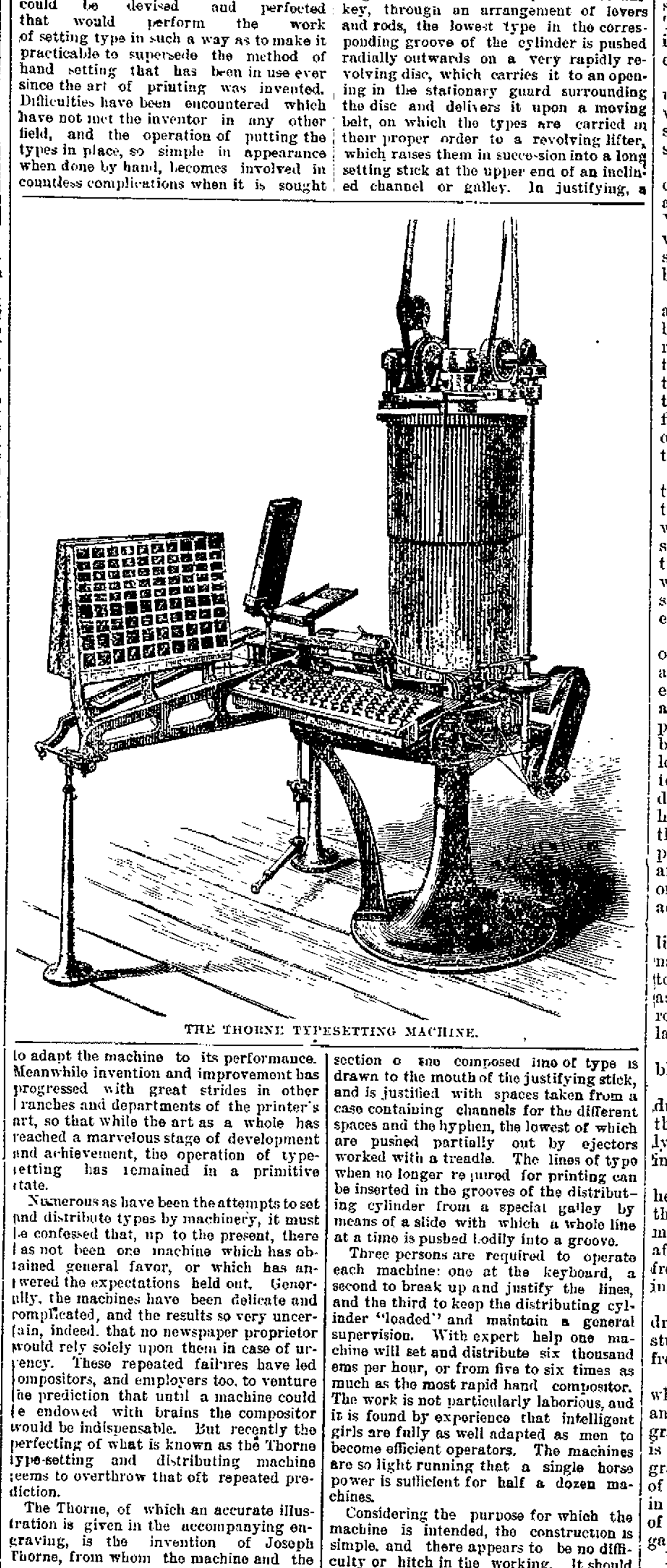
"THE worm that dieth not" is the cotton worm. He comes around to take a boll as regularly as the bar-room beat comes for his lunch.

A MARVELOUS MACHINE.

THE THORNE CONTRIVANCE FOR SETTING TYPE.

A Labor-Saving Invention that Seems Adapted to the Practical Requirements of a Printing Office A Description of the Machine.

Whether or not type can be successfully set by a machine, and whether the machine can be adapted to the practical requirements of a printing office, is a question toward the solution of which the efforts of inventive genius have been continuously directed for many years. From one point of view it may be regarded as strange that the wonderful results that have been reached in other directions in the production of machines capable of performing the most complicated operations with almost human intelligence and more than human precision, have not been sooner paralleled in type setting, in which so large a proportion of the work is purely mechanical. On the other hand those practically familiar with the details of the work of the composing room have cherished grave doubts whether a machine could be devised and perfected that would perform the work of setting type in such a way as to make it practicable to supersede the method of hand setting that has been in use ever since the art of printing was invented. Difficulties have been encountered which have not met the inventor in any other field, and the operation of putting the types in place, so simple in appearance when done by hand, becomes involved in countless complications when it is sought to adapt the machine to its performance. Meanwhile invention and improvement has progressed with great strides in other branches and departments of the printer's art, so that while the art as a whole has reached a marvelous stage of development and achievement, the operation of typesetting has remained in a primitive state.



THE THORNE TYPESETTING MACHINE.

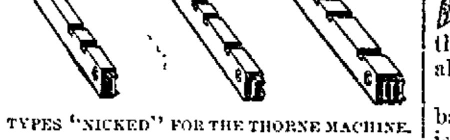
Numerous as have been the attempts to set and distribute types by machinery, it must be confessed that, up to the present, there has not been one machine which has obtained general favor, or which has answered the expectations held out. Generally, the machines have been delicate and complicated, and the results so very uncertain, indeed, that no newspaper proprietor would rely solely upon them in case of urgency. These repeated failures have led compositors, and employers too, to venture the prediction that until a machine could be endowed with brains the compositor would be indispensable. But recently the perfecting of what is known as the Thorne type-setting and distributing machine seems to overthrow that oft repeated prediction.

The Thorne, of which an accurate illustration is given in the accompanying engraving, is the invention of Joseph Thorne, from whom the machine and the company now engaged in its manufacture were named. The invention dates back to 1880, although the improvements which the last eight years of mental and mechanical labor upon it have effected have so metamophorphsed the original that the present perfected machine scarcely resembles the crude affair which first embodied the inventor's idea. At various times the Thorne has been exhibited and tested in competition with other type-setting machines in Europe and America, with results most decidedly in its favor. It is doubtful, however, if any other machine has ever been subjected to the severe test which has been applied to the Thorne, one of them being in continuous use in the office of a Hartford Conn., daily paper for nearly a year—a test which may be said to have thoroughly demonstrated its practicability, not only for general composition but also for the sterner requirements of daily newspaper work.

OPERATING THE MACHINE.

The Thorne type-setting machine consists of two iron cylinders, about fifteen inches in diameter, placed perpendicularly one above the other, in the external surface of each of which are cut longtitudinally ninety channels or receptacles for the types which are to be used in it. Within the channels of the lower cylinder are inserted "wards," or small steel projections extending in various relative positions through their entire length, which correspond respectively with "nicks" specially made in the type—the purpose of which is, in distributing the letters, to automatically divert each letter from the mass of letters in the upper or distributing cylinder to its appropriate place in the lower or setting cylinder, so that each channel in the latter shall receive types of only the particular character intended for and adapted to it. The work of distribution is carried on automatically by the revolution of the upper cylinder over the lower, with an intermittent motion, thereby causing the channels of the upper cylinder at each step to coincide with and rest directly over similar channels in the setting cylinder, which remains stationary. By means of the "nicks" in the type and the "wards" in the lower or setting cylinder a type of a given character can only fall into its own proper groove in the latter: in these grooves the types rest on a bottom plate. The types in the distributing cylinder are in the order they come from the forms, but by the step-like motion of the cylinder and the action of the wards in the channels of the setting cylinder the types are automatically sorted, so that each channel of the stationary cylinder contains only types of the same kind.

Composing is effected from a key-board—like that of a type-writer on a somewhat larger scale. By the depression of any key, through an arrangement of levers and rods, the lowest type in the corresponding groove of the cylinder is pushed radially outwards on a very rapidly revolving disc, which carries it to an opening in the stationary guard surrounding the disc and delivers it upon a moving belt, on which the types are carried in their proper order to a revolving lifter, which raises them in succession into a long setting stick at the upper end of an inclined channel or galley. In justifying, a section of the composed line of type is drawn to the mouth of the justifying stick, and is justified with spaces taken from a case containing channels for the different spaces and the hyphen, the lowest of which are pushed partially out by ejectors worked with a treadle. The lines of type when no longer required for printing can be inserted in the grooves of the distributing cylinder from a special galley by means of a slide with which a whole line at a time is pushed bodily into a groove.



TYPES "NICKED" FOR THE THORNE MACHINE.

Three persons are required to operate each machine: one at the keyboard, a second to break up and justify the lines, and the third to keep the distributing cylinder "loaded" and maintain a general supervision. With expert help one machine will set and distribute six thousand ems per hour, or from five to six times as much as the most rapid hand compositor. The work is not particularly laborious, and it is found by experience that intelligent girls are fully as well adapted as men to become efficient operators. The machines are so light running that a single horse power is sufficient for half a dozen machines.

Considering the purpose for which the machine is intended, the construction is simple, and there appears to be no difficulty or hitch in the working. It should be remarked that by manipulating the keys in one direction only, several keys may be touched simultaneously, without risk of the characters becoming transposed; in working the opposite way each key must be touched separately. The machine is driven from a shaft by two small belts. One belt transmits motion to the revolving disc below the typesetting cylinder and to the type lifter, whilst the other belt, by means of a tightening pulley and ratchet gear, produces the step-by step-motion of the distributing cylinder.

Ramming Ice Floes.

No stronger vessels than those of the Dundee whalers are built; they are from 400 to 1,000 tons displacement, have powerful, well-secured engines to resist the shock of ramming or stoppage of the propeller by ice, and are built with an eye to the easy and rapid replacement of rudder, propeller and propeller shaft if damaged, these parts being carried in duplicate. Above all other considerations, they possess strength for ramming as well as resistance to lateral pressure when nipped.

Another very important feature is that the bow shall have considerable inclination, which permits the vessel, when ramming very heavy ice, to lift slightly and slide on it, thus easing the shock and assisting the cutting action of the bow with the downward crushing weight of the ship. In this way it is possible for these steamers at full speed to ram ice over twenty feet thick and receive no immediate incapacitating damage.

If the ice is not too heavy the shear-like rise and fall of the bow is repeated several times as the vessel steams powerfully ahead until her headway is checked. The difficulty then is to extract the ship from the dock she has cut by her advance.

The Reason.

Two men, in the dining-room of a hotel, were watching a hungry fellow who sat near them.

"Waiter," said the hungry fellow, "bring me some fried perch."

After he had eaten the perch he ordered a broiled bass and, after devouring it, said:

"Now just bring me along any other fish that you happen to have handy."

"That fellow is extremely fond of fish," said one of the men.

"Not so much that he is fond of them as the fact that he hasn't had any for a long time."

"He could get them, I am sure. The markets are full of them."

"Yes, but you see he has been beyond the reach of the markets; he has just returned from a fishing expedition."

THE MUSIC OF THE FIRESIDE.

BY EVA KATHARINE CLAPP.

A FAVORITE discussion, of late, with the critics of the day, has been the music of the future.

Whether the forceful intellectuality of Wagner's sublime harmonies shall lead us out and up to the Alp-like summits of an entirely novel experience in music, a new school of sound, springing phœnix-like from the old, as chemistry arose from alchemy, or not, remains to be seen.

This may be the result; or, slipping back into the grooves of conventionalism, we may resign ourselves to lotus-eating dreams, lulled by the sensuous strains of less complex compositions. The question is one that is fraught with interest, to the high priests and priestesses of art and æstheticism chiefly.

In the meantime, the vast army of us, the rank and file of humanity, as we march along, time our steady footsteps to the cheery music of the fireside.

It is a low-toned, unobtrusive and comfortable melody, scarcely noticed amidst earth's more turbulent noises. Yet, what a dread and awful stillness would it leave in our lives should it suddenly go out and forever cease to be.

In the morning this fireside music is a kind of choral hymn, wherein are blended the voices of the children, raised in affectionate morning greeting; the silvery ripple of their happy laughter ripples through all the composition. It is the variation, played in flute-like tones upon the sober theme of breakfast table, household conversation.

And now, the canary bird, hearing the joyous stir about him, concludes that it is high time for him to strike in with his part, and he pipes up, with spirit, giving us a pleasing variety of trills, shakes, runs and roulades; while the pet dog contributes a few staccato yelps, purely from a spirit of emulation.

The coffee urn makes no noise, only offers up a fragrant incense of steam, as its share of the performance; but at evening, when the family shall gather around the cheerful fire, where snapping and crackling coals, like the tambourine in an orchestra, are more for looks than for sound, then the boiling teakettle will sing melodiously, a dreamy soft alto, and (if our fireside happens to be in an old country house: the cricket, sweet minstrel of domestic peace, will emerge from his secret nook, and tuning his violin to a high and resonant pitch he will pipe in pleasant accord to the kettle's low drone.

And now, perhaps, leading this delightful orchestra of quaint and original if humble musicians, softly rises toward heaven the voice of the mother, as with a tender lullaby she gently rocks her nestling off into slumberland. And call you not this harmony?

It is the harmony of home, the blessed music of the fireside.

The mother's slumber song, the children's laughter, the cricket's carol—this is music that inspires the manly heart to renewed efforts each day, in the paths of honorable toil.

It is music like this that softens the heart toward our fellow strugglers through life's vicissitudes. It is the music of sweet and wholesome home affections, bubbling up incessantly from the deep heart of life and chanting praise to the giver of all good.

It is not the result of any painful drill nor acquired by weary years of study. It solaces the cottage even more freely than it does the mansion.

Sweet as the thrushes' matin call, when the June sunrise flushes the east, and the wild rose exhales in fragrance the secret of her dreams, it is heartfelt and full of ministering grace for our fainting souls as the song of angels, and cheerful as the first day in Eden, when Eve, in the joyousness of innocence, laughed aloud as she gazed upon the beauty around her.

Here's a health to the shade of the glorious master, Wagner, a health to all artists and composers in the divine art of music; but after all, the music that we should miss the most, the music that makes life endurable, that sounds sweetly, even to the ears of the cherubim and seraphim, is the cheerful yet holy music of the fireside.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

The man who kant find ennything to do in this world iz az bad oph az a yearling heffer.

Thare iz no pashun ov the human heart that promises so much and pays so little az revenge.

Thare haint no man yet lived long enuff in this world tew doubt the infallibility ov hiz judgement.

Thare iz this odds between a humorous lekter and a scientiffick one—yu hav got to understand the humorous lekter tew enjoy it, but you kan enjoy the scientiffick one without understanding it.

It iz but a step from zeal tew bigotry, but it iz a step that iz most generally taken.

Don't lay enny certain plans for the fewter; it iz like planting tuds, and expekting to raize tudstools.

No man yet who had strength ov mind enuff ever resorted tew cunning. Cunning iz haff brother tew fear, and they are both ov them weakness.

Natur once in a while makes a phool; but, az a general thing, phools, like garments, are made tew order.

A man who iz good company for himself iz alwus good company for others.

Genuine praize consists in naming a man's faultz to hiz face, and hiz good qualities tew hiz back.

One ov the best temporary cures for pride and affektashun that I have ever seen tried iz sea-sickness; a man who wants tew vomit never puts on airs.

A fault concealed iz but little better than one indulged in.

Witty speeches are like throwing stones at a target—the more time spent in taking aim, the less danger thare iz in hitting the mark.

I have alwus noticed one thing, when a person bekums disgusted with this world, and konkludes to withdraw from it, the world very kindly lets the person went.

Woman haz no friendships. She either loves, despises, or hates.

A day in the life ov an old man iz like one ov the last days in the fall ov the year—every hour brings a change in the weather.

A coquette in love iz just about az tame az a bottle of ginger pop that haz stood sum time with the cork pulled out.—*New York Weekly.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY AND ABLY CONSIDERED.

A Scholarly Exposition of the Lesson—Thoughts Worthy of Calm Reflection—Half an Hour's Study of the Scriptures—Time Well Spent.

The lesson for Sunday, Nov. 24, may be found in 1 Kings, 3: 5-15.

INTRODUCTORY.

Solomon is the type of a wise man, as Absalom was of a foolish son. He was the youngest of David's children, being born in Jerusalem after the establishment of the kingdom there. He was well trained, his instructor being the prophet Nathan, and one of the pertinent lessons here is the value of a good and wholesome education. The main teaching, however, is the significance of a right choice. Teachers will do well to impress on their pupils that youth is the time for decision as to the aim of life, and no choice is invariably, constituted and circumstanced as we are, wrong choice. "Choose you this day whom you will serve."

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

My God. Solomon accepts Jehovah as his own as well as David's God.——Thou. His kingship was not of his own grasping (see Absalom). His was the divine right of kings.——A little child. In his own esteem; a word of humility. Solomon was at this time, it is supposed, nineteen or twenty years old.——Go out. For aggression.——Come in. For preservation.

In the midst of thy people. It was no insignificant charge.——Chosen. It was a precious charge.——A great people. A heavy and burdensome charge.——Counted. A hyperbolical statement, signifying too great to number.

Understanding. Hebrew, hearing. The reference is probably God-ward rather than man-ward.——To judge. That is, to give justice, to hear their cases of dispute and decide righteously.——Discover. Literally, to perceive, to view narrowly, discriminate.

Speech. The overture or request.——Pleased the Lord. Literally was good in the eyes of the Lord.——This thing. In the Hebrew the term for "word" and "thing" is the same (davar); it therefore occurs twice in this verse, once at the opening, translated "speech," and again here.

Asked for thyself. His request had been unselfish and in his people's behalf.——Riches for thyself. Absence of cupidity.——The life of thine enemies. Absence of truculence and vengefulness.——Hast asked for thyself. It was a severe test for any man to pass through. How many of us would have met it as well?

According to thy word. In the long run, Providence accounts to us just what we persistently seek.——Wise. Sagacious This is to be seen in the shrewd, political alliances made and the far-sighted commercial transactions entered into.——None like thee before thee. Solomon was the flower of Israel and indeed of all nations, thus far.——Neither after thee. Until Christ came (Matt. 12: 42).

Also given thee. God's giving is according to grace—to those who come into right relations with him.——Thou hast not asked. How far beyond our prayers God's blessings.——Riches and honor. See the testimony of the Queen of Sheba. (1 Kings, 10: 69.)——Like unto thee. Solomon brought Israel to be renowned among the nations, as David brought her to be feared.

If. The condition relates to the maintenance of this glory. It was given freely. So with God's gifts to-day.——Then I will lengthen thy days. It can scarcely be said that the condition was met. (1 Kings, 11: 1-8). He died when about sixty years of age. (1 Kings, 11: 42).

Behold, it was a dream. Better, and behold a dream, i. e., lo, he had had a dream, from God.——And he came to Jerusalem. His immediate conduct gives proof that the dream was accepted by Solomon as a divine communication.——A feast to all his servants. This second feast was more significant than the former.

This great kindness. The same word in the Hebrew as mercy above. He refers here to a special favor, so also esteemed by David. (2 Sam. 7: 19).

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

Ask what I shall give thee. It is the question put to every young man. At the beginning of life choice may be made. God gives us the privilege of saying what it is we seek pre-eminently. There comes a time in every life when the deliberate decision is made, and the after life is largely determined by the nature of the choice then made. Some decide to live for self, and the after life is full of selfishness. Some decide to labor for riches, and riches come. Others choose to give the life to helping others, and thus follows a career of philanthropy; or to make the most of this life for laying up treasure in heaven, and there is a blessed record of souls sought and won. In this sense also the Scripture is true, "Ask and it shall be given unto you." Great mercy. Twice this occurs in this one verse, for "great kindness" below is the same expression in the Hebrew. It seems well to see this word thus early in Solomon's vocabulary. The son is a worthy successor of a worthy sire, and it promises well for the reign to see the son so early finding the paths of his father's success. For if there was any word dear to David it was that word mercy—"for his mercy endureth forever;" and if there was anything that could be quoted as the secret of his success it is to be found hidden, and yet scarcely hidden, in this significant word. The saddest thing about Solomon's life was that he allowed his phenomenal advancement in worldly things to draw his heart away from simple trust in the grace of God. When Solomon ceased to speak of "great mercy" he began to prepare for great failure.

Thou hast kept for him this great kindness. It was a mercy in reserve. How little we know of the things "kept" for us. The mercies given are great; what can we say of the blessing yet to be bestowed. Grace is ours now, glory hereafter. But it is to be noted that David anticipated this very blessing when he said, "This was yet a small thing in thy sight, O Lord God; but thou hast spoken also of thy servant's house for a long while to come." He enjoyed the pleasures of sanctified life, by faith the substance of things not seen were his, he knew the joy of the blessing in reserve. "Eye hath not seen," we say, "nor ear heard, neither hath it entered the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." But remember, "God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit." Why not then begin to enjoy them now?

I know not how to go out or come in. It is a confession all of us might well make. To God we must resort for our equipment for service. And especially is this so of those called to lead amongst men. What pastor or superintendent or teacher, or, for that matter, what parent has felt equal to the double task imposed by Providence upon him? For he needs to know both the going-out and the coming-in, how to be a captain for aggression and a shepherd for defense at one and the same time. Who can teach us of this save he who is to us all the captain of our salvation and the shepherd of our souls, and who would have us learn of him?

Give, therefore, thy servant an understanding heart. It is, literally, a hearkening heart; that is, a heart that learns wisdom by its very meekness. Saul on the way to Damascus was in a condition to hear the voice that spake as well as see the light that shone. They that were with him "saw indeed the light and were afraid, but they heard not the voice of him that spake." Over in Corinthians (14: 2) we read of the man that speaketh with an unknown tongue that "no man understandeth him." In the margin "heareth" is suggested as the meaning of the original. It is the same word used here, though in a different language. The way to begin to understand is to first begin to hear and heed. That word religion is the opposite of the word negligence (religion vs. negligence), and its primary meaning is to give heed to the higher powers. To listen to what God says to the heart is to be able to teach others aright. An understanding heart must first be an obedient heart.

And he came to Jerusalem and stood before the ark. That was the way to make the vision a reality. Behold it was a dream, says the verse just before. Straightway he goes and communes with the Lord God and offers sacrifices; and now one feels like saying, Behold it was not all a dream! It is a good thought, a divine impulse, we may say, put into execution. Has God spoken to you in his providence? Through affliction, or it may be prosperity, in some silent hour of meditation, or in the watches of the night, have you caught a vision of better things? Then it is for you to say what it shall mean for you. Shall it be dream only or shall it be blessed deed? A time there is when it may be called not more than the baseless fabric of a dream. Take the good thought or message and make it over into reality. Then shall there be occasion for the feast of thanksgiving.

Next Lesson: "The Temple Dedicated." — 1 Kings 8: 54-63.

A THANKSGIVING WISHBONE.

BY J. W. BURGESS.

Jenny and Johnny, and Albert and Mary
Sat at the table on Thanksgiving Day.
The turkey, all stuffed, and basted and brown,
Upon a big platter was turned upside down;
With its legs pointed skyward, its wings pinioned back,
As old Farmer Johnson began the attack.
He carved a nice piece from the rich steaming breast,
And passed to his wife—the first piece, and best;
Then said, "Now, Miss Jenny, what cut do you like?"
"O, please give me just what you happen to strike—
Some white meat, or dark, or a leg, or a wing."
She was a guest, and a sweet, pretty thing
Of some eighteen years, and the farmer's boy Johnnie
Thought never a damsel was one-half so bonnie.
The farmer's boy Albert was equally sure
That May—Jennie's sister—his heartache could cure.
And so these two sisters, by special request,
Were there to take dinner, dressed up in their best.
Jennie was pretty, and dainty, though vain,
While May was more sensible, homely, and plain.
"Give Jennie the wishbone," said Johnnie at last;
Accordingly, to her the wishbone was passed,
And all the while that her dinner she ate,
The wishbone was resting close by her plate.
With united action, they all waded in,
'Till their knives and their forks made a regular din.
The turkey, when finally laid on the shelf,
Was only a wreck of its once gorgeous self.
The squash, the potatoes, and cranberry sauce,
And mince pie and pumpkin, with crust all embossed,
Had each done its duty, and every one
Drew back and declared the dinner was done.
"Now, then, who will wish?" cried Jennie, the fair,
As high up she held the wishbone in air.
"I will!" said they all, and then came a scuffle
Insomuch that the wishbone was lost in the shuffle.
May was the first one the wishbone to spy,
And pursued by Johnnie, she quickly did fly
Clear through the sitting-room, into the hall,
In chamber, in cellar, in parlor, and all.
Then from their exhaustion dropped into a chair,
With cheeks all aglow, and tumble-down hair;
And Johnnie rushed up, and without much ado,
Smacked a kiss on her lips, and I don't know but two.
"Let us wish," said May, "for I still have the bone.
It is due you, I think, for your chase to atone."
Now, dear reader, we ought to have told you before,
That, though May liked Albert, she loved Johnnie more,
And her honest wish, when she pulled on that bone,
Was that some day she might have him all for her own.
They pulled on the wishbone, and May won the toss,
But what was her gain was by no means his loss,
For from that very minute affairs took a turn,
And Johnnie and May are so friendly, we learn,
That when Thanksgiving Day again takes its place
They'll have hooked up together for life's rugged race.
We know not what Alfred and Jennie will do,
But the neighbors all think they will get married, too.
Now May is ready at all times to own
That there's boundless virtue in a turkey's wishbone.

LIKED TO MAKE A SHOW.

BY DRIFT.

"The Beggerley's coming here to spend Thanksgiving?" said Mrs. Nettleby. "Not if I know it."

Mrs. Nettleby was a close-fisted and calculating woman, who lived in a handsome house in a stylish neighborhood in N——, and was one of those who, as her maid-of-all-work expressed it, "would skin a flea to save the hide and tallow." Mrs. Nettleby liked to make a show, but she had a deep-rooted aversion to spending. And entertaining company on Thanksgiving Day was one of the things that could not be accomplished without the latter concomitant.

Mr. Nettleby, a little, weak-minded man, who viewed his big wife with respectful admiration, looked dubiously at her.

"But, my dear," said he, "how are you going to help it? They've sent word they are coming."

"I'll go to your sister Belinda's, up in Sugartuck County."

Mr. Nettleby felt of his chin. "They haven't invited us," said he; "that is, not especially."

"O, fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Nettleby. "Belinda's always glad to see me and the children. And as for staying at home to gorge Mrs. Beggerley and her six children, and Mr. Beggerley's two sisters, I won't do it. Why, such a turkey as they would expect would cost three dollars at the very least. Get me a time-table, Nettleby. Send word to Mrs. Beggerley that I've gone away to spend Thanksgiving."

Mr. Nettleby, who never dreamed of opposing his wife's will in this or any other matter, wrote the letter accordingly, and put it in his coat-tail pocket, where it remained; for he forgot all about it. Mrs. Nettleby packed up her own things and the things of the four little Nettlebys, and took the afternoon train for Scrag Hollow, in Sugartuck County.

"Mamma," said Theodora Nettleby—the juvenile scions of the house of Nettleby all had high-sounding appellations—"it looks all shut up and lonely. I don't believe any one is at home."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Nettleby. "People in the country always live in the back part of the house." And carrying a heavy carpet-bag in her hand she trudged around to the rear door, followed by Theodora, Lavinia, Evangeline and Gervase, each lugging a smaller bag.

Nobody responded to her repeated volley of knocks, but presently a little old woman, who had come from a neighboring cottage to the well for water, was made to understand what was wanted.

"Mrs. Peckfield?" said the little old woman, in the high-pitched, shrill voice which so often accompanies deafness. "You're her cousin from the city, come to spend Thanksgiving! Well; if that ain't too bad! Mrs. Peckfield started this very afternoon for Ladd's Depot; got some relations as lives there."

"That's very strange," said Mrs. Nettleby. "I telegraphed to her that I was coming."

"Couldn't a got the telegraph, I guess," said the little woman. But Mrs. Nettleby knew better than that, for under the corner of the piazza there lay a torn envelope of the Western Union Telegraph. And she knew that Mrs. Peckfield had fled from her, just as she, Mrs. Nettleby, had fled before the Beggerley family.

"But I'll be even with her," said Mrs. Nettleby, grinding her false teeth. "I'll go to Ladd's Depot. What are the names of her relations there?"

The little old woman, after some meditation, said that it was Jones. At least she thought it was Jones. She wasn't quite certain. It might be Smith, or it might be Brown. But she believed it was Jones. And she believed they lived on Thorn street. It was a long walk back to the railroad depot, and the four little Nettlebys were tired and cross, but they fortunately succeeded in reaching it before the last northward train started. But it was an express and didn't stop at small places like Ladd's Depot, as Mrs. Nettleby found to her cost when she paid five dollars for a hack to take her back to Ladd's Depot.

On inquiry it was found that there were about half a dozen families of the name of Jones at Ladd's Depot. The first place to which they drove on Thorn street was a tenement house, where they all had the scarlet fever. "Oh, my!" said Mrs. Nettleby, "drive on, quick. This isn't the place!"

The next was a clergyman's house, where a full-fledged prayer-meeting was going briskly on. "*This* isn't the place, either," said poor Mrs. Nettleby, waxing more and more in despair.

And the third was a vinegar-faced old maid who lived with her married sister, and "never had heard the name of Peckfield in her life."

"What *shall* I do?" said Mrs. Nettleby.

"Better go to a hotel, ma'am," said the hackman, who himself was beginning to get out of patience.

"But it costs so much," said Mrs. Nettleby. "And to-morrow is Thanksgiving Day. Is there a train goes back to-night?"

"THAT'S VERY STRANGE; I TELEGRAPHED HER I WAS COMING."

"To-night?" said the hackman. "Why, it's past eleven a'ready! And my horses has got the epizootic, and I couldn't keep 'em out no longer, not for nobody! But I s'pose I could take you to the twelve-thirty night express for a little extra!"

And this moderate specimen of the tribe of hackmen consented to be satisfied with eight dollars.

"Ma?" whispered Gervase, "where are we going?"

"Home," said Mrs. Nettleby, pronouncing the word as if it were a peanut shell she was cracking. There was one comfort, though—the Beggerley family would have been repulsed by that time; and, after all, cold beef was a cheaper way of supplying the table than turkey at thirty cents a pound.

It was 2 o'clock the next day when she reached her own door, having paid in hack and car fare enough to buy half a dozen ten-pound turkeys, and with jaded and fretful children, a violent headache on her own score, and one of the traveling-bags lost! "I'll stay at home after this," said Mrs. Nettleby to herself. "Eh! Parlor window-blinds open! People talking! I do believe Nettleby's got company to Thanksgiving, after all!" And her heart sank down into the soles of her boots. It was quite true. The servant-maid, with a red and flurried face, opened the door.

"Mary!" said Mrs. Nettleby, "who's here?"

"Lots of people, ma'am," said Mary, looking guiltily over her shoulder.

"Where are they?" demanded her mistress.

"In the dining-room, ma'am." And Mary threw open the door, thereby disclosing a long table with three huge turkeys, well browned, and a savory chicken-pie that was a mountain in itself, and a glass reservoir of cranberry sauce that set Mrs. Nettleby calculating at once as to the probable amount of dollars sunk in its crimson billows; while, seated in hospitable array around the board, were Mr. and Mrs. Beggerley, the two sisters, and the six little Beggerleys, Mr. and Mrs. Smithers, seven little Smitherses, and the six Leonards of Maine, second cousins of Mr. Nettleby—twenty-six in all—including her husband.

Mrs. Nettleby and her children sat down and ate their Thanksgiving dinner with what appetite they might. But Nettleby had rather a hard time of it that night.

"My dear," said that sacrificial lamb, "what was I to do? They didn't get the letter. They said they had come to spend Thanksgiving, and of course I had to order dinner. What else could I do?"

"Do?" repeated Mrs. Nettleby, in accents of the bitterest scorn, "couldn't you close all the blinds, and lock the front door, and go down cellar and pretend not to be at home? I've no patience with you!"

Three days afterward the three youngest Nettlebys broke out with scarlet fever. The seven little Smitherses took it of them, the maid took it of the Smitherses, and Mrs. Nettleby had her winter's work before her.

"I wish to goodness I had stayed at home," thought Mrs. Nettleby.

And the amount of thankfulness she felt that year was not oppressive, in spite of the Governor's Thanksgiving proclamation.

"I DON'T BELIEVE ANYONE IS AT HOME."

A Presuming Little Girl.

A little girl, who made very frequent use of the word "guess," was one day reproved for it by her teacher.

"Don't say 'guess,' Mary," said Miss Jones, "say 'presume.'"

Presently one of Mary's little playmates coming up to her, remarked:

"I think your cape is very pretty, and my mamma wants your mamma to lend her the pattern, because she is going to make me one like it."

"My mamma has no pattern," was the prompt reply; "she cut it by presume."

It has been stated that the lamented Father Damien attributed his leprosy to the inoculaton of an abrasion in the scalp through the agency of flies.

BRUIN IN A TRAP.

A HUNTER CATCHES TWO BEARS IN AN ODD WAY,

Bruin Caught in a Trap Which Swings Him About Helplessly in the Air—A Ludicrous Scene and Its Ending.

Absalom Quick, who has a cabin on Big Kettle Creek, saw a lively illustration of the fun-loving propensity of the Pennsylvania bear a few days ago, which culminated in an exciting manifestation also of the disposition of Bruin to tear things. Quick was deer hunting, in company with three other hunters, and occupying his cabin. On returning to the cabin one night the hunters discovered that a bear had been prowling around it, and had actually been making an attempt to burglarize it. He had given up the job for some reason or other, but Quick, knowing a thing or two about bears, declared this bear would be back again next day to complete the job.

"I'm gointer git that b'ar," said Quick, "an' I'm gointer git him peculiar."

Next morning Quick proceeded to lay his plans to intercept Bruin. Among the trees that were growing about the cabin was a whiteoak sapling, five inches through at the butt. It tapered gradually to the top, which was twenty-five feet above the ground. The sapling was straight from butt to tip. Quick climbed it and trimmed it of its limbs. Among his traps in the cabin was several feet of small but strong rope. Quick deftly tied a smooth-slipping noose in one end of the rope. By the combined efforts of the four men the oak sapling was bent over until its tip was within three feet of the ground. While the tree was held in that position Quick tied the rope securely to the tip, and, by an ingenious arrangement of pegs and notched sticks he had prepared for the occasion, he soon had the noose end of the rope fastened on the ground. By this the bent sapling was held in place, it being necessary to but slightly touch the delicately arranged sticks on the ground to release the rope and permit the sapling to slip back to its place. The trap was set close to the cabin door.

"I never ketched no b'ar this way," said Quick; "but if it don't work, then I don't know b'ars."

The hunters then went out on the ridge after deer, leaving the cabin door open, with a tempting piece of pork just inside the sill. A mile from the cabin the men separated to go to different runways. Soon afterward, while Quick was making his way down a steep pitch on the side of the ridge, he caught his foot in a root and fell heavily to the ground. Quick is a genuine woodsman, and if he had received any physical injury in the fall it must have been serious to cause him any great concern; but in falling he broke a bottle he had in his pocket, and the contents were lost. There was nothing left of them but the aggravating aroma that ladened the air. It was a cold day, and there were to be possible long hours of weary waiting at a runway for the coming of a deer. There was at the cabin more of what the bottle had contained. Quick stood his gun against a tree and hurried back to headquarters. He stepped cautiously over the bear trap at the cabin door, and was filling a new bottle from a demijohn when a noise outside caused him to turn his head and look out of the door. He saw a medium-sized bear making a bee-line toward the trap. Quick was only a few feet back from the door, but the bear evidently saw nothing but the piece of pork. The bear never stopped, but slouched right up to the snare that had been laid for him, and got both forefeet inside the loop. The sapling flew up with a noise like a gust of wind in a chimney. The bear disappeared from Quick's view at the same time. But the next second he appeared on the line of vision again, dancing and teetering around in the open space in front of the cabin like a ball on an elastic string. The rope had caught the bear around the body just back of the forelegs. With every effort he made to free himself the sapling raised him a foot or two from the ground, and kept him dancing like a baby in a baby jumper. The bear snapped and snarled and snorted. He struck and sparred at the rope. Now and then, by some particularly vicious lurch, he bent the sapling so that he could throw himself flat on his back, but instantly the stiff and springy oak would get its work in again and yank the bear back in the air until everything snapped. The involuntary antics of the bear struck Quick as being so extremely comical that he at last had to yell with laughter. It was not until then that the bear discovered Quick, and he seemed to look upon the hunter as being responsible for his extraordinary situation, for he at once made desperate attempts to get in the cabin and have it out with Quick. He would manage to dance and swing to the very threshold, and then his frantic struggles would give the sapling a new chance at him, and it would lift him up and snatch him away, his legs spreading out to all points of the compass, like a big spider swinging at the end of its depending web.

When this had been repeated three or four times Quick began to fear that he would burst with laughter and the bear with fury unless something was done to put a stop to the circus. Quick's gun was a mile away. He was about to look around and see what he could find to kill the bear with when he saw another bear, a good deal bigger than the one in the snare, come ambling out of the bushes. This one stopped within a few feet of where the first bear was bobbing and sparring around in front of the cabin, gazed at the performance a minute or two in evident astonishment. Then the fun of the thing seemed to strike him all in a heap, too, for he drew nearer, and, rising on his haunches, took to giving the snared bear a tap or two with his forepaws as the sapling danced and teetered him around. That increased the fury of the snared bear, and he turned his attention from Quick, and tried to get his clutches on the bear that was tantalizing him. But he couldn't stay long enough in one place to make a success of it.

After giving the dancing bear a clip a good many times as he circled around, the other bear seemed to see still more fun than he was having, and, watching his opportunity, he grabbed the first bear by the back and ran across the opening, pushing him ahead of him. When he had gone as far as the rope would let him, he gave the bear a last and a hearty shove and let go. The bear at the end of the rope sailed up almost to the branches of the surrounding trees, and then came rushing back. The impetus of the rush sent him among the trees on the other side. The other bear stood on his haunches and gazed on the result of his effort with unmistakable enjoyment. But the snared bear swished back again, and brought up against the bear that was having the fun, and the next instant the latter was wrapped in the forelegs of the swinging bear in a way that started the fur to flying in all directions. That made the young bear mad, and Quick says that the tooth and nail rough and tumble that ensued was the most liveliest thing he had ever seen in all his experience. The sapling bent and snapped under the weight of the two bears, and danced and tumbled them around until the dirt and stones and hair flew about like chips from a planing machine. The fight lasted but a few seconds, for the fun-loving bear managed to break the embrace of the snared bear, and limped away out of the latter's reach, where he sat down and glared and growled and showed his teeth at the bear that had used him so unexpectedly rough. This bear, discovering Quick rolling and howling on the cabin floor, began his jumping-jacking in that direction again. Quick then proceeded to carry out his resolution to close the show. He found a stout and heavy hickory stake in the cabin. When the dancing bear swung around once more to the cabin door Quick met him and dealt him a tremendous blow on the nose that stunned him. Before the bear could recover himself Quick killed him with a few more blows, smashing his skull.

In doing this Quick's attention had necessarily been taken from the other bear for the time, but it was drawn back in that direction in an unexpected manner. The hunter had scarcely dealt the snared bear the last blow when he received a blow himself that sent him sprawling to the ground. He scrambled to his feet. The second bear had come up to take a hand in the fight. Quick had not lost his club in his fall, but the big bear had followed up his blow so promptly that the hunter could not use his weapon to advantage. He fled to the cabin. The bear followed him. Quick turned and aimed a blow with the club. The bear parried it with one of his forepaws, and knocked the club out of Quick's hands. Quick ran to a small unglazed window in one side of the cabin, and threw himself from it head first, leaving one-half of one trousers leg in the bear's claws. Quick had scarcely alighted outside the cabin when the bear having come out by the door, came around the corner. The hunter ran around the cabin, followed by Bruin. Quick got back into the cabin a few steps ahead, found his club, and as the bear poked his head in the door he was met with a blow on his nose that felled him like an ox. He never got up again, for Quick brained him with another blow. Stowing the two bears in the cabin, Quick completed the filling of his bottle, and went back and finished the deer hunt.—[New York Sun.

THE SUN CURE.

Where it is Practised With Great Persistence and Success.

Hidden among the mountains of Carinthia lies the little wooden-roofed village of Veldes, or Bledn, in the irresponsible language of its Slavonic inhabitants. It stands on the shores of a small lake of deep blue water.

By the lake hotels and villas congregate. These are one and all brilliant and festive dwellings.

To this romantic little shrine sun worshippers come during the summer to offer sacrifices, while a larger number of pleasure seekers flock in from Trieste, from all parts of Germany, Poland and the north of Italy. What I lost in the society of the amiable and the wealthy I never knew, for they lived down on the lake side in the "air-hut colony," while I remained in the village high above the lake.

The "air-huts" are little wooden dwellings for the sun-cure patients, consisting of one large room, which has three walls instead of four. The flat roof of the bath-house has been enclosed by a tall fence, so that only the sky is visible from the enclosure. Here, with heads carefully shaded from the hot rays, each in a wooden compartment, the patients frizzle for about an hour or an hour and a half. This process is soothing, strange as it may appear. The sun god rewards his devotees.

Now and then a voice calls above the divisions for a glass of water, now and then a sigh over the heat escapes a worshipper; otherwise the place is quiet and sleepy and reposeful. Reading or mental exertion of any kind is forbidden, and indeed severely punished by headache or exhaustion. Uninspired must be the drowsy observations that mingle now and then with the humming of the flies, and no one attempts to break this rigid law. Even the execrations wrung from the sufferers by the persistent attacks of these insects ought to be of the mildest character possible, considering the provocation. Much had to be endured from the active colony that had established themselves at the sun bath.

During the last ten or twenty minutes the faithful are wrapped up in blankets like mummies; a tepid bath and a rubbing follows, and then the long-suffering one is released, but only to repeat the process in the afternoon. Through the opposite actions of the cool air in the morning and of the sun at midday, great things to the advantage of the patient are said to occur. Dr. Rikli traces a large number of illnesses, nervous and other, to the want of vigorous skin action and the consequent strain on the other parts of the body to do the work which the lazy skin is neglecting to do.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

A Wonderful Parrot.

London is marvelously empty, but entertainments are still given at Mrs. Mackay's. It is true that the hostess herself is not yet at home; but a grand green parrot has sat at the open window since last Sunday, looking on Buckingham gate, and attracting hundreds by its humorous conduct. I have seen and heard many parrots, but never one like this. I was returning from the park on Sunday when I first saw it. The pavement in front of the window was thronged, and everybody was roaring with laughter, for the bird itself was laughing so heartily that its example was contagious. At last it said, with intense emphasis: "Well, I delare," and then burst into convulsions of laughter again in a manner really too ludicrous.

It exchanged remarks with the spectators, it hailed passing hansoms, and on being asked what o'clock it was, replied: "Half-past four," which was, in fact, correct. Incredible as it may seem, the bird on Monday afternoon was asked the same question, and replied accurately, "A quarter to five." So great has been the attraction of this gray-green bird that the police have had to keep moving the people to prevent obstruction of the traffic. "Go on!" cries the bird.—[St. Stephen's Gazette.

The fish are getting so numerous around the docks at Port Tampa, Fla., that they jump out of the water and land on the wharves. A king-fish weighing seventeen pounds was captured by Captain George Warner in that way.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

Willie Loper, a thirteen-year-old Sampter County, Ga., boy, was hunting recently in the woods, when he saw a squirrel jumping and capering and chattering, with its hair all turned the wrong way and seemingly in great terror. Will crept toward the squirrel, keeping the trees between them until he got within about ten feet of the frisky little fellow, when he cocked his gun and stepped to the side to get a sight on his game. He was nearly paralyzed by another sound—a sound clear, sharp and metallic, that will unnerve the oldest warrior. It went to his heart and caused his face to blanch with fear, but he cast his eyes around to locate his enemy. He found it—a large rattlesnake in coil within five feet of him, with head erect, eyes ablaze and its forked tongue flying in and out like lightning. Willie took no time to think, neither did he take sight with his gun, but turning the muzzle toward the angry reptile he pulled the trigger and sprang aside. The shot told on the head of the reptile, and Willie looked awhile at the writhing mass and ran to Chapman's mill and told his story. They went and saw the big snake, which was about twenty inches in circumference, seven feet long and sported twenty-three rattles.

A New York City bank was recently swindled out of $4,000 in a novel and ingenious way. Some time ago a man dressed in overalls, a check jumper and cow-hide boots, entered the bank and advanced to the receiving teller's window in a hesitating way. He said he was a cattle dealer and had purchased a lot of stock from a Western man. He was to have paid him $6,000 that day but had just received a telegram saying the cattle dealer had been detained and would not arrive until the following day. He wanted the bank in the meantime to take care of his money. Two certificates of deposit were given him, one for $5,000, and the other for $1,000. Next day the depositor and his friend arrived. He produced a deposit slip for $5,000 and received cash therefor. The $1,000 slip he said he would use elsewhere. Last Saturday another deposit slip for $5,000 was presented for payment. An investigation followed and it was discovered that the first slip which had been cashed for $5,000 was the $1,000 one ingeniously raised. The real slip for the same amount had been negotiated elsewhere, so the bank was out just four thousand cold American dollars.

Macon, Ga., has a queer freak in an English sparrow. Every morning this sparrow flies into the office of the city clerk through the window, tarries awhile on top of the inner blind, chirps a merry good morning, and then makes itself at home. It does not seem at all frightened at the people coming in and going out, but flits about the room from window to window, from the top of the bookcase to the maps on the walls, as unconcerned as if sporting amid the branches of a tree. The chill of the morning causes the flies to remain dormant for some time, and it has been noticed that the bird makes a meal on these limp flies. After gathering them in and making a hearty meal the sparrow perches on the window through which it came, chirps its profuse thanks, and then skips out to join its less fortunate companions. It happened several days ago, when the morning was chillier than usual, that the porter at the city hall did not lower the window at the top as usual. That morning the bird was seen to fly against the window pane and kick up considerable fuss at not being allowed to come in. And it was not until the window was lowered that it seemed to be satisfied.

C. W. Hammond, of Cowan Station, Ky., turned a fine-blooded mare, valued at $500, and a large ox into the same enclosure. The two animals had been together several times before, but as soon as they entered the lot on this particular occasion, they rushed at each other. Two or three farm hands were present and attempted to separate them, but narrowly escaped serious injury and failed in the endeavor. The mare kicked the ox in the side with both feet, nearly stunning him, but the latter recovered and gored the mare two or three times. Both fought with the greatest fury. The mare both kicked and bit, tearing the flesh from the ox with her teeth, while she in turn was raked again and again by the ox's sharp horns. At last the ox plunged his horn almost entirely through the thick part of the mare's neck. The blow was fatal, but as the mare staggered her weight broke the ox's horn short off, and she fell and died with it in her body. The ox was so badly hurt that he died in the afternoon.

There has been discovered in the forests of India a strange plant, which possesses to a very high degree astonishing magnetic power. The hand which breaks a leaf from it receives immediately a shock equal to that which is produced by the conductor of an induction coil. At a distance of six metres a magnetic needle is affected by it, and it will be quite deranged if brought near. The energy of this singular influence varies with the hours of the day. All powerful about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, it is absolutely annulled during the night. At times of storm its intensity augments to striking proportions. During rain the plant seems to succumb, and bends its head during a thunder shower. It remains there without force or virtue, even if one should shelter it with an umbrella. No shock is felt at that time in breaking the leaves, and the needle is unaffected by it. One never by any chance sees a bird or an insect alight on the electric plant; and instinct seems to warn them that they would find their sudden death.

A Portland (Oregon) special says: Tourists returning from the face of Mount St. Helen's at various times have brought back the report that smoke was seen issuing from the summit, thereby foreboding a possible eruption. These reports have come from people whose word could not be relied upon in all matters. The observations of District Attorney McBride, of Astoria, who recently spent a pleasant eight weeks on this mountain, not only discredits, but at the same time satisfactorily explains these statements. He says that on one side of the mountain is an extremely large deposit of pumice scoria and light volcanic dust, finer than flour and extremely dry. When an occasional avalanche of stones from above falls and detaches a part of this mass it rises in clouds and floats for hours, presenting from below the appearance of smoke, thus giving rise to the supposition that the mountain is about to belch in volcanic eruption.

The theory that decapitation ends sensibility is questioned in Negaunee, Mich. Thomas Higgins, a brakeman, fell from the top of a moving train, five cars passed over him, and when the train was stopped and backed up to him it was found that the man was terribly mangled, the head being a dozen feet from the body. Fireman Mathew Byo picked up the head in order to dispose the remains decently for removal to the dead man's house, when he was horror-stricken to see the staring eyes slowly close. In tones of terror he was telling his companions, who were also busy, of the strange incident, and all eyes turned on the gory skull which the fireman held in his hands. As if consciousness still reposed there, the closed eyes slowly opened again, staring wide, and again slowly closed, to remain so forever. Five men saw the strange action, and as they are well known here as honest and truthful men, their story is not questioned.

A Racine (Wis.) special says that a well-known lady of that city recently underwent two surgical operations with peculiar results. She has been troubled with severe pains in her left arm and right leg for a long time, and treatment by various physicians afforded no relief. Some days ago she consulted Dr. Senn, of Milwaukee, who went to Racine and opened the arm. He discovered a needle imbedded in the tissues and muscles of the arm, which he removed. The operation afforded the patient temporary relief, but pains continued in the right leg. Dr. Senn was again called and operated on the leg, finding a second needle imbedded in the tissues of that limb. The doctor says the case is a most peculiar one, especially so as the patient can not imagine when or how the needles entered her body.

The most ingenious, perfect and complex watch ever manufactured was sent out from the works of Patek, Phillippe & Co., of Geneva, Switzerland, in July, 1887, and is now in possession of Baron Nicholas. It is what is known as the full-sized "hunter." On one side there is a dial of the regulation kind, exhibiting the hour, minute and second hands; also an independent chronograph hand which marks the fifth of seconds. The same dial has repeating mechanism which strikes the hours, quarters and minutes. The opposite dial has hands pointing to the months, weeks and days. Another large central hand on this dial, if set at the beginning of each year, correctly points to all moon phases and acts as a perpetual calendar. It is so constructed as to admit of its keeping two different times, say standard on one side and sun time on the other.

The latest trick in amateur photography, according to the Boston Courier, is to have a trained dog who at a given signal will run and pull a string, by means of which the slide of an instantaneous camera is worked, so that his master may be taken in a group or alone as often as he pleases. It is of course necessary to start the creature at a distance sufficiently great to give the master time to rearrange his features after giving the word, but this is not a difficult thing to manage, and the young man who devised the trick has been exceedingly popular at the seaside hotel where he passed the summer, as all the pretty and most of the plain young ladies in the house where anxious to have their pictures taken by the agency of the clever little bull terrier which served as his assistant.

An elderly man went to a Harrisburg (Penn.) merchant and tendered him a quarter of a dollar, saying it was due him. On asking why, he told the merchant that about one year before his daughter had bought a remnant at his store, paying 25 cents therefor. But on getting home she discovered that two remnants had been put into the package by mistake. She intended paying for the second remnant, but put it off from time to time, until she fell sick, when she told her father the circumstances and asked him to see that the money was paid. He promised, but also neglected the matter. Finally the young woman reached death's door, and almost with her last breath she asked her father if he had paid for the remnant.

A citizen of Eatonton, Ga., smokes about twelve pounds of tobacco yearly in a pipe that he declares is over two hundred years old. This leads a mathematical person to calculate that if that were the average amount used in the pipe since its first day, 2,400 pounds of the weed have been burned in its bowl, and if the first $12 had been put out at compound interest at the rate of 10 per cent. it would now have grown to the sum of $1,755,443,200. Just how this would have benefited the first owner of the pipe does not appear.

A somewhat novel and interesting traffic was witnessed at Baton Rouge, La. It was nothing more than a wagon load of turtles, which were being sold by Ebenezer Goze at fifty cents each. Goze says he left home with forty-five turtles and four allegators, and had sold all but the five turtles then in his wagon and they were engaged. He catches them in Baton Rouge bayou and Devil swamp, about seven miles above the city. Those sold were as large round as a half bushel measure.

The heart of Queen Marie of Bavaria was removed from her body soon after her death at Munich several months ago and embalmed, according to the custom which has prevailed in the royal house since the Middle Ages. Recently it was placed in a silver urn, and taken with much pomp and ceremony to the ancient chapel of our Lady of Mercies, where it now rests in a niche of the chancel wall near the hearts of kings and queens who died centuries ago.

A singular circumstance recently occurred at Lower Biddeford, Me. Two men, one a small, slender person, and the other of proportions in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds, were employed by a woman to dig a grave on her family lot. They worked rapidly, and ere they were aware the excavation was so large and deep that the fat man was unable to get out of the hole. A machine was constructed and after quite a struggle the big man was once more on top of ground.

While hunting partriges in the woods near Oakland, Penn., the painter of Orrin D. Slocum flushed a bird that looked queer to Mr. Slocum's eye. He blazed away and killed the bird. It was a large hen partridge, the dark feathers of which, instead of being brown, were as black as the plumage of a crow. Mr. Slocum has hunted birds for eighteen years, and says he has never before seen a partridge with pure black feathers on it.

Last July, while at Savin Rock, near New Haven, John Jackson, of Fishkill, N. Y., rescued from drowning a five-year old girl who had fallen in the water, and striking her head, became unconscious. A few days since he received word that he had fallen heir to a legacy of $1,000 left him by the girl's father, who had died soon after the rescue of the child, but not before he had inserted a bequest in his will evincing his gratitude to the rescuer of his daughter.

THE PHOTOGRAPHING FIRMS.

How an Amateur Photographer Lost His Camera.

A young man who lives less than twenty-five miles from the Milwaukee court house, and who prides himself on his wealth of gall, became interested in amateur photography along last spring, and the craze so grew on him during the summer that he soon got to be a regular fiend. The detective camera was his greatest forte, and with this abominable contrivance he delighted in catching views of his young lady acquaintances, or, worse still, young ladies who struck his fancy, whether he had the honor of their acquaintance or not. Time rolled on, and his collection of beauties grew in size, he congratulating himself that each and every picture had been taken without the consent of the fair one represented. The girls began to hear of this young man's wonderful collection, and much indignation was expressed in their midst. One young lady in particular was extremely indignant upon being informed that this young man was greatly impressed with her beauty, and had been heard to remark that her picture would grace his collection, or he would die in the attempt. On three different occasions after that she caught him in the act of aiming a detective camera at her features, and managed only in the nick of time to cover her face and foil his plans. It got so that she did not dare to go outside of the house, and her father vowed that he would kill the chump if he caught him. One day the young lady started to go into the back yard, where she was wont to play with her pet dogs, and glancing over the fence, she caught a glimpse of the fiend coming up the alley with a camera and tripod in his hand. Evidently he had heard that she was in the habit of playing with her dogs in the back yard, for he had come prepared to take a cabinet photograph. Hastily running into the house, the young lady informed her father of the state of things, and the old man almost jumped out of his boots, so mad was he.

"Go back to your dogs," said he, "and I'll see that the chump's camera never takes another picture."

The young lady did as she was commanded, and the father flew up stairs, where, grabbing a shotgun, and slipping a couple of shells in it, he threw up the window just in time to see the fiend squint through his camera, put in a plate, and then step away about ten feet, where he stooped down to look for something he had dropped. This was the old man's chance, and taking a quick aim, he emptied both barrels of his gun into the camera, blowing it all to pieces. The photographer did not even stop to gather up the pieces, but skipped out, and the young lady has not been troubled by him since.—[Peck's Sun.

MALARIA.

Causes and Manifestations of this Little Known Agent.

What is this invisible agent which carries sickness and possible death so afield, and has the power to weaken the energy and stunt the growth of those who are doomed to live on malarious soil? "We do not live," said an inhabitant of the Pontiac marshes to a stranger, "we die." Malaria constitutes the chief obstacle to the exploration and colonization of the African continent, and threatens to reduce to the condition of a desert vast tracts of the Southern States of America, which flourished so long as they were cultivated by the negro race, which better than any other resists its action. Cicero, in allusion to Romulus having built Rome, remarks that he selected a healthy spot in a pestilential region.

At one time a terrible epidemic visited Rome, which carried off multitudes of the inhabitants, including Camillus, the dictator. Toward the close of this visitation the earth opened in the middle of the Forum, doubtless by volcanic action, which was probably also the cause of the poisonous miasmata rising from the bowels of the earth. Indeed, the volcanic nature of the Italian peninsula generally may be taken into the list of causes which contribute to its insalubrity. The volcanic soil of Italy, we are told, acts as a sponge in absorbing and retaining an immense amount of moisture. Hence, after a period of drought, the tropical rains which fall steadily for days together, make but little impression on the parched surface of the earth until the underlying sponge is saturated. The overflow then becomes sudden, the brooks rapidly fill, every extinct crater becomes a lake replenished, every valley a bog, and the country a universal swamp.

So long ago as 300 years before Christ the connection between the fever and the swamp was fully recognized in that region of the earth. But, although true that the disease is more prevalent in the low-lying grounds, it may also be found in the higher altitudes, where soil, temperature and moisture favor its production. Still, it does not haunt the damp and marshy places alone; for even in dry, sunbaked parts of the earth the malaria finds egress through the fissures of the soil, keeping its base of operations in the moisture far beneath. If the upper crust is unbroken and dry it acts as a barrier against the egress of germs from below, just as a coating of water over malarious land neutralizes, for the time being, the necessary conditions of activity. When the surface water is withdrawn by the heat of the summer's sun, and the oxygen of the air comes into direct contact with the decomposing vegetation underneath, there, in all probabability, may be discovered the home of the deadly malaria.

His Wonderful Ears.

Everybody who travels on the Pittsburg division of the Pennsylvania Railroad knows Conductor John Dinges. He is one of the greatest jokers in the service, and when not punching tickets is busy telling stories or perpetrating a joke. Conductor Dinges' ears are historical. They are remarkable not for their size, but for their wonderful pliability. His favorite trick is to double up his ears and then stuff them far into the orifice. This makes them look as if they had been mashed with a crowbar.

The other night, while the train was speeding along toward Altoona at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour, Dinges doubled his ears and passed through the fourth car. Nearly all the passengers were ladies. They regarded Dinges with amazement. The conductor's face wore a look of superb unconsciousness. One old lady with iron-gray curls and a pug nose could not take her eyes from the ears. When Dinges passed through the car again her curiosity was so great that she could not resist the temptation to stop him.

"What's the matter with your ears, conductor?" she asked.

"Nothing," he replied, innocently, as he elevated his eyebrows, and the ears flew back to their normal position.

The old lady nearly fainted.—[Philadelphia North American.

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TALMAGE ON THE WING.

THE PASTOR OF THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE IN ITALY.

Sermon Preached Sunday Nov. 17, 1889, at Brindisi--The Subject "A Mediterranean Journey" Full Report of the Discourse.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached at Brindisi Italy, on Sunday, Nov. 17. His subject was "A Mediterranean Voyage," and he took for his text Acts xxvii. 44: "And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land." Dr. Talmage said:

Having visited your historical city, which we desire to see because it was the terminus of the most famous road of the ages, the Roman Appian Way, and for its mighty fortress overshadowing a city which even Hannibal's hosts could not thunder down, we must to-morrow morning leave your harbor, and after touching at Athens and Cornith, voyage about the Mediterranean to Alexandria, Egypt. I have been reading this morning in my New Testament of a Mediterranean voyage in an Alexandrian ship. It was this very month of November. The vessel was lying in a port not very far from here. On board that vessel were two distinguished passengers; one Josephus, the historian, as we have strong reasons to believe; the other, a convict, one Paul by name, who was going to prison for upsetting things, or, as they termed it, turning the world upside down" This convict had gained the confidence of the Captain. Indeed I think that Paul knew almost as much about the sea as did the Captain. He had been shipwrecked three times already; he had dwelt much of his life amidst capstans, and yardarms, and cables, and storms; and he knew what he was talking about. Seeing the equinoctial storm was coming, and perhaps noticing something unseaworthy in the vessel, he advised the Captain to stay in the harbor. But I hear the Captain and the first mate talking together. They say: "We cannot afford to take the advice of this landsman, and he a minister. He may be able to preach very well, but I don't believe he knows a marlinespike from a luff tackle. All aboard! Cast off! Shift the helm for headway! Who fears the Mediterranean?" They had gone only a little way out when a whirlwind, called Euroclydon, made the torn sail its turban, shook the mast as you would brandish a spear, and tossed the hulk into the heavens. Overboard with the cargo! It is all washed with salt water, and worthless now; and there are no marine insurance companies. All hands ahoy, and out with the anchors!

Great consternation comes on crew and passengers. The sea monsters sport in the foam, and the billows clap their hands in glee of destruction. In a lull of the storm I hear a chain clank. It is the chain of the great apostle as he walks the deck, or holds fast to the rigging amidst the lurching of the ship—the spray dripping from his long beard as he cries out to the crew: "Now I exhort you to be of good cheer; for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar; and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee."

Fourteen days have passed, and there is no abatement of the storm. It is midnight. Standing on the lookout, the man peers into the darkness, and, by a flash of lightning, sees the long white line of breakers, and knows they must be coming near to some country, and fears that in a few moments the vessel will be shivered on the rocks. The ship flies like chaff in the tornado. They drop the sounding line, and by the light of the lantern they see it is twenty fathoms. Speeding along a little farther they drop the line again, and by the light of the lantern they see it is fifteen fathoms. Two hundred and seventy-six souls within a few feet of awful shipwreck! The managers of the vessel, pretending they want to look over the side of the ship and undergird it, get into the small boat, expecting in it to escape; but Paul sees through the sham, and he tells them that if they go off in the boat it will be the death of them. The vessel strikes! The planks spring! The timbers crack! The vessel parts in the thundering surge! Oh, what wild struggling for life! Here they leap from plank to plank. Here they go under as if they would never rise, but, catching hold of a timber, come floating and panting on it to the beach. Here strong swimmers spread their arms through the waves until their chins plow the sand, and they rise up and wring out their wet locks on the beach. When the roll of the ship is called, two hundred and seventy-six people answer to their names. "And so," says my text, "it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."

I learn from the subject:

First, that those who get us into trouble will not stay to help us out. These shipmen got Paul out of Fair Havens into the storm; but as soon as the tempest dropped upon them, they wanted to go off in the small boat, caring nothing for what became of Paul and the passengers. Ah me! human nature is the same in all ages. They who get us into trouble never stop to help us out. They who tempt the young man into a life of dissipation will be the first to laugh at his imbecility, and to drop him out of decent society. Gamblers always make fun of the losses of gamblers. They who tempt you into the contest with fists, saying "I will back you," will be the first to run. Look over all the predicaments of your life, and count the names of those who have got you into those predicaments, and tell me the name of one who ever helped you out. They were glad enough to get you out from Fare Havens, but when, with damaged rigging, you tried to get into harbor, did they hold for you a plank or throw you a rope? Not one. Satan has got thousands of men into trouble but he never got one out. He led them into theft, but he would not hide the goods or bail out the defendant. The spider shows the fly the way over the gossamer bridge into the cobweb; but it never shows the fly the way out of the cobweb over the gossamer bridge. I think that there were plenty of fast young men to help the prodigal spend his money; but when he had wasted his substance in riotous living, they let him go to the swine pastures, while they betook themselves to some other new comer. They who took Paul out of Fair Haven will be of no use to him when he gets into the breakers of Melita.

I remark again, as a lesson learned from the text, that it is dangerous to refuse the counsel of competent advisers. Paul told them not to go out with the ship. They thought he knew nothing about it. They said: "He is only a minister!" They went, and the ship was destroyed. There are a great many people now who say of ministers: "They know nothing about the world. They cannot talk to us!" Ah! my friends, it is not necessary to have the Asiatic cholera before you can give it medical treatment in others. It is not necessary to have your own arm broken before you can know how to splinter a fracture. And we who stand in the pulpit and in the office of a Christian teacher, know that there are certain styles of belief and certain kinds of behavior that will lead to destruction as certainly as Paul knew that if the ship went out of Fair Haven it would go to destruction. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth; and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." We may not know much, but we know that.

Young people refuse the advice of parents. They say: "Father is over-suspicious, and mother is getting old." But these parents have been on the sea of life. They know where the storms sleep, and during their voyage have seen a thousand battered hulks marking the place where beauty burned, and intellect foundered, and morality sunk. They are old sailors, having answered many a signal of distress, and endured great stress of weather, and gone scudding under bare poles; and the old folks know what they are talking about. Look at that man—in his cheek the glow of infernal fires. His eye flashes not as once with thought, but with low passion. His brain is a sewer through which impurity floats, and his heart the trough in which lust wallows and drinks. Men shudder as the leper passes, and parents cry, "Wolf! wolf!" Yet he once said the Lord's Prayer at his mother's knee, and against that iniquitous brow once pressed a pure mother's lip. But he refused her counsel. He went where euroclydons have their lair. He foundered on the sea, while all hell echoed at the roar of the wreck: Lost Pacifics! Lost Pacifics!

Another lesson from the subject is that Christians are always safe.

There did not seem to be much chance for Paul getting out of that shipwreck, did there? They had not, in those days, rockets with which to throw ropes over foundering vessels. Their lifeboats were of but little worth. And yet, notwithstanding all the danger, my text says that Paul escaped safe to land. And so it will always be with God's children. They may be plunged into darkness and trouble, but by the throne of the eternal God, I assert it, "they shall all escape safe to land."

Sometimes there comes a storm of commercial disaster. The cables break. The masts fall. The cargoes are scattered over the sea. Oh! what struggling and leaping on kegs and hogsheads and cornbins and store shelves! And yet, though they may have it so very hard in commercial circles, the good, trusting in God, all come safe to land.

Wreckers go out on the ocean's beach and find the shattered hulks of vessels; and on the streets of our great cities there is many a wreck. Mainsail slit with banker's pen. Hulks abeam's end on insurance counters. Vast credits sinking, having suddenly sprung a leak. Yet all of them who are God's children shall at last, through his goodness and mercy, escape safe to land. The Scandinavian warriors used to drink wine out of the skulls of the enemies they had slain. Even so God will help us, out of the conquered ills and disasters of life, to drink sweetness and strength for our souls.

You have, my friends, had illustrations, in your life, of how God delivers his people. I have had many illustrations in my own life of the same truth. I was once in what on your Mediterranean you call Euroclydon, but what on the Atlantic we call a cyclone, but the same storm. The steamer Greece of the National line, swung out into the river Mersey at Liverpool, bound for New York. We had on board seven hundred, crew and passengers. We came together strangers—Italians, Irishmen, Englishmen, Swedes, Norwegians, Americans. Two flags floated from the masts—British and American ensigns. We had a new vessel, or one so thoroughly remodeled that the voyage had around it all the uncertainties of a trial trip. The great steamer felt its way cautiously out into the sea. The pilot was discharged: and, committing ourselves to Him who holdeth the winds in His fist, we were fairly started on our voyage of three thousand miles. It was rough nearly all the way—the sea with strong buffeting disputing our path. But one night, at eleven o'clock, after the lights had been put out, a cyclone—a wind just made to tear ships to pieces—caught us in its clutches. It came down so suddenly that we had not time to take in the sails or fasten the hatches. You may know that the bottom of the Atlantic is strewn with the ghastly work of cyclones. Oh! they are cruel winds. They have hot breath, as though they came up from infernal furnaces. Their merriment is the cry of affrighted passengers. Their play is the foundering of steamers. And, when a ship goes down, they laugh until both continents hear them. They go in circles, or, as I describe them with my hand—rolling on! rolling on! with finger of terror writing on the white sheet of the wave this sentence of doom: "Let all that comes within this circle perish! Brigantines, go down! Clippers, go down! Steamships, go down!" And the vessel, hearing the terrible voice, crouches in the surf, and as the waters gurgle through the hatches and port holes, it lowers away, thousands of feet down, farther and farther, until at last it strikes the bottom; and all is peace, for they have landed. Helmsman, dead at the wheel! Engineer, dead amidst the extinguished furnaces! Captain, dead in the gangway! Passengers, dead in the cabin! Buried in the great cemetery of dead steamers, beside the City of Boston, the Lexington, the President, the Cambria—waiting for the archangel's trumpet to spilt up the decks, and wrench open the cabin doors, and unfasten the hatches.

I thought that I had seen storms on the sea before; but all of them together might have come under one wing of that cyclone. We were only eight or nine hundred miles from home, and in high expectation of soon seeing our friends, for there was no one on board so poor as not to have a friend. But it seemed as if we were to be disappointed. The most of us expected then and there to die. There were none who made light of the peril, save two. One was an Englishman, and he was drunk, and the other was an American, and he was a fool! Oh! what a time it was! A night to make one's hair turn white. We came out of the berths, and stood in the gangway, and looked into the steerage, and sat in the cabin. While seated there we heard overhead something like minute guns. It was the bursting of the sails. We held on with both hands to keep our places. Those who attempted to cross the floor came back bruised and gashed. Cups and glasses were dashed to fragments; pieces of the table getting loose, swung across the saloon. It seemed as if the hurricane took that great ship of thousands of tons and stood it on end, and said: "Shall I sink it, or let it go this once?" And then it came down with such force that the billows trampled over it, each mounted of a fury. We felt that everything depended on the propelling screw. If that stopped for an instant we knew the vessel would fall off into the trough of the sea and sink, and so we prayed that the screw, which three times since leaving Liverpool had already stopped, might not stop now. Oh! how anxiously we listened for the regular thump of the machinery, upon which our lives seemed to depend. After a while some one said: "The screw is stopped!" No; its sound had only been overpowered by the uproar of the tempest, and we breathed easier again when we heard the regular pulsation of the over-tasked machinery going thump, thump, thump. At 3 o'clock in the morning the water covered the ship from prow to stern, and the skylights gave way! The deluge rushed in, and we felt that one or two more waves like that must swamp us forever. As the water rolled back and forward in the cabins, and dashed against the wall, it sprang half way up to the ceiling. Rushing through the skylights as it came in with such terrific roar, there went up from the cabin a shriek of horror which I pray God I may never hear again. I have dreamed the whole scene over again, but God has mercifully kept me from hearing that one cry. Into it seemed to be compressed the agony of expected shipwreck. It seemed to say: "I shall never get home again! My children shall be orphaned, and my wife shall be widowed! I am launching now into eternity! In two minutes I shall meet my God!"

There was about five hundred and fifty passengers in the steerage, and as the water rushed in and touched the furnaces, and began violently to hiss, the poor creatures in the steerage imagined that the boilers were giving way. Those passengers writhed in the water and in the mud, some praying, some crying, all terrified. They made a rush for the deck. An officer stood on deck and beat them back with blow after blow. It was necessary. They would not have stood an instant on the deck. Oh! how they begged to get out of the hold of the ship! One woman, with a child in her arms, rushed up and caught hold of one of the officers and cried: "Do let me out! I will help you! Do let me out! I cannot die here!" Some got down and prayed to the Virgin Mary, saying: "O blessed mother! keep us!" Some stood with white lips and fixed gaze, silent in their terror. Some wrung their hands and cried out: "O God! what shall I do? What shall I do?" The time came when the crew could no longer stay on deck, and the cry of the officers was: "Below! all hands below!" Our brave and sympathetic Capt. Andrews—whose praise I shall not cease to speak while I live—had been swept by the hurricane from his bridge, and had escaped very narrowly with his life. The cyclone seemed to stand on the deck, waving its wings, crying: "This ship is mine! I have captured it! Ha! ha! I will command it! If God will permit I will sink it here and now! By a thousand shipwrecks, I swear the doom of this vessel!" There was a lull in the storm; but only that it might gain additional fury. Crash! went the life boat on one side. Crash! went the life boat on the other side. The great booms got loose, and, as with the heft of a thunderbolt, pounded the deck and beat the masts—the jib boom, studding sail boom, and square sail boom, with their strong arms, beating time to the awful march and music of the hurricane.

Meanwhile the ocean became phosphorescent. The whole scene looked like fire. The water dripping from the rigging, there were ropes of fire; and there were masts of fire; and there was a deck of fire. A ship of fire, sailing on a sea of fire, through a night of fire. May I never see anything like it again!

Everybody prayed. A lad of 12 years of age got down and prayed for his mother. "If I should give up," he said, "I do not know what would become of mother." There were men who, I think, had not prayed for thirty years, who then got down on their knees. When a man, who has neglected God all his life feels that he has come to his last time, it makes a very busy night. All of our sins and shortcomings passed through our minds. My own life seemed utterly unsatisfactory. I could only say, "Here, Lord, take me as I am. I cannot mend matters now. Lord Jesus, thou didst die for the chief of sinners. That's me! It seems, Lord, as if my work is done, and poorly done, and upon thy infinite mercy I cast myself and in this hour of shipwreck and darkness commit myself and her whom I hold by the hand to thee, O Lord Jesus! praying that it may be a short struggle in the water, and that at the same instant we may both arrive in glory!" Oh! I tell you a man prays straight to the mark when he has a cyclone above him, an ocean beneath him, and eternity so close to him that he can feel its breath on his cheek.

The night was long. At last we saw the dawn looking through the port holes. As in the olden time, in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus came walking on the sea, from wave cliff to wave cliff; and when He puts His foot upon a billow, though it may be tossed up with might it goes down. He cried to the winds, Hush! They knew His voice. The waves knew His foot. They died away. And in the shining tracks of His feet I read these letters on scrolls of foam and fire. "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea." The ocean calmed. The path of the steamer became more and more mild; until, on the last morning out, the sun threw round about us a glory such as I never witnessed before. God made a pavement of mosaic, reaching from horizon to horizon, for all the splendors of earth and heaven to walk upon—a pavement bright enough for the foot of a seraph—bright enough for the wheels of the archangel's chariot. As parent embraces a child, and kisses away its grief, so over that sea, that had been writhing in agony in the tempest, the morning threw its arms of beauty and of benediction, and the lips of earth and heaven met.

As I came on deck—it was very early, and we were nearing the shore—I saw a few sails against the sky. They seemed like the spirits of the night walking the billows. I leaned over the taffrail of the vessel, and said, "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters."

It grew lighter. The clouds were hung in purple clusters along the sky; and, as if those purple clusters were pressed into red wine and poured out upon the sea, every wave turned into crimson, Yonder, fire cleft stood opposite to fire cleft; and here, a cloud, rent and tinged with light, seemed like a palace, with flames bursting from the windows. The whole scene lighted up until it seemed as if the angels of God were ascending and descending upon stairs of fire, and the wave-crests, changed into jasper, and crystal, and amethyst, as they were flung toward the beach, made me think of the crowns of Heaven cast before the throne of the great Jehovah. I leaned over the taffrail again, and said, with more emotion than before: "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters?"

So, I thought, will be the going off of the storm and night of the Christian's life. The darkness will fold its tents and away! The golden feet of the rising morning will come skipping upon the mountains, and all the wrathful billows of the world's woe break into the splendor of eternal joy. And so we come into the harbor. The cyclone behind us. Our friends before us. God, who is always good, all around us. And if the roll of the crew and the passengers had been called, seven hundred souls would have answered to their names. "And so it came to pass that we all escaped safe to land." And may God grant that, when all our Sabbaths on earth are ended, we may find that, through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, we all have weathered the gale!

Into the harbor of Heaven now we glide,
Home at last!
Softly we drift on the bright silver tide,
Home at last!
Glory to God! All our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore.
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
Home at last!
Home at last!

"It was ever so kind of you to bring me this box of candy," said the young lady to George. "I think you are exceedingly nice." "That's the way it goes," said George as he dropped another bonbon into her mouth. "Put a caramel into the slot and get some taffy."

First tramp—Down with whisky is what I say. Don't you say so, pardner? Second tramp—Well, I've allus set my face agin it whenever I could.

"I hear John has a place under the Government." "Yes." "Make any money?" "Heaps; $100,000 a week. He's in the mint."

There is said to be a great similarity between a vain young lady and a confirmed drunkard, in that neither of them can ever get enough of the glass.

How Some Girls Walk.

Why is it you young ladies do not know how to walk? Look! here comes one with her head pitched forward, her hands swinging ungracefully by her side, her feet scuffling the walk, and alegether presenting an appearance quite unbecoming one of America's lovely daughters, charming in all else, perhaps, but oh, such a gait! The next one walks with a jerk, her feet and lower part of her body having started on a race with her head to see which will get there first. The consequence is, for every step forward she comes part way back with a jerk.

Her sister follows, twitching ungracefully from side to side, rolling from one foot to the other like a sailor in mid-ocean, only he has some excuse, and she has not. The arms usually follow, but in opposite directions. The body of the next one makes a perfect bow, bent back, head forward and feet trying to catch up. Not one with the firm graceful step, erect head, straight shoulders, easy arms and hands to be acquired by sufficient determination to present a dignified carriage. When will deportment be taught in our schools?—*Kingston Freeman.*

$5,000 for a Wife.

One of the greatest stories (founded on fact) ever published, commences in the December (Xmas) number of Godey's Lady's Book, published at Philadelphia. Every woman, married or single, should read it. Ready November 15th. All newsdealers.

He Was Thoughtful.

"Can you furnish bail in the sum of $200?" was asked of a prisoner in the Police Court the other day.

"Yes, I suppose I could, but——"

"Who will go on your bond?"

"I was going to say that the President of the United States would probably be only too glad to, but I hate to bother him with such a trifle. I'll——"

"Get some one else?"

"No, I'll go to jail. This is Mr. Harrison's busy day, and I don't want to disturb him."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

As Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucus surfaces Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do are tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co. Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucus surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine; it is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

☞ Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

An Heiress' Valuation.

"I'm engaged to be married to a lovely girl," said a youth warmly to a traveling man of his acquaintance.

"Indeed?"

"Yes, congratulate me. She has lots of money too."

"How much?"

"A hundred thousand."

"That, no doubt, is her Pa value, isn't it?"

A New Kind of Insurance

has been put in operation by the manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's medicines. His "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription" are sold by druggists under the manufacturers' *positive guarantee.* Either benefit or a complete cure is thus attained, or money paid for these medicines is returned. The certificate of guarantee given in connection with sale of these medicines is equivalent to a policy of insurance. The "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all humors and blood taints, from whatever cause arising, skin and scalp diseases, scrofulous sores and swellings. The "Favorite Prescription" cures all those derangements and weaknesses peculiar to women.

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

It Reminded Him.

Col. Newcomb—Good morning, Uncle Jonas. Busy, I see.

Uncle Jonas—Yes, sah. I's fixin' up de chapel neah your house, sah. We's gwine ter hab rewival meetin' nex' week.

"Ah, indeed; glad to hear that there is an awakening among your people. That reminds me, uncle, I want you to fix a new lock on my chicken house some time this week."—*Texas Siftings.*

If you have ever used Dobbins' Electric during the 24 years it has been sold, you *know* that it is the best and purest family soap made. If you haven't tried it, ask your grocer for it *now.* Don't take imitation.

Caring for Her Eyes.

"I don't think we'll go to Niagara on our wedding trip, George, dear," remarked a Pittsburgh girl to her intended husband.

"Why, love?"

"I fear it will injure our sight."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I believe that people who gaze at the falls get a cataract in their eye."

George is considering whether or not to break off the engagement.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. *"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* give instant relief.

A Gentle Hint.

Mrs. Blinks (to her neighbor)—Oh, I do so like your house? It seems so home-like!

Mrs. Jinks—I want to know!

Mrs. Blinks—Yes; you've got so much of my cooking dishes borrowed, you know, your kitchen seems ever so more natural to me than mine does.—*Lawrence American.*

For Rickets, Marasmus, and all Wasting Disorders of Children

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is unequaled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful. "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing. In every case the improvement was marked."—J. M. Main, M. D., New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Some genius has invented a chin-holder for the violin. If he could only invent a band-holder he would do more good.—*Texas Siftings.*

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

is really what The Youth's Companion is. It publishes each year as much matter as the $4 monthlies, and is illustrated by the same artists. It is an educator in every home, and always an entertaining and wholesome companion. It has a unique place in American family life. If you do not know it, you will be surprised to see how much can be given for the small sum of $1.75 a year. The price sent now will entitle you to a paper to January, 1891. Address

The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

"It will be better for me in the long run," remarked the cashier as he bumped himself for the Dominion.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers. Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

The man who has no rights is the man who lost his right arm and limb in the late war.

What is that which must play before it can work?—A fire-engine.

Anguish Unspeakable

Is endured by the victims of inflammatory rheumatism, and any form of the disease may reach that agonizing phase or attack the heart and cause death. Unhappily they who feel its preliminary twinges seldom realize this. Like other possibly dangerous maladies, rheumatism is often disregarded at the outset. Well will it be for him if this brief notice shall serve as a warning of future peril or pain to a reader troubled with incipient rheumatism. The proper sequel will be an instantaneous resort to the great preventive depurent, Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, whose brevet of professional recommendation popular experience has confirmed. There is no finer or more genial antidote to the virus of rheumatism in the system. Botanic in its origin, it is free from the objections attaching to depurent poisons liable to be taken in more than the infinitesimal dose. The Bitters conquers malaria, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles.

Why They Sang Well.

Minister (to choir master)—The music went splendid this morning.

Choir Master—Yes; I flatter myself it did.

Minister—I am glad to see the singers give their whole energy to the important religious work. There is no deception in such singing as that.

Choir Master—Well, no; I should say not. You see, Mr. Thumper, I told the choir last night that an operatic manager would attend church to-day for the purpose of finding some good voices. —*Judge.*

Copy of Original.

Van Wert, Ohio, July 11, 1889.
Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich:

Gents—This is to certify that I had what is called sciatic rheumatism so badly that I was all drawn over to one side. My hip sank in so that you could lay your hand in the cavity, and I could do no work for over one year. I tried some of the best physicians and did almost everything I could hear or think of, and nothing did me any good until I purchased a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup of Hines & Son, druggists, Van Wert, O. Four bottles cured me and have never had it since.

Albert King.

We certify to the above testimonial.

Hines & Son, Druggists.

When you receive a note from your lady-love, and kiss it (as, of course, you are expected to do), why is it like the nightmare? Because it is the ink-you-buss.

Montana's Free Lands.

The Great Reservation of Montana, thrown open for settlement by the President last May, contains 18,000,000 acres of land, all eligible for entry for free homes, under the United States Land Laws. It extends for 300 miles East and West, and on an average of 100 miles North and South. If you intend going to Montana remember that The Wisconsin Central is the direct line between Chicago and St. Paul, making close connections at St. Paul for all points in Montana. Solid through trains with Pulman Palace Sleeping Cars and Unrivaled Dining Cars are run between Chicago and St. Paul. For other information, pamphlets, etc., address James Barker, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"Haven't you finished scaling the fish yet, Sam?" "No, master; 'tis a very large one." "Why, you have had time to scale a mountain."

Card of Thanks.

If the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam should publish a card of thanks, containing expressions of gratitude which come to him daily from those who have been cured of severe throat and lung troubles by the use of Kemp's Balsam, it would fill a fair-sized book. How much better to invite all to call on any druggist and get a free sample bottle that you may test for yourself its power. Large bottles 50c and $1.00.

"Sarah," said a wag "it's all over town!" "What's all over town?" was the anxious inquiry. "Mud." Sarah's eyes dropped.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it.

Don't undertake to kiss a furious woman; risk not a smack in a storm.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

A man ever ready to scrape an acquaintance the barber.

Catarrh

Is a complaint which affects nearly everybody, more or less. It originates in a cold, or succession of colds, combined with impure blood. Disagreeable flow from the nose, tickling in the throat offensive breath, pain over and between the eyes, ringing and bursting noises in the ears, are the more common symptoms. Catarrh is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strikes directly at its cause by removing all impurities from the blood, building up the diseased tissues, and giving healthy tone to the whole system.

"For several years I have been troubled with that terribly disagreeable disease, catarrh. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla with the very best results. It cured me of that continual dropping in my throat and stuffed-up feeling. It has also helped my mother, who has taken it for run-down state of health and kidney troubles. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all as a good medicine." Mrs. S. D. Heath, Putnam, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
LOUISVILLE, KY. NEW YORK, N.Y.

CATON'S FRENCH VITALIZERS. A Quick and Positive Restorer of Manly Vigor, and the only Legitimate Specific for Sexual Debility and Lost Vitality known. A Marvellous Invigorator, entirely harmless. By mail, $1, 6 for $5. Circulars free. DR. CATON, Boston.

$65 A MONTH AND BOARD PAID, or highest commission and 30 DAYS' CREDIT to AGENTS on our NEW BOOK. J. S. ZEIGLER & CO., Quincy Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

YOUNG MEN Wanted to Learn Telegraphy. Situations furnished. Circulars free. Address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

$25 AN HOUR made by our Agents. THE DR. PERKINS MEDICAL CO., Richmond, Va.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of *Sick Headache,* Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

Every man may have a price, but every other man can not pay it.—*Whitehall Times.*

We recommend "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

Good name for a bull-dog—Agrippa.

ST. JACOBS OIL
CAUTION.
No other Liniment made to resemble
ST. JACOBS OIL
—CAN—
COMPARE WITH IT.
St. Jacobs Oil is
THE BEST,
AND THAT IS WHY ITS CURES ARE
PROMPT AND PERMANENT
At Druggists and Dealers.
THE CHARLES A. VOGELER CO., Baltimore, Md.

AGENTS WANTED To handle Article every store requires. Retails $4.00; saves $1.50 per month. Must establish County Agencies. Samples sent, expressage prepaid, on receipt of $2.75. MORRY MFG. CO., Waukesha, Wis.

ASTHMA CAN BE CURED. A trial bottle sent Free to anyone afflicted. Dr. TAFT BRO., Rochester, N. Y.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES. Sure relief ASTHMA. Price 35cts. by mail. Stowell & Co. Charlestown, Mass.

MAGIC REMEDY Will cure Blood Poison where mercury fails. Owned and for sale only by Cook Remedy Co., Omaha, Neb. Write.

ASTHMA.
Popham's Asthma Specific
Relief in TEN MINUTES.
Peter D. Swoyer, M. D. Fritztown, Pa., writes: "I have had Asthma for 29 years; found no relief until I tried your Specific, which relieved me immediately." Sold by all Druggists. $1 per box, by mail, post paid.
TRIAL PACKAGE FREE.
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NO PROTECTION! NO MONOPOLIES!
$45 SEWING MACHINES | NOW ONLY $15
We are now selling our WESTERN IMPROVED SINGER SEWING MACHINE—same as cut—complete with all attachments and warranted for 5 years for only $15. Send for circular and see full description of this and other styles to M. A. SCULLEN & CO., 762 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

TOWER'S FISH BRAND
TRADE MARK
This Trade Mark is on The Best Waterproof Coat in the world.
Send for Illustrated Catalogue, Free. A. J. Tower, Boston.

FAMILY PRIDE, $5.00.
A warranted U. S. Standard Family Scale, ½ ounce to 240 pounds, sent free anywhere in U. S. on receipt of price. Price list of all sizes free. Address "JONES, he pays the freight," Binghamton, N. Y.

BASE BALL CHADWICK'S MANUAL. 7 in. x 5 in. 70 pages. Illuminated Cover.
SENT FREE on application enclosing one (2c.) stamp, by addressing
THEODORE HOLLAND, P. O. Box 120, Philada., Pa.

OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.

FROM SAVAGE TO CIVILIZATION.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC is a simple vegetable compound prepared from roots freshly gathered from the forests. The formula was obtained from the Creek Indians by the whites who had witnessed the wonderful cures of blood diseases made by that tribe. It has been used since 1829, and has been the greatest blessing to mankind in curing diseases of the blood, in many instances after all other remedies had failed.

Swift's Specific cured me of terrible Tetter, from which I had suffered for twenty long years. I have now been entirely well for five years, and no sign of any return of the disease.
Rogers, Ark., May 1, 1889. W. H. Wight.

One bottle of S. S. S. cured my son of boils and risings, which resulted from malarial poison, and affected him all the summer. He had treatment from five doctors, who failed to benefit him.
Cavanal, Indian Ter. J. B. Wise.

I have taken Swift's Specific for secondary blood poison, and derived great benefit. It acts much better than potash, or any other remedy that I have ever used. B. F. Wingfield, M. D., Richmond, Va.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

JOSEPH H. HUNTER, ATTORNEY, WASHINGTON, D. C., WILL GET YOUR PENSION without DELAY.

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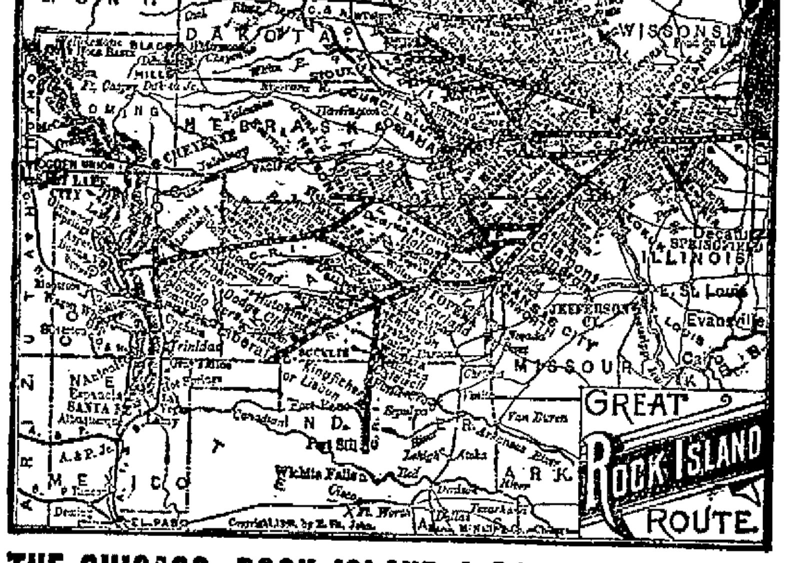
SHORT-HAND INSTITUTE and ENGLISH TRAINING SCHOOL. Is the STANDARD INSTITUTION and the LARGEST IN THE WORLD! Full information, Catalogue, terms, etc., sent FREE. Address H. B. BRYANT & SON, Proprietors, Chicago, Ill.
We recommend this college to our readers. Mention this paper when you write.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.
CATARRH
It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

A MAN
UNACQUAINTED WITH THE GEOGRAPHY OF THE COUNTRY, WILL OBTAIN MUCH VALUABLE INFORMATION FROM A STUDY OF THIS MAP OF



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SABBATH READING.

What Some of the Workers Therein Are Doing and Saying.

THE BIBLE IN LITERATURE.

The Twine Under the Thumb-Nail—A Piece of Paper--Symptoms of Decay.

A Piece of Paper.

I was asked to go to a public house in Nottingham to see the landlord's wife, who was dying. I found her rejoicing in Christ as her Saviour. I asked her how she found the Lord. "Read that," she replied, handing me a torn piece of paper. I looked at it, and found that it was part of an American newspaper, containing an extract from one of Spurgeon's sermons, which extract had been the means of her conversation. "Where did you find this newspaper?" I asked. She answered, "It was wrapped around a parcel sent to me from Australia!" Talk about the hidden life of a good seed! Think of that! A sermon preached in London conveyed to America, then to Australia, part of it torn off for the parcel dispatched to England, and after all its wanderings, giving the message of salvation to that woman's soul! God's Word shall not return unto Him void.

Symptoms of Decay.

Having more interest in money matters than in soul saving.

A growing appetite for ease and pleasure.

Feeling no condemnation for fellowship with the world.

A disposition to use five dollars for self and five cents for God's cause.

Inclination to find fault with others rather than to help them.

Engaging in levity, and terming it Christian cheerfulness.

Reading secular newspapers in preference to the Bible.

Preferring meetings where there is nothing to do, rather than those which afford opportunities for personal work.

Avoiding the society of those noted for piety and godliness.

These signs give unmistakable evidence of the near approach of the grim monster, yea, already with one hand his icy fingers clutch at the victim's throat, and with the other he aims a dagger at the heart. Help, help! an hour hence may be too late.

The Twine Under the Thumb-Nail.

A minister relates: "A few months after my ordination I was invited to spend an evening at the house of a parishioner. Among the company was an old gentleman named Mr. Ford. When we had tea the most of us gathered round a table, and began to speak about various passages of Holy Scripture. But I was grieved to see, while the majority of us were profitably employed, this old man, seated on the sofa, with a number of young ladies around him, engaged in a conversation of a decidedly frivolous and flippant nature. A few days afterward, meeting my rector casually in the street, he asked me if I had heard that Mr. Ford was very ill. While he had been engaged in his office, tying a parcel, a twine had slipped under his thumb-nail and forced it up. Inflammation had set in, which rapidly extended to the hand, and then to the arm, so that great fears were entertained for his life. I hastened to his house, and was immediately shown into the sick-room. As he recognized me he faintly said, "Ah, it is you, sir; I did not expect to see you this way." I sat down and read the gospel to him. He was too weak to listen. In a few hours that man was in the presence of God. Oh, how he would regret, whether saved or lost, the time he had given to frivolous conduct, to the prejudice of his own salvation and that of others whose attention is diverted from the things of God.

The Bible in Literature.

It is safe to say there is no other book which has had so great an influence upon the literature of the world as the Bible. And it is almost as safe—at least with no greater danger than that of starting an instructive discussion—to say that there is no other literature which has felt this influence so deeply or shown it so clearly as the English. The cause of this latter fact is not far to seek. It may be, as a discontented French critic suggests, that it is partly due to the inborn and incorrigible tendency of the Anglo-Saxon mind to drag religion and immorality into everything. But certainly this tendency would never have taken such a distinctly biblical form had it not been for the beauty and vigor of our common English version of the scriptures. These qualities were felt by the people, even before they were praised by the critics. Apart from all religious prepossessions, men and women and children were fascinated by the native power and grace of the book. The English Bible was popular, in the broadest sense long before it was recognized as one of our noblest classics. It has colored the talk of the household and the street, as well as moulded the language of scholars. It has been something more than "a well of English undefiled;" it has become a part of the spiritual atmosphere. We hear the echoes of its speech everywhere, and the music of its familiar phrases haunts all the fields and groves of our fine literature.

It is not only to the theologians and the sermon-makers that we look for biblical allusions and quotations. We often find the very best and most vivid of them in writers professedly secular. Poets like Shakspeare, Milton and Wordsworth, novelists like Scott and romancers like Hawthorne; essayists like Bacon, and Steele and Addison; critics of life, unsystematic philosophers, like Carlyle and Ruskin—all draw upon the Bible as a treasury of illustrations, and use it as a book equally familiar to themselves and to their readers. It is impossible to put too high a value upon such a universal volume, even as a purely literary possession.—*The Century.*

"NONE SO DEAF."

It has been noticed that sometimes people who are slightly deaf appear to be able to hear certain sounds better than they are to hear others; and from this the proverb, "None so deaf as those who won't hear," has arisen. The story is a well-known one of the rich father, who was somewhat deaf, and who was asked one day by his scapegrace son:

"Father, will you give me fifty dollars?"

"What?" said the father, putting his hand to his ear.

"Will you give me a hundred dollars?" shouted the young man.

"Hold on!" said his father; "I heard you well enough the first time."

A somewhat similar story is told of Sir Richard Steele, who, when he was preparing a room in York Buildings, London, for public orations, happened to be a good deal behind in his payments to his workmen. Coming one day into the hall to see what progress was made, Steele ordered the carpenter to get into the rostrum and make a speech, in order to observe how it could be heard.

The carpenter mounted the stage, and, scratching his head, told Sir Richard that he did not know what to say. "I'm no orator, sir," he said.

"Oh, no matter," said Steele; "say the first thing that comes uppermost in your head."

"Why, then, Sir Richard," said the man, "here we have been working for your Honor these six months, and cannot get a penny of our money. Pray, sir, when do you intend to —"

"That will do—that will do!" said Steele. "You may come down. I heard you quite distinctly, but I didn't like your subject."—*Youth's Companion.*

MAKING HAY IN FINLAND.

A curious way of making hay is very generally adopted by the Fins. Poor men who own no meadows have long been accustomed to cut what grass they can find in the forest glades and other waste lands. Owing to lack of roads and farmsteads the hay was stuffed among the branches of neighboring trees to await the winter frost and snow, when it could easily be carrid off by sledges. After a wet season some farmers noticed that this was actually better in quality than that which they themselves had made from much better grass. The wild crop so to call it, had dried much better in the tree branches exposed to a free circulation of air than the rich herbage which had lain long on the sodden ground. Hence it occurred to them to make temporary trees upon which their crops might be dried.

This experiment was attended by such success that the plan has been widely imitated, and bids fair entirely to supplant the old-fashioned methods. After the mowing is done a number of poles about ten feet in length and provided with long transverse pegs are set up at intervals and the grass is loosely heaped upon them. The result is said to be excellent. Even in wet weather only a small portion forming the outside of the pile is discolored, wile the inner portions, exposed to the air beneath and protected from the rain above, are dried in perfect condition. Mowing can be carried on in spite of wind and rain, and when once the grass is placed upon the drying poles it may be left without fear of serious damage until the weather changes.—*Mark Lane Express.*

AN ANTIDOTE FOR FAT.

Peter the Great was once traveling incognito in a part of Finland, just conquered, where he was executing some naval works. He met an over-fat man who told him he was going to St. Petersburg.

"What for?" said the Czar.

"To consult a doctor about my fat, which has become oppressive."

"Do you know any doctor there?"

"No."

"Then I will give you a few words to my friend Prince Menschikoff, and he will introduce you to one of the Emperor's physicians.

The traveler went to the Prince's house with the note; the answer was not delayed. The next day, tied hands and feet, the poor man was dragged off to the mines. Two years after, Peter the Great was visiting the mines; he had forgotten that adventure of the over-fat man, when suddenly a miner threw down his pick, rushed up to him, and fell at his feet, crying:

"Grace, grace! what have I done?"

Peter looked at him astonished, until he remembered the story, and said:

"Oh, so that is you? I hope you are pleased with me. Stand up. How thin and slight you have become! You are quite delivered from your over-fat; it is a first rate cure. Go, and remember that work is the best antidote for your complaint."

HOW SHE COUNTS HER CHILDREN.

A Philadelphia woman who attended a reception given to George Macdonald, the English novelist, when in this country, tells of a queer fad indulged in by the author's wife. The latter wore, wherever she went, a belt from which dangled what appeared to be a number of golden balls. During a conversation with the novelist the Philadelphian happened to ask how many children he had.

"One the wrong side of twelve," was his answer.

"I suppose you mean thirteen?"

"No, madam; I have only eleven."

Then Mr. Macdonald called his wife, who opened the golden balls which proved to be (lockets) and showed the photographs of all her children.—*New York Herald.*

WOMAN'S PROGRESS

Gossip About Matters in Which the Dear Creatures Take an Interest.

SEASONED WITH A LITTLE WIT.

A Column or Two of Tittle-Tattle Anent Matronly Mothers, Modish Maidens, and Merry Misses.

Where Women Avoid Men.

In Holland a lady is expected to retire precipitately if she should enter a store or restaurant where men are congregated. She waits until they have transacted their business and departed. Ladies seldom arise in Spain to receive a male visitor, and they rarely accompany him to the door. A gentleman does not offer to shake a Spanish woman's hand.

Mrs. Lew Wallace Reads "Ben Hur."

One day when the book in hand was Ben Hur, she said, "I think the strongest part of it are the conversations of Belthazar, the Egyptian," then selecting those passages she read them, and matchless as the eloquence is, it had an added charm in being spoken by Mrs. Wallace. She is unquestionable proud of her husband and is the typical "turtle dove" though she can verge on the snapping turtle dove when her hero is attacked—for instance, when a common-place person who believed that all men of letters were arrogant and tyrannical at home, declared that she would never marry a genius, Mrs. Wallace quietly remarked "very few women have the opportunity."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Strategy with Husbands.

The Indian squaw is the slave of her brave, says Maude Howe. She works for him and serves him even as his horse or his dog work for him; but, unlike the dog or horse, that Indian woman is possessed of the strongest human instincts—the love of power. The only voice she can have in the community, her very supremacy in her own wigwam, is through her influence over the men in the family. This being the case she must be a very remarkable squaw who does not flatter, wheedle and cajole her husband, and by every possible means secure as strong a hold as possible over him.

We all know households to-day where these wigwam tactics are pursued. The master is irascible, overbearing, and obstinate. The wife is his equal in many respects and in some his superior, in self-control and a good temper particularly so. For the peace of the household it is impossible to directly oppose the dicta of the master, who is of a sort that wants to know best about all domestic matters, the discipline of the nursery and kitchen, as well as the routine of the stable, or the ordering of the wine-cellar.

Now, in the matters pertaining to kitchen and nursery, the wife knows that her husband's ideas are wrong and that her own are right, and by a constant series of small deceptions the tyrant is led to believe that his measures are caried out, whereas, in point of fact, they are quite properly ignored. I do not say the wife is blameless, but I say that the fault lies first with the husband, whose tiresome tyranny forces his wife into subterfuges for the sake of the general good. There is a large class of men who have to be thus cajoled.

The Modern Woman.

"Nellie, dear," began young Mr. Towers to his bride, who had just come in from an early constitutional, "you ——"

"Helen, if you please, dear. Let us begin life in good form; Nellie is obsolete."

"Well, then, Helen, I'd like to have you drive with me after breakfast."

"Impossible, William; at 9:30 I practice with the pulleys and weights."

"Well, 10 will do."

"At 10 I begin muscular exercises, the neck and chest movement and ankle exercise."

"Eleven, then——"

"At 11 I take my Turkish, which brings me home to lunch with you at 1:30."

"Then surely, dar——"

"How inconsiderate, dear, I have an engagement with the manicure at 2 sharp, and at 2:30 the lady who does my hair and complexion——"

"Good heavens, you don't mean——"

"That I paint or bleach my hair? Oh, no; but it is now customary for ladies to put their hair out to regular artists—massage and oil and electric needles, you know, to strengthen the facial muscles, prevent wrinkles, and remove superfluous hairs."

"But you're pretty enough——"

"One must be beautiful, William. Mere prettiness is passe. At 3 o'clock I play tennis, which calls into action and develops one set of muscles. At 4 I mount the tricycle for the same reason. From 5 to 6 I go through my posing or drawing-room exercises, and after dinner ——"

"Will you go with me?"

"Well, perhaps; but this is my raw veal evening —— "

"Raw veal! What on earth——"

"Stupid boy! Of course you've noticed that I wear a mask every day to keep from tanning, and wear gloves every night, but the raw veal laid over one's face for two or three hours is only an occasional——"

"But, Helen," in horror, "do you never do anything but this all the year round?"

"Goose! of course this merely happens to be my physical-culture day. To-morrow is society day; I receive and give myself up to society visitors and the club. Wednesday is church day; I hunt up worthy poor, arrange Sunday-school picnics, visit the W. C. T. U., foreign mission, Daughters of the King meeting, and have the minister and wife to dinner. Thursday I devote to literature and politics; I read, write, attend a suffrage meeting or lecture on literature, theosophical or science subjects. Friday is art day. This time I devote exclusively to art, to painting, modeling in clay, or in the search for antiques and in the study of ceramics. Saturday I give up to my dressmaker and the study of fabrics, tones, and draperies. You will notice the Greek model ——"

"Well, Mrs. Towers, will you tell me what time is left for me?"

"Oh, you, William? Why, I had forgotten; but then," cheerfully, "I'm never busy after church Sundays. That time is wasted anyway. We can always have Sunday afternoons, except the time I devote to home duties."

A modern woman is a martyr, concludes the Washington *Post*, and she rarely has an hour for her own enjoyment.

How to Be a Model Hostess.

A hostess has so very charming a position, if she is amiable, one wonders she should ever peril it by being unamiable. She is, in her hour of hostess-ship, perhaps at the acme of a woman's ambition. It is her place to see that a number of people are well fed and happy. She is the person of all others to whom every gentle, sweet emotion, every grateful feeling turns. A hostess at a pretty country house is very much to be envied, and she can, without much effort, make everybody happy. A hostess in the city can become an enormous social power, if she has tact and a certain intelligence. She becomes the envied of women and the admired of men. That she should ever use this power to make herself disagreeable is most amazing. If we had not seen it done, we could hardly believe it possible.

A hostess should never reprove her servants in the presence of her guests. All that worries her must be carefully concealed from them. It is her place to oil the wheels of the domestic machinery so that nothing shall jar. It is quite impossible in America that such a set of trained servants could be obtained, who should make the domestic wheels move without jarring. But the hostess must not appear to notice it. If she is disturbed, or flustered, or miserable, who can enjoy anything?

This necessity for calmness on the part of the hostess is well satirized in the old fashioned novel called "Cecil," where the hero writes to his sister, "Learn to be perfectly unmoved at your own table, even if your cook sends up stewed puppy." And an old poet eulogizes the calm hostess, who is—

"Mistress of herself, though China fall."

There is no such utter mistake as to lose one's temper, one's nerve, one's composure, in company. Society may be a false condition of things, but, whatever its faults, it demands of a woman the very high virtues of self-command, gentleness and composure, politeness, coolness, and serenity. Good manners are said to be the shadows of virtues.

But they are virtues. To be polite is a virtue of the very highest.—*Mrs. John Sherwood in Ladies' Home Journal.*

WHITEWASHING WAR.

Sir John Herschel, the great astronomer, was a most humane man, like all scientific men, by-the-way, and one of the problems of his life was to reconcile the horrors of war, pestilence and famine with the beneficence of the Creator. But he did it in a queer way, as Maria Mitchell relates in her "Reminiscences of the Herschels," in the *Century.*

One of Sir John Herschel's numerical problems was this: If, at the time of Cheops, or three thousand years ago, one pair of human beings had lived, and war, pestilence and famine had not existed, and only natural death came to man, and this pair had doubled once in thirty years, and their children had doubled, and so on, how large would the population of the world be at this time—could they stand upon the earth as a plane?

We were sitting at the breakfast table when he asked the question. We thought they could not.

"But if they stood closely, and others stood on their shoulders—man, woman and child—how many layers would there be?"

I said perhaps three.

"How many feet of men?" he asked.

"Possibly thirty," I said.

"Oh, more!"

"Well, we'll say a hundred."

"Oh, more!"

Miss Herschel said:

"Enough to reach to the moon."

"To the sun."

"More, more!" cried Sir John, exulting in our astonishment. "Bid higher."

"To Neptune," said one.

"Now you burn, he replied. "Take a hundred times the distance of Neptune, and it is very near. That is my way," he said, "of whitewashing war, pestilence and famine."

THE DARKEST HOUR JUST BEFORE DAWN.

Kind Minister (talking to his colored friend who had just lost his wife)—Don't feel so sorrowful, my good friend. It was the Lord's will. Don't you know that it is always the darkest just before the dawn?

Old Darky (brightening up)—Yas, massa, yas. I knows it am always de darkest just before de dawn. Yas, massa, this darky knows that bery well.

Kind Minister—And how do you know it, Sam?

Old Darky—Cause that am the time I used to take in de hen roosts, massa.—*Kearney Enterprise.*

NOTHING will so soon make a person hot as cold treatment.

ARNOLD AND SHERMAN.

What the Funny Old General Told the Noted English Editor.

From a letter by Sir Edwin in the London *Telegraph:* It was my good fortune to make at New York the close acquaintance of another and hardly less renowned soldier of the republic, Gen. Sherman, nor could any conversations have been more interesting than those in which he did me the honor to describe and discuss, among many other matters, that wonderful and memorable march led by him, which pierced the Confederate States like the thrust of a rapier and helped largely to bring about the collapse of "secession." The General was evidently and justly discontented with certain criticisms which have appeared in England, from a high military source, upon the conduct of the campaign. "We had," he said, "to create armies before we could use them in the established and scientific way, and it is unfair and illogical to judge the first two years of our war as if we had been commanding trained and seasoned troops. In the third year we had regiments to lead as good and skilled as commanding officers could ask for, and to the movements then made the rules of military science may be properly applied." Gen. Sherman spoke of the quality of courage in soldiers and men generally, distinguishing it impatiently from brutish and irrational recklessness. "True courage," he said, "is founded on presence of mind. The man who in the face of imminent peril can hold up his hand and count the fingers on it quite calmly is the brave, self-possessed, reliable individual. Moreover, true courage goes with unselfishness. I have seen an officer fight on unflinchingly in my presence bleeding from many wounds, of which he was disdainfully heedless, and in later life have witnessed the gentleman turn deadly white while he held the hand of his child that a surgeon might operate for some trifling abscess."

Many were the thrilling episodes and adventures of the great war which fell in fascinating recital from the lips of Gen. Sherman, but they are either recorded in the pagss of his autobiography or are too long and discursive to set down here. One little flash of humor is perhaps worth preserving from all the war talk which we enjoyed. "Gen. Thomas," said he, "junior to me in rank, but senior in service, was a stern disciplinarian. He had received many complaints about the pilfering and plundering committed by one of his brigades, and, being resolved to put this offense down, he issued some very strict orders, menacing with death any who should transgress. The brigade in question wore for its badge an acorn, in silver or gold, and the men were inordinately proud of this distinctive sign. Several cases of disobedience had been reported to the General, but the evidence was never strong enough for decisive action, until one day, riding with an orderly down a by-lane outside the posts, Thomas came full upon an Irishman who, having laid aside his rifle, with which he had killed a hog, was busily engaged in skinning the animal with his sword-bayonet so as to make easy work with the bristles, etc., before cooking some porkchops. 'Ah,' cried the General, 'you rascal! at last I have caught one of you in the act. There is no mistake about it this time and I will make an example of you, sir!'

"'Bedad! General, honey!' said the Irishman, straightening himself up and coming to the salute, 'it's not shooting me that you ought to be at, but rewardin' me.'

"'What do you mean, sir?' exclaimed Gen. Thomas.

"'Why, your honor,' the soldier replied, 'this bad baste here had just been disiratin' the rigimental badge and so I was forced to dispatch him. It's 'atin' the acorns that I found him at!' Even Gen. Thomas was obliged to laugh at this and the soldier saved his life by his wit."

A FORTUNE WITH HIS WIFE.

All the Athenians know Dan Taliaferro, the colored barber, who did business in this city and afterward moved to Jacksonville, Fla., and married. Dan was a polite and respectful man, and had the good will of our people, who will be glad to know that he will soon come in possession of a handsome fortune estimated at about $100,000 or more.

His story is a strange one. On Dan's removal to the land of flowers he met a colored girl of Key West, and after a brief courtship the pair were married. It now seems that the proudest blood of Castile flows in the veins of this octoroon, for she is a lineal descendant from a Spanish General who commanded troops in St. Augustine when it was under the dominion of that country. This old General was a great roue, and becoming attached to a mulatto girl, a descendant of the Minorcan, raised a family of children by her. On his deathbed he repented of his liaison, and left these children his entire landed property in Florida, including 30,000 acres, much of it lying in the principal cities of that state. A portion of the ground on which the Ponce de Leon Hotel stands was purchased from the heirs, while they still own valuable possessions all over the city, as also in Key West, Tampa, Tallahassee, and other places. This property has never been divided, being controlled by an old aunt to Dan's wife, who lives in fine style at St. Augustine, and was recognized as the head of the family. There are now only seventeen heirs to this vast property, and as they are all of age, have demanded that a division be made, arrangements for which are now in progress. The best lawyers in the State are employed. There is no question of doubt about the title to this property, and not an acre is in dispute. When Florida was sold by Spain to the United States there was a clause in the trade by which this Government was pledged to protect the titles of the Spaniards who had private landed interests. Under this clause does Dan's wife come in.—*Athens (Ga.) Banner.*

A BISHOP IN THE SALOONS.

Bishop Talcott, of the diocese of Montana and Idaho, preached at St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church. In the course of his address on the subject of the work that has been and is to be done in his field the Bishop gave a characteristic experience of his in a mining town where he desired to hold services and to have the inhabitants know of and attend the services. He said:

"I arrived in the town on Saturday morning. It was pay-day and an unusual crowd was about. I had printed a circular, which was placed in all the conspicuous places. Then I started about to see how it was being received, and, to my dismay, found that there were too many other circulars about for much attention to be paid to it. Clearly I must get at the people in another way. But how? Looking about I soon found that the majority of the inhabitants were in the saloons. It was an odd thing to do, but I determined to go into the saloons and speak to the men myself. So I started down the street.

"The first saloon I came to I entered. Several men looked curiously at me as I asked for the proprietor. I was taken back into a most comfortably furnished room, where the proprietor was. I introduced myself saying: 'I have come to pay my respects. Will you introduce me to these gentlemen?'

"'With great pleasure,' said he, and a minute later I was shaking hands with 'the boys' and talking to them. 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'I am going to hold services in the Town Hall to-morrow morning, and want to get the people there. Will you help me?'

"'Yes, sir,' they answered. 'Bishop, you can depend on us. We'll see you through.' And they did. I visited the other saloons with almost identical results, and the following morning you would have thought that the circus had come to town from the crowds that flocked to the service. I have never preached to a more reverent congregation than they were."

At the close of the sermon Dr. McConnell spoke a few words urging that the donations for the work should be large, and announcing that the offertory would be for Bishop Talcott's diocese. An unusually large collection followed.—*Philadelphia Press.*

KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN.

Precisely at noon the sound of military music was heard from outside the hall, and we knew that the King had come, says a writer in the Pittsburgh *Dispatch*. The audience rose and remained standing as he came in, bowing to the right and left, followed by the Crown Prince, the president and secretary of the Congress, the court-martial and adjutants. The involuntary expression which came to every one's lips was: "What a splendid man!"

His handsome, florid face is set off by gray hair and beard, and his broad shoulders, erect and large figure well become his office. Trained at sea, he has the bearing of a captain who treads the deck with full confidence in his own powers to command. He wore the splendid uniform of an admiral, over it the broad blue sash of the Order of the Seraphim, stars and decorations in quantity and immense gold epaulettes. As soon as King Oscar had put on his eyeglasses he rose and read in French his address of welcome—or rather shouted it out as though he were giving commands from the bridge in a gale of wind. A man of fine literary taste and culture, which seemed to be heriditary in the Bernadote family, he is considered the best speechmaker in his kingdom.

"JOHN" AS A MONEY LENDER.

"Say," said an impecunious lounger at the bar of the Girard House, "do you know how to raise the price of lots of drinks and enough grub to last you for twenty-four hours, all legitimate biz, too?"

The reporter to whom the query was addressed confessed that he did not know, and allowed the impecunious one to tell his tale.

"Simplest thing in the world," said he of little means. "The other day I put about $2 worth of soiled cuffs, collars, shirts, and so forth into the hands of a Chinese laundryman to wrestle with, and I told him I wouldn't want 'em for a week or two. Then the Mongolian said, with a gentle, flowery kingdom smile: 'Got no money?' I said no, I hadn't. 'Then,' said he, 'sluppose I lend you dlollal, play me black when tlake clothes out?' Well, say, it just knocked me stiff for a minute, and, you bet, I just jumped at that dollar. It's a great scheme. Try it some time."

The reporter resolved to test the truth of the Bohemian's statement, and he asked his Oriental washwoman for the loan of $1 on his laundry left there that morning. With smiling promptness the big shinning coin was handed to the reporter, the Chinaman remarking:

"You pay him black and tlen cents more tlen you get washee, eh?"

This was more than the reporter bargained for, but the Chinaman explained that that was the custom when money was loaned on a wash, the linen being held as security. He could not or would not comprehend that he was practicing usury, but simply smiled as he said:

"You play black one dlollar and tlen cents, eh?"—*Philadelphia Inquire.*

SHE GUESSED IT.

"You have a bright future before you," said the young woman who told fortunes at the church fair.

"Right," replied the traveling man whom she addressed. "I start on the road to-morrow for a stove polish firm."—*Merchant Traveler.*

THE wood-cutter need never go hungry. He can always have a chop.

THE IRON CAGE.

The Device with Which Louis IX. Equipped Many of His State Prisons.

For Louis XI. of France—whom Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Henry Irving have made so familiar to the English public—the iron cage had a great attraction, and he seems to have equipped with it nearly every one of his State Prisons. When the Duc de Nemours, previous to his trial, was transferred to the Bastile, he was put in a cage of iron, and the King, learning that some indulgence had been shown to so illustrious a prisoner, wrote in the most uncompromising terms to the Sire de Sainte Pierre, one of the Commissaries appointed to try the unfortunate Prince. He was not pleased, he said, to find that the fetters had been removed from the Duke's limbs, that he had been allowed to leave his cage, and that he had attended mass when women were present. And he charged him to take care that the Prince never left his cage except to be put to the question—that is, to be tortured—and that this should take place in his own apartment. Other important personages in the reign of Louis made acquaintance with these iron cages of his; among others William of Harancourt, Bishop of Verdun, and Cardinal de la Balue. According to an eminent French antiquary, each cage was about nine feet long, eight feet broad, and seven feet high, and consisted of a ponderous framework of timber, strengthened by solid iron clasps, and fenced in with stout iron bars, weighing altogether about a couple of hundred pounds, and costing about 307 livres, at the then value of money. Phillippe de Commines, the historian, makes some characteristic comments upon King Louis XI. and his cages. "It is quite true," he says, "that the King, our master, orders the construction of some 'rigorous' prisons—cages of iron and wood, covered with plates of iron, outwardly and internally, and with terrible iron bars, each about eight feet wide, and about the heighth of a man, or one foot more. The man who designed them was the Bishop of Verdun, and in the very first that was made he was incontinently immured, and lay therein for fourteen years. Many of us since have poured our curses upon him, and I, for one, having had an eight months' taste of this kind of captivity. Formerly, too, the King caused the Germans to make for him some very heavy and terrible fetters to fasten upon prisoners' feet and an iron ring to clasp around the ankle, with a solid chain attached and a great iron ball at the end of the chain. These instruments of torture were known as 'les fillettes du roy,' or 'the King's maidens.' These, nevertheless, I have seen on the feet of many prisoners of rank, who have since risen into honor and great joy and have received many favors from the King."—*All the Year Round.*

ONE WAY TO DO IT.

For a year or two past the collector for a certain Detroit tailor has been trying all sorts of pacific ways to get the sum of $13 out of a young man who has been a creditor for over two years, says the *Free Press*. The collector had been put off a hundred times by promises made only to be broken, and he has worked every scheme known to the profession without avail. The other evening he happened down at the Third Street Depot, and saw his young man buy a ticket for Chicago.

"So you are going West?" he asked.

"Only to Chicago. I'll be back in three or four days, and then I want to pay you that little bill."

"Yes. Going to Chicago on a visit?"

"Something of a visit; going to get married."

"No!"

"Fact. The ceremony takes place at 10 o'clock in the morning."

"And you want to be there, of course?"

"I should smile!"

The collector took off his hat, removed his coat, and was peeling off his vest, when the other asked him what was up.

"I've been biding my time, and my opportunity has come," he replied.

"How—what?"

"I'm going to light into you. You are the bigger man, and I expect to be licked, but the row will certainly cause both of us to be arrested and taken to the station, and you will thus miss your train. Perhaps I can black your eye, and in that case the marriage can't come off for a week. Put up your dukes!"

"Say, man, you wouldn't be as mean as that?"

"Thirteen dollars or a row!"

"I'll pay you half."

"The whole or nothing. It's my first, last, and only chance. Come down or put up!"

The young man took out his boodle and counted out the amount of the bill, and while he skipped for the train the other calmly donned his garments and left the depot whistling: "I Wonder What My Ma Would Say?"

WANTED, A LITERARY MAN.

Mrs. Parvenu (taking card from servant)—What is the occupation of this fellow who calls upon you twice a week?

The Sweet Child—I believe he is an author.

Mrs. Parvenu (severely to servant)—Say that Miss Margery is not at home.

T. S. C.—(correcting)—I mean a publisher.

Mrs. P.—Hurry down stairs, my sweet child. I have longed to have a literary man in the family. *Town Topics.*

MULTIPLIED WOES.

"I was merely engaged in a problem of subtraction," said the pickpocket to the Judge.

"I was about to sentence you to prison for six months; now I shall add an additional six months to that sentence," said his honor. And then he became as deaf as an adder to the unfortunate prisoner's appeals for clemency.

NEWSPAPERARCHIVE®.COM

ROOT & COMPANY

HANDKERCHIEFS !

This is the first thing you want to gobble up to-day. Ladies all Linen Hem-stitch Handkerchiefs—sheer,

at 12 1-2c Each.

NEXT

Will be those Gentlemens' Hem-stitch Hankerchiefs, all linen,

at 20c Each.

CARPETS

This week has been a good one for Carpets—an index of what next week will be. Carpets can now be had at prices that will make you glad to take them quickly.

COLLARS

Some new things for Ladies, Irish Point Collars, Van Dykes, Embroidered Collars, with an elegant new line of Ruchings.

THROWS !

A new line of these popular novelties at

23c, 25c, 30c, up to $1.00,

in Raw Silks and Madras.

ANTIQUE TIDIES !

Handsome patterns, 12 inch square, at 15c each.

ROOT & COMPANY.

—FOR YOUR—

Hay, Straw, Oats,

Corn, Mill Feed

And Poultry Supplies,

—GO TO—

W. E. MINER'S,

45 EAST COLUMBIA ST.,

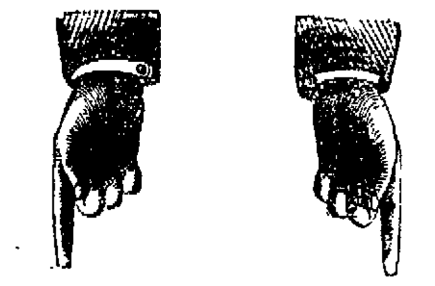
890 (6m) TELEPHONE 253.

ROBERT SPICE.

Pumps, Pipe, Hose and Fittings,

DRIVE WELLS.

Natural Gas Fitting a Specialty.



A BANQUET OF

BARGAINS !

During the week we offer sweeping Reductions in

Imported Dress Goods!

75 HANDSOME

Imported Parisian Dress Robes, in classic designs, selected with care, will be retailed at extremely low prices.

Robes Selling at $18.50, Sold at $14.00.

Robes Selling at $15.00, Sold at $10.75.

Robes Selling at $10.00, Sold at $ 7.30.

☞ These rates, we might remark incidentally to anxious husbands, will make pretty and useful Holiday Gifts.

Entire Line of Henrietta Cloths

In all Qualities are offered during this week at greatly reduced prices. We invite you earnestly to call at our store.

BEE HIVE,

HIGH GRADE

FOOTWEAR.

Our Great Specialty

OUR LADIES'

$3.00--THREE DOLLAR--$3.00

SHOE,

The Finest $3.00 Ladies' Shoe in the country.

☞ GUARANTEE

Every pair of these Shoes. Warranted to give full satisfaction or they will be replaced by A NEW PAIR.

TRY THEM.

Redlick Bros.

5 Keystone Block

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, NOV. 23, 1889.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Nickel Plate pay car has gone west.

Miss Mary Sharp, of Angola, is in the city on a visit.

The Fort Wayne Electric company to-day shipped a plant to Detroit.

The cloudy weather for a week past has been hard on photographers.

The People's Building and Loan association will be organized to-night.

The First Regiment band concert occurs next Monday night at the Temple.

Wayne lodge No. 25, F. & A. M., will confer the second and third degrees to night.

Mr. Klotz, of South Calhoun street, was surprised by the O. N. O. club Thursday night.

Messrs. B. H. Barnett and John A. Brown, of the 'bus barn, will spend Sunday at Muncie.

Agent C. H. Newton, of the Wabash, was confined to the house by sickness yesterday. He is better to-day.

Manager Chas. Guild, of the Jenney Light and Power company, has returned from a business trip to Toledo.

The suit of John W. Voidermark vs. Gesina Robyans has been appealed to the circuit court from Justice Scarlet.

Mrs. Rose Marshall, of Atwood, Ind., is visiting at the residence of Hiram W. Tapp, corner Lewis and Hanna streets.

Miss Sophia Stein, of the Barcus confectionary, left to-day for Bluffton, where she will spend Sunday with her friends.

Mr. Jacob Forbing, of Lexington, Ky., is a guest at 385 Hanna street, the home of his brother, Mr. John Forbing, the real estate agent.

Miss Genevieve Orvis, who was visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Eliza Hartman, of 167 West Washington street, returned to Chicago to-day.

Mr. Mock and a hunting party returned from a two months stay in northern Michigan last evening and proceeded to their homes in Wells county.

The funeral of the late Christian Buschman will take place to-morrow at 2 p. m., from the Lutheran church in Madison township, Rev. Gotsch officiating.

James R. Williams, of Blackford county, obtained a $500 judgment against the Salimonie Natural Gas company, because they laid a pipe line across his farm.

Mr. Platt J. Wise, of this city, besides being a director of the Mutual Aid association of the I. O. O. F., is also vice-president of that body and presided at the recent meeting held at Indianapolis.

Mr. W. S. Harrison, deputy grand master workman for Indiana of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, will go to Huntington next Tuesday to complete the organization of a lodge at that place.

Mr. Harry McCracken, of the draughting department of the electric light works is quite sick and is compelled to refrain from duty. He has a carbuncle on his arm. Mr. McCracken is staying at the residence of P. A. Randall.

Mr. Charles Geiger, formerly of the Adams express office, has been at Columbus, Ohio, for a few days. Mr. Geiger and Mr. Con Schuler are having a building erected at the corner of Washington and Comparet streets, where they will soon open a grocery business.

The case of the state against Peter Dodine for assault and battery upon Frank Boitet has been dismissed from the circuit court. The action was first brought in the court of Justice Tancey, when a fine was imposed, and the case was carried to the circuit court. The fine and costs assessed by the justice were paid.

In acting upon the proposition to erect a home in this state for old and indigent Odd Fellows, the Grand Lodge recommends that the work be carried out, and, in accordance with the recommendation, the matter was referred to managers of the charity fund. It was decided to ask lodges, encampments, and Rebekah degree lodges to become supporters of the enterprise.

Mr. Hugh McC. Bond is in the city from New York.

Mrs. A. G. Barnett, who has been on the sick list, is now able to sit up.

The teachers of Monroe township will hold an institute December 14.

The Pittsburg machinists had their ball last night. It was a grand success.

Mr. W. Knox, of 105 West Berry street, left for Grand Rapids this morning.

Sam Albrecht and several other young gentlemen are arranging to give a social hop next week.

Mr. Will Peltier's fine grey-hound was run over by a wagon to-day, but the canine will recover.

Judge S. M. Hench has refitted his office on East Main street, and will resume the practice of law at once.

The Nickel Plate road is in need of more freight cars. The stock traffic over this road is something immense.

Miss Hermio Fischer, the pretty stenographer in the Muncie offices, will go to Elkhart to attend the wedding of a friend.

U. S. Deputy Marshal Robert Hanna is serving subpœnas against a person named Reinheimer for violation of the internal revenue laws.

Mr. John Greer, who has been visiting his brother, Mr. Thomas Greer, and other relatives, returned to his home at Columbus, Ohio, last night.

Miss Daisy McBride, of Waterloo, daughter of Judge McBride, is visiting the family of Rev. Van Slyke, at the Berry street M. E. church parsonage.

The bunco steerer in "The City Directory," has in the cast been likened to the creations of Denman Thompson, owing to its absolute fidelity to nature.

Mr. Ivers Leonard, first lieutenant of the Rifles, is drilling the girls of the Congregational church for the coming festival. He is introducing some original movements.

Dr. J. W. Youngo delivered his lecture, "Wonders of the Human Body," to a large audience Thursday evening, at Cocsse. He will lecture to-night at Saturn, Whitley county.

The committe on arrangements for the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Catholic Knights of America will meet next Tuesday evening at the office of Dr. J. M. Dinnen.

The Huntington *Herald* says: "J. W. McDonald, a young citizen of Fort Wayne, is here canvassing among the musicians for the sale of a new game similar to authors and intended to familiarize one with musical history."

General Passenger Agent W. H. Fisher, of the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville road, says the new passenger coaches are expected to be placed on the road next Monday or Tuesday. The train men will then be uniformed.

The actor manager, Mr. Collier, in "The City Directory," is as quaint a bit of burlesque as has been seen since the "Crushed Tragedian" of the late E. A. Sothern. Mr. Collier is the son of Edmund Collier, who for a number of years supported the late John McCollough.

Lafayette was pounced upon recently by a cheap John clothing firm. City Attorney McHugh called upon the proprietors and informed them that they must take out a city license, $150, or stand a fine of $50 for every day they operated without it. The clothing men left.

The Wabash *Plaindealer* says: "Mrs. H. L. Wells, with the Wabash railroad at Fort Wayne, has resigned and gone to West Point, where her husband has a position on the Chicago and Atlantic. Mrs. Wells will be remembered as Miss Anna Seber, formerly manager of the Western Union office here."

James E. Spurlack, of Huntingburg, ex-treasurer of Dubois county, committed suicide yesterday by cutting his throat. When he retired from office there was a shortage of $3,000, which he settled by mortaging his property. His losses drove him insane. He was aged fifty years, and he leaves a wife and several adult children.

Trappers on the Kankakee river report that the dry season for several years has cut down the annual catch of muskrat from 30,000 to about 5,000 and the low water having killed thousands of acres of wild rice, ducks do not frequent its shores as was formerly their habit. They also believe a wet season or two will restore that region to its former prolificness in rats and ducks.

W. Alexander Johnson, secretary of the state board of charities, attended the national prison association meeting at Nashville, Tenn. The convention was interesting and successful, he says, and several citizens of Indiana distinguished themselves by the part which they took in the proceedings. Charles H. Reeve, of Plymouth, read a strong paper, and J. W. French, of Lafayette, delivered an address in which he advocated a system of paroles for worthy prisoners of every grade, including those sent for life.

THE SENTINEL stated yesterday that Judge O'Rourke has appointed Messrs. Wm. T. Abbott, James Kane and Wm. Miller to appraise the value of the city engine house property on Court and Berry streets. It is to be hoped that this time the appraisement will not be so high as to defeat the object aimed at by the city council, to-wit: the sale of the property that the proceeds may be used for the purpose of erecting a city hall. The city has maintained a nuisance right in the heart of the city long enough, to the damage of enterprising citizens who have built up Court and Berry streets, and everybody will rejoice that there is now a likelihood of getting rid of it.

Miss Bertha Hawks, of Goshen, is visiting at Westminster seminary.

Miss Bertha Hawks, of Goshen, Ind., is visiting at the Westminster seminary.

Smith & Gotsch have a fine display of Oxydized silverware in their show window.

Fred Banker and Miss Maggie Eggeman were married in Marion township last Thursday evening by Rev. Schaaf.

The Huntington *Democrat* says: "Hon. R. C. Bell and G. W. Wilson, of Fort Wayne, are in the city on business."

Miss Daisy McBride, daughter of Judge McBride, of Waterloo, is visiting at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Van-Slyke.

G. E. Andriovette & Co., of Chicago, have representatives here to place the stained glass in the new Second Presbyterian church.

Mr. Norman Franklin is in the city visiting his stepfather, Mr. C. B. Oakley. He has been traveling with a theatrical company.

Sister Radegundis died at the St. Joseph hospital this morning of paralysis, aged fifty-four years. The funeral will occur Monday morning.

Mary, the two year-old child of Engineer Michael Laughlin, died this morning of brain fever. Funeral Monday, from the Cathedral, at 9:30 a. m.

Dr. A. P. Buchman, of this city, has been appointed a member of the board of pension examiners. The outgoing man is not known here at present.

Thomas Manning, an employe of the Wabash shops, living at 15 Brandriff street, had the middle finger of his left hand badly lacerated and contused today.

The Transfer and Storage company to-day placed the furniture and a safe for Swift & Co., the meat dealers. The goods came from Chicago over the Nickel Plate.

The funeral of the little child of Mr. and Mrs. Rehrer, of 310 Broadway, occurred this morning from the house, Rev. R. M. Barns officiating. The remains were shipped to Avilla for interment.

Mr. John Rodabaugh has purchased the two story brick block on Columbia street, occupied by the Fort Wayne Newspaper Union. He purchases it as an investment and believes it will prove a paying one.

The Pennsylvania railroad owns one hundred feet of Columbia street property just east of Dr. Barnum's livery stable, and sixty feet on the south side of the street, on the corner of Lafayette, and are now offering it for sale. It will probably find a ready sale, and be built upon at an early day, as the extension of East Columbia street makes it valuable property.

The county commissioners are finishing the business before Mr. Henry Hartman retires from the board. Mr. Jasper W. Jones, who will be Mr. Hartman's successor, is from Jackson township and is in the first district of the county. He will enter upon his official duties the first Monday in December. Mr. Hartman has been a good officer, ever faithful to the people's interest.

The attendance at the Rainbow festival last evening was very encouraging and the program interesting. The dinner to-day was well patronized. At the entertainment to-night Reincke's full orchestra will discourse the music and Jacob Seibold will sing vocal selections. On account of the continued bad weather this week it has been decided to continue the festival during the first four nights of next week, with dinners each day and a special Thanksgiving dinner on Thursday.

The Indianapolis *News* says: "Mr. Peter Pernot, formerly of the *Sentinel* staff, but now one of the Oklahoma boomers, is in the city. He says Indianans are forging to the front in the new territory in fine style. The territory, he says, contains now 50,000 people who have nothing to sell and everything to buy. He estimates that 40 per cent. of the population are bound to have aid to prevent starvation during the winter. Every town already has its relief committee. Guthrie had 20,000 inhabitants when two days old. Now it has 10,000. It has reached very hard pan, though, and is beginning to climb again."

Don't fail to attend the Rainbow Festival to-night. Good program.

Don't forget the ball of the Three River Rod and Reel club to be given at Turner Hall, Thanksgiving eve, Nov. 27. 23 4t

A general rehearsal of all the Kirmess participants and Chaperons will be held on Monday night at the Academy. No outsiders will be admitted.

A grand benefit Concert will be given at the St. Paul M. E. church on Thursday evening, Nov. 28. An excellent program has been arranged and a cordial invitation is extended to the public.

If you are in need of a Carving Knife and Fork do not buy until you have examined our line of Jno. Russel Cutlery Co.'s Carving Sets.

SMITH & GOTSCH,
22 Calhoun St.

Celery, 2 stalks for 5c.

Silver Thread Sauer Kraut, 5c quart.

Nice Yellow Bananas, 15c a doz.

Gilt Edge Country Butter, 20c per pound.

Best Creamery Butter, 25c a pound.

Maltby's Oysters, for stewing or frying, by the can or quart.

AT GUMPPER'S,
230 Calhoun street.

Rainbow Festival to-night.

HARTZ MOUNTAIN CANARIES.

Just received, the first consignment of genuine imported Hartz mountain canaries at Max G. Lade's bird store, No. 58 East Main street. This lot contains some beautiful birds and good singers. Mr. Lade also handles a large line of bird cages embracing all sizes and prices. He is the only practical dealer in the city and can supply you with the best bird food for either canaries, mocking birds, bird mannia, bird medicine and everything necessary for the successful keeping of birds. Come early and get your choice of the finest lot of canaries ever brought here.

Rainbow Festival to-night.

Subscriptions to the Father O'Leary monument fund must be handed to the treasurer, Louis Jocquel, by DECEMBER 3, 1889. It is important to contract for the monument on the date named, and no subscriptions will be received after said date. GEO. P. GORDON, W. P. BREEN, Sec. Pres.
18-23-30.

New Crop New Orleans Sugar and Molasses.

Orleans Clarified Sugar, 7c lb.

Orleans Molasses, 35c; best, 50c gallon.

Extra C Sugar, 6c lb.

Standard Coffee A Sugar, 7½c lb.

Granulated and Powdered, 8c lb.

FRUIT HOUSE.

NOTICE.

The firm of T. M. Baxter & Co., Commission Merchants and Brokers, of Chicago, Ill., are not represented in Fort Wayne by any one as agent, either through newspapers or otherwise. Any-one representing themselves as our agent or agents after this date, will be sailing under false colors.

T. M. BAXTER & CO.,
40 Board of Trade, Chicago, Ill,

Florida Oranges and Malaga Grapes.

Large Florida Oranges, 40c dozen.

Choice Malaga Grapes, 15c pound.

Sweet Jamaica Oranges, 25c dozen.

Choice Bananas, 15c dozen.

FRUIT HOUSE.

UNSUSPECTED !

How a Charming Lady Allowed a Fatal Trouble to Come Upon Her Unawares.

"Nearly every one of my friends has a cold." This remark was made to a party of friends by an attractive lady who resides on 4th-st., New York. That evening she felt a tickling in her throat, a slight pain across the chest, and she coughed once or twice. The next day she was tired and despondent and had much difficulty in breathing. To day she is suffering from quick consumption and can live, it is feared, only a short time. Her experience is a sad one, but, unfortunately, it is the same that thousands of others are passing through. Such troubles should not be neglected.

Nature needs help. It MUST be helped and that promptly. In but one way can this be done, and that is by the use of a pure stimulant which drives out the germs of disease before they can become fixed upon the system. This is what Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey does. It is a stimulant to the organs that have been congested by cold. It arouses the tissues to fresh action. It wards off disease, and, containing no fusel oil, does not injure. It is used by the leading people of the land. A prominent lady writing on this subject says: "I have watched the faces of ladies very carefully for many years, and on nearly every one have seen either lines of care or unhappiness, swollen eyelids, dark lines around them, or some equally certain evidence of ill-health and happiness. I am a firm advocate of temperance, but I believe ladies should take some good tonic or stimulant and something, too that is known to be pure and reliable. I have tried Duffy's Malt, and have been benefited by it; and while I do not advocate its use by all, I think very many women could be made healthier, happier, and more attractive to their husbands, lovers, friends, and families if they would do likewise."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

(Refitted, refurnished and Decorated.)

—THE—

KIRMESS !

—OR—

Carnival of Nations !

Dances of All Countries.

Week of December 9th.

Grandest spectacle ever produced in this city by 150 participants.

Popular Prices.

WANTED—Table boarders at 61 Douglass avenue.

WHAT IS A REPUTATION?

That Depends on How You Get It.

Business men generally have a reputation. Some for doing business on the cheap plan, some for selling goods too high or unreliable wares, while others enjoy the enjoy the reputation of reliability. They boast of neither superiority over the world, nor of being cheaper than everyone else. The merchant tailoring establishment of Joseph M. Clark & Co., on East Berry street, has done business on this plan in the city for nearly a quarter of a century, and therefore reliable. They ask no more for their goods on this account. Their line embraces everything known to the trade, from the modest business suit or overcoat to the finest made, and their prices always correspond to the value of your selection.

Mr. Wm. J. Lavin, the tenor of the Levy Concert Co., is acknowledged the superior of Signor Campanini.

Princess Rink Opening

Thanksgiving afternoon and evening. Come and enjoy an afternoon of sport.
22-5t

Call for Hendricks Club 1880 Sour Mash Whisky. Sold by all leading dealers and druggists. In bottles only. 11-29tf

COME TO STAY.

Our Fourth Year.

Toys, Notions, Novelties, Tinware, Glassware, Woodenware and Dolls a specialty. Wholesale and retail, at the Temple of Economy, 15 East Main St.
16-tf A. R. HILLS.

Seats now on sale for the First Regiment Band concert Monday night.

The largest and best assortment of Pianos ever seen in the city at
D. H. BALDWIN & Co's.
23-26. 98 Calhoun street.

Go to the Rink, or 85 Calhoun street, and reserve your skates for Thursday, the 28th. 22-5t

The ladies of the city are invited to call at Westminster Seminary Saturday, from 3 to 9 p. m., when a display of Art Work, including Decorated China, will be made. 22-2t

The winter term of the School of Music at 36 West Wayne street, will begin on Monday, Nov. 25.
M. M. LARGE,
23 3t JOSEPHINE LARGE.

Secure your seats for the First Regiment Band concert Monday evening.

Good music, an elegant floor and good skates for Thanksgiving. 22-5t

Try Hendricks Club 1880 Hand-made Sour Mash Whisky. Put up in bottles only. Sold by all leading dealers and druggists.

—THE—

PEOPLE'S STORE

(PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK), EAST BERRY STREET.

—TWO—

SPECIAL ⁜ DRIVES !

—IN—

HANDKERCHIEFS !

FIRST LOT.

100 Doz. Handkerchifes

Assorted, regularly sold at 17c. and 20c. each. Our price will be

12 1-2c. Each.

THE SECOND LOT.

150 Doz. Handkerchiefs

Worth 25c., 33c. and 37½c. each. Our price will be

19c. Each.

They are HUMMERS and we have secured them just in time for the

Holiday Season!

We have them DISPLAYED in OUR SHOW WINDOWS.

Our Display of Fancy Silk Handkerchiefs, Silk Mufflers for the Holiday Trade, will be found attractive, at the Most Popular and Lowest Prices.

UMBRELLAS------UMBRELLAS!

Gold and Silver Mounted Silk Umbrellas for Holiday Gifts, at Prices to Suit the Most Economical Buyers.

INSPECTION INVITED.
ONE PRICE TO ALL.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

Pixley & Long Block
Berry street.

Dozois, Beadell & Co.

ELOCUTIONIST.

MISS SUSIE V. DUNAVON,

58 E. WAYNE ST.

BOSTON T STORE.

Challenge Hams,

English Breakfast Bacon,

Silver Leaf Flour,

Fresh Roasted Coffee Everyday.

Full Line of Fancy and Staple Groceries, Domestic and Tropical fruits.

No. 20 W. BERRY ST.

TELEPHONE 152.

J. G. THIEME & SON,

Clothiers and Tailors.

SUITS AND OVERCOATS!

FOR FALL ARE NOW

READY FOR INSPECTION

Our stock of Suitings, Overcoat Patterns and Trowserings is more complete than ever.

COR. CLINTON & COLUMBIA.

86cts. Ladies Pebble Button
Worked Holes, All Sizes.

40cts. Men's First Grade Rubbers,
ALL SIZES.

$2.00 MEN'S FIRST QUALITY RUBBER BOOTS!
Colchester Rubber Co.. Regular Price $2.75.

$1.50 Gent's Nobby Dress Shoes, Lace or Congress,
Solid, and as good a shoe as is usually sold for $2.00.

NEW - YORK - SHOE - STORE,

J. W. EMERY & CO., THE HUSTLERS,

Scheifer & Davenport's Old Stand, - 36 Calhoun Street.

The Fort Wayne Sentinel.

ESTABLISHED 1833 SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 23, 1889. PRICE FIVE CENTS

Protect Your Children

—From the—

COLD

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Natural Wool

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Nothing Like them in the Market for comfort.

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THE BEST MEATS IN THE CITY

GOTTLIEB HALLER

South Side Meat Market, carries nothing but the choicest meats. Fresh and Salt Meats, Hams, Sausage at

No. 366 CALHOUN STREET.

D HANNA STREET (WESSEL BLOCK.)

Don't fail to go to the

Knights of Labor

BALL

Thanksgiving Eve,

Wednesday, November 27th.

AT THE PRINCESS RINK,

Music by the First Regiment Band. A good time guaranteed to everybody.

LADIES!

We have just received something New and Handsome in

DRESS

ROBES!

The Richest and Daintiest of all.

Some are

Plain Cloth, Braided,

While others are a combination of

Cloth

and

Velvet

With fancy Braided work.

We have them in different colors, including Black.

It is impossible to describe these Robes or tell of their Beauty.

You Must Come and See Them.

LOUIS WOLF & CO,

54 Calhoun St.

Be sure and visit our Cloak Department.

TOOK A REST.

The Cronin Case Adjourned Until Monday—No Evidence Introduced To-Day.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—When Dan Donahoe gets through with his evidence in behalf of Kunze to-day, the state will begin the introduction of its rebuttal evidence. Among other things that will be proved will be the fact that all of O'Sullivan's wagons and all of his men, with the single exception of Mulcahey, were engaged after 10 o'clock on the morning of May 5, owing to the demand for ice. A number of witnesses will be introduced to prove that Monahan, Knight and Brennan could not possibly have played cards in the Ashland avenue saloon, as they claimed to have done. The testimony that will be used to quash the remarkable statements made by the Hylands as to their visit to Nieman's saloon on the night of May 5 has already been outlined.

The two cousins swore that when they reached the saloon there was nobody there but Nieman. The latter has furnished the names of a dozen men who were there at the hour the cousins mentioned and they will all take the stand. So far as Burke's alibi is concerned it will not stand long when witnesses are introduced to show that saloonkeeper Delaney was out buggy riding on the night of May 4th, instead of serving drinks over his bar, as he claimed to have done. It was on account of his absence from the saloon that night that suspicion was originally directed against him and caused his temporary arrest one day about a month ago to give Hatfield, Revells & Co.'s salesman, and Throckmorton, Knights & Marshall's bookkeeper, a chance to identify him as J. B. Simonds.

Coughlin's alibi has gone down under it own weight. There was a good deal of gossip around the criminal court yesterday about instituting criminal proceedings against every man who had lent himself to the alibi business, but Judge Longenecker said nothing would be done in this direction until the trial was over.

The somewhat sensational occurrences of yesterday had the effect of crowding Judge McConnell's court room this morning. When court opened Mr. Forrest stated that he had been informed that Lynch was unable to appear in court, owing to a relapse of his illness, and that the defense would rest, so far as that part of the defense was concerned, on the testimony of Koch. Koch is the man who testified that April 7, Coughlin and Lynch came to his house looking for Kunze, who boarded there.

After a wait of several minutes, and no witnesses appearing for the defense, the court announced that the trial would be postponed until 10 o'clock, Monday, and then if the witnesses were not on hand the state would proceed with its rebuttal testimony.

TELEGRAPH TALK

As it Comes Over the Wires, Telling the News of the Day.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—Frank T. Barry, fifteen years old, son of the late Hon. Henry W. Barry, of Mississippi, was found dead in his bed yesterday by his mother, Mrs. Kate Barry. He had rigged a string from his bed to the gas bracket so that he might study while in bed and turn out the gas without leaving the bed when he became sleepy. In his sleep he had involuntarily turned on the gas, which, during the night, filled the room and asphyxated him.

Mary Wolfe, nineteen years old, was discharged from her service place in this city on Wednesday. The next day her trunk, a bundle of clothes and a letter arrived at her father's house just outside the city limits. The letter stated that she has concluded to kill herself. The police were informed of its contents by the father. The girl had been betrayed and was about to become a mother. The police think she is still alive.

BROOKLYN, N. Y., Nov. 23.—The call issued by Plymouth church last night for a Congregational council to install Dr. Abbott and Rev. Mr. Bliss as pastor and assistant pastor of that church, is addressed not alone to such local churches as are in harmony with the advanced ideas of Plymouth but also to the Andover professors. President Dwight and ex-President Porter, of Yale, and many noted men representing the liberal side of the churches' doctrine.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—James Alexander Ruthven, the noted Irish player, song writer and abolition orator of war times, died from a complication of diseases yesterday, in his sixty-eight year.

DES MOINES, Nov. 23.—The St. Louis, Des Moines and Northern railroad, a narrow guage road running from here to Boone, a distance of about fifty miles, was sold yesterday under a decree of foreclosure, to Solon Humphreys and J. T. Granger. Their offer was about $175,000. The road will be transferred to-day to the Des Moines and Northern railway company.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—Adam Keyser, thirty-five years old, employed as a clerk in Hecker's flour mill, committed suicide this morning by taking "rough on rats."

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—It was reported after the close of business yesterday that a large coffee firm was in trouble. The embarassment is said not to have been caused by events at Rio, as the house is in the Java trade.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—The president to-day appointed William H. Spellmire to be pension agent at Philadelphia.

NO FLIES ON FRED.

Officer Wahrenburg Continues to Lead in the Number of Arrests.

There was a spirited police court to-day when each of five persons tried to convince the mayor that they were only a little drunk.

Officer Wahrenburg continues to run in the salubrius intoxicated individul. He had the majority of cases at court this morning.

Patrick Welchman was arrested by Wahrenburg, on Columbia street. Patrick had the collateral to buy his freedom.

John Clark was arrested on Main street by Wahrenburg. John went to jail.

Joseph Williams was arrested by Wahrenburg on Columbia street. Joseph paid.

Frank Henry, a vag, was arrested by Officer Kennelly. While Henry is not suspected, it is thought there might be a possibility of this man being implicated in the north side robbery in which James W. Minnich, the ticket agent, was a victim. The prisoner was sent to jail.

Frank Brody was arrested by Kramer on Calhoun street. Frank went to jail.

Louis Banet was meek as a lamb when he paid a fine of $5 and costs for creating a disturbance and assaulting a man. This arrest was also made by Wahrenburg. Banet has been keeping a disorderly place, but he promised the mayor that he would reform.

ALLEN COUNTY INSTITUTE.

A Program of the Session to be Held Next Week.

The annual session of the Allen county teachers' institute will be held at the circuit court room three days next week, commencing Monday.

The session will be an exceedingly interesting one, including talks by Dr. Jordan, president of the state university at Bloomington; Alexander Forbes, of Chicago; Professor Sanders, of the Warsaw schools, and others.

Dr. Jordan ranks foremost among the scientists of the west, and is an entertaining speaker.

The appended program shows the proceedings complete:

	MONDAY—FORENOON SESSION.	
9:30.	Organization.	
10:10.	Reading	Alex. Forbes
10:30.	Elementary Language Work	A. R. Abel
11:00.	Methods of Teaching	Alex. Forbes
	AFTERNOON SESSION.	
1:15.	American Literature	W. O. Seibert
1:40.	Natural Science	D. Jordan
2:10.	Arithmetic	Andrew Martin
2:35.	RECESS.	
2:45.	Geography	Alex. Forbes
3:25.	Address	Dr. Jordan
8:00.	Lecture—"Ascent of the Matterhorn"	Dr. Jordan
	TUESDAY—FORENOON SESSION.	
9:00.	Devotional Exercises	Rev. Moffatt
9:20.	Natural Science	Dr. Jordan
10:00.	Arithmetic	Alex. Forbes
10:30.	RECESS.	
10:40.	Music	W. F. Heath
11:10.	Geography	Alex. Forbes
	AFTERNOON SESSION.	
1:15.	Cellular Growth	Dr. Porter
1:55.	Reading	Miss Annie Philley
2:30.	RECESS.	
2:40.	Methods of Teaching	Alex. Forbes
3:20.	Value of Higher Education	Dr. Jordan
8:00.	Lecture—"Mission of Our Public Schools"	Alex. Forbes
	WEDNESDAY—FORENOON SESSION.	
9:00.	Devotional Exercises	Rev. Barns
9:20.	Reading	Alex. Forbes
9:50.	International Date Line	T. J. Sanders
10:25.	RECESS.	
10:35.	Geography	Dr. Dryer
11:10.	Arithmetic	Alex. Forbes
	AFTERNOON SESSION.	
1:30.	Grammar	T. J. Sanders
2:10.	Methods of Teaching	Alex. Forbes
2:35.	RECESS.	
2:45.	Music	W. F. Heath
3:15.	Liberal Education	T. J. Sanders
8:00.	Lecture—"The Mormons in Utah"	Hon. R. S. Robertson

The music at the evening exercises will be under the direction of W. F. Heath.

HANDSOME WINDOWS.

Those Adorning the New Second Church Edifice and Their Donors.

One of the handsome features of the new Second Presbyterian church will be the windows, which are the gifts of individual parties. They are of ornamental stained glass, elegant in make and design, and will be lasting memorials to the donors, who will have suitable inscriptions upon them.

The following is the list of those who have made such donations to the new edifice:

Col. Chauncey Oakley and Mrs. O. J. Wilson, in memory of father.

Hon. Hugh McCulloch, of Washington, D. C., in memory his mother.

Mrs. Hugh McCulloch, in memory of two deceased children, Alida and Edward.

Chas. B. and Minnie Beaver and Mrs. Marion Webb, in memory of father, Mr. D. S. Beaver.

Judge R. S. Taylor, in memory of mother, Mrs. Marguretta Taylor.

F. W. Antrup, in memory of his wife.

Mrs. M. C. Garvin and Wayne Township Missionary Society, missionary window, inscribed "The World for Christ."

Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Keliar, family memorial window.

Brainard Missionary Society, dedicated to Home Missions, inscribed, "Brainard Society."

IS DR. PETERS DEAD?

Conflicting Reports Concerning the Massacre of the Missionary by the Natives.

ZANZIBAR, Nov. 23.—News received here from Lamu confirms the reports of the killing of Dr. Peters, a German companion and all but five of the natives of the expedition. They were massacred at Addu Burrorbara, on the Tana river, by a party of Soumalies, who attacked the camp at night.

BERLIN, Nov. 23.—The Emin Pasha relief committee has received a cablegram from the Hamburg committee at Zanzibar, which says that Dr. Peters and his party are safe and well and that they have established a fortified station at the foot of Mount Kenie.

TRUSTS IN MISSOURI.

Prosecuting the Firms Who Do Not Comply With the Anti-Trust Law.

ST. LOUIS, Nov. 23.—Attorney General John M. Wood and Secretary of State Lesueure had a conference with Circuit Attorney Clover last night, relative to the prosecution of the St. Louis corporations that failed to comply with the anti-trust law. "There are 500 Missouri corporations that have ignored the law," said General Wood, "and two foreign companies. The charters of the Missouri companies will all be revoked by to-night, and now we propose to proceed against foreign and local corporations by information.

THE CITY CHURCHES.

Pastors Who Invite Our Readers to Their Sunday Services.

Welcome to the Baptist church.

The usual service will be held at the Trinity M. E. church, Sunday, by the pastor. All are invited.

First Presbyterian church. Morning services at 10:45. Sabbath school, 9:30 a. m. No evening service.

Regular service to-morrow at the Christian chapel, corner of Jefferson and Griffith streets, at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m.

Rev. J. L. Leeper will preach at the Second Presbyterian (Y. M. C. A. chapel) at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sunday school at 12 m.

In the Third Presbyterian church the pastor, Rev. J. M. Boggs, will preach at 10:30 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. Sabbath school at 2 p. m. Young people's prayer meeting at 7 p. m.

Trinity Episcopal church, Berry and Fulton streets, Rev. A. W. Seabreuse, rector. Sunday services, 10:45, a. m., 7:30, p. m. Sunday school at 3 p. m. Strangers cordially welcome.

Congregational church, corner Washington and Fulton streets. Services at 10:50, conducted by President Herrick, of the M. E. College. Sunday school at 12 m. No evening service.

Services at the Grace Reformed church to-morrow morning at 10:30. In the evening the pastor will give the fourth lecture on "Home and Matrimony." Topic: "Happy and Unhappy Marriages."

Regular services to-morrow morning and evening at the First Presbyterian church by Rev. Dr. Moffat. Meeting of society of Christian Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. All invited.

Regular services at the rooms of the R. R. department of the Y. M. C. A. Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock, standard time. All men cordially invited and assured a hearty welcome. Good music and singing for one hour only.

Simpson M. E. church, corner Harrison and Dawson streets. Quarterly meeting services to-morrow all day. Elder Mahin will preach in the evening and conduct the sacramental services. All are cordially invited to attend.

At the St. Paul M. E. church to-morrow evening, at 7:30, the pastor, Rev. M. C. Cooper, will deliver the third of the series of four sermons on the temptations and vices of city life. Large congregations attend these special services.

The city department Y. M. C. A. would like to see every man in the city at their meeting to-morrow (Sunday) afternoon at 4:30, city time. W. O. Page will deliver an interesting address. W. H. Strickland, assisted by Messrs. Todd, Barnett and Cromwell, will lead the singing and music. Come and spend a pleasant hour.

Berry street M. E. church, corner of West Berry and Harrison street. Quarterly meeting services, love feast at 9:30, a. m.; preaching at 10:30, a. m., by the presiding elder. Rev. A. E. Mahin, followed by the sacrament of the Lord's supper. Preaching at 7:30, p. m., by Rev. H. N. Herrick, president of Fort Wayne college. Praise service at 7 o'clock. Sunday school at 2:15 p. m.

"HELD UP."

N. P. Eckles, a Fort Wayne Man, Robbed at Kansas City.

The Kansas City *Star* of last Thursday's issue, says: "N. P. Eckles, of Fort Wayne, Ind., who arrived in the city yesterday and who is stopping at the Cottage house, was 'held up' and robbed of $63, at Fourth and Oak streets, about 10 o'clock last night, by two white men. They left him $15 and his gold watch. No arrests."

Mr. Eckels is the Kansas City representative of the Fleming Manufacturing company, and is selling the company's famous "Walk-away" plows in the western country. The foot-pads out there seem to differ somewhat from those that happen in these parts. Our's are not considerate enough to leave a man $15 and a gold watch. They take everything, even to a bunch of keys.

BUILDING SOCIETIES.

Close of the Discussion on National Societies.

The following communication from Mr. Frank E. Chapman is dated at St. Paul, Minn., October, 8, 1889. The Philadelphia *Ledger* has stated over and over again that it did not investigate the financial condition of building associations, either at home or abroad, but that on general principles it believes that small savings should be invested under the eye of the investor; that is as near his home as possible. It often happens that these savings are needed at a moment's notice, by reason of sickness or death in the family, or through many other causes, and the nearer the investor is to the place of deposit the greater are the chances that the money can be had when most needed. We would not recommend parties outside of Philadelphia to send their money here to be handled by strangers, and, on the other hand, consistency compels us to advise our own home wage-workers to invest their savings very near home, and to guard these savings with a jealous care. We have stated that Philadelphia building associations east of the Schuylkill river have lost money when they have even crossed the bridge to make loans, and likewise societies located at West Philadelphia have made mistakes when they have attempted to do business this side of the stream, simply because the farther away the security for a loan is located the less knowledge there is of the values of property and the harder it is to manage. If advising wage-workers not to be tempted by large rates of interest, which involve the sending of hard earned savings hundreds of miles away from home and from personal control, is "a stand against national companies," the matter will have to stand that way.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

LOCAL ITEMS.

The St. Patrick's Benevolent society will hold a meeting to-morrow.

Mr. S. B. Bond went west on the Wabash yesterday, on a business trip.

The rectory of Trinity Episcopal church will be completed by January 1st.

Congressman McClellan is in the city to-day. He starts for Washington Tuesday.

Miss Cora Havens, night operator at the telephone exchange, is able to sit up after a long siege of sickness.

The D. N. Foster Furniture company has been awarded a large contract for furniture for the new feeble minded school.

Tybilla Powers has sold to John F. Rodabaugh, lot 36, original plat for $4,200. This is the Columbia street property, now occupied by the Newspaper Union.

This morning occurred the death of Nellie A., daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Michael Laughlin, of Hanna and Lafayette street. Cause, brain fever. Age, two years. The funeral will be held Monday at 9:30, a. m., from the Cathedral.

The City department of the Y. M. C. A. sent out a number of invitations to the ladies of the city this week for something of their work or anything else they may desire to contribute. The first contribution was received this afternoon, of a very handsome and useful article, from Mrs. W. H. Strickland.

Mr. Chas. F. Pfeiffer, manager of the Fleming Manufacturing Company, has moved from his bachelor apartments at the residence of Dr. E. F. Sites, 206 West Wayne street, and is now living at the Wilber's homestead north of the city with his father, J. C. Pfeiffer, and his sister's. The west-end loses an affable gentleman.

Mr. Henry Graffe, the jeweler, has rented the store room next east from his present quarters and is putting in a handsome plate glass front. He has connected the new room with his old one by an arch and will establish in it an art department that will be a credit to Fort Wayne and fill a long-felt want. Columbia street continues to look up.

Two cases were brought in from Delaware county a few days ago on change of venue. Frank Sailors and Elmer E. Johnsbaugh each sues the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville railroad, running north and south through Muncie, for $1,500 damage. The complaints are alike except as to name of plaintiff, both alleging that a few months ago they tried to buy tickets at Muncie for Goyarten, a station a few miles north, but the office had none at the time, and when the conductor found them without tickets he fired them off. G. W. Saul, manager of the road, asked the change of venue.

Levy Concert Company Monday night.

THE MONTANA FIGHT!

Republicans Will Stick to the Certificates of the State Board First, Last, and all the Time.

HELENA, Mont., Nov. 23.—At a caucus of the republican members of both houses this morning, it was decided to stick to the certificates of the state board first, last and all the time.

Witter, of Beaverhead, was nominated for speaker. The democratic caucus is being held with closed doors and reporters rigidly excluded.

HON. GEORGE H. PENDLETON.

The Distinguished Statesman is Not Dangerous.

NEW YORK, Nov. 23.—Mr. Frank Pendleton, who returned from Brussels two weeks ago, said it was not true that his father had an abcess. He was suffering from a stomach trouble, but was not in a dangerous condition. Mr. Pendleton received a cable dispatch informing him that his father was not as well as he had been, but that no immediate danger is apprehended. One of his daughters is with him.

A RASCAL CAUGHT.

Newton Hill Arrested for Wholesale Stealing.

To-day Officer Patton arrested Newton Hill for stealing three saws from Frederick Korte, a carpenter living on Maumee road.

The prisoner was arraigned before 'Squire France who bound him over in the sum of $100.

Hill had a lot of goods in his possession when arrested and these were taken to the police station, where articles were identified as follows: Mrs. Samuel Griebel, clothes; August Corneille, tools and clothes; Pfeiffer & Schlatter, grindstone and bucket.

Hill has been looked upon as an idler, but he seems to have been hustling.

EXHIBIT OF ART.

A Magnificent Display of Fine Art as Seen at Westminster Seminary.

This morning THE SENTINEL reporter called at the Westminster Seminary to inspect the works of art displayed in the parlors for the exhibition, which commenced at that place this afternoon at 3 o'clock, and continues until this evening at 9 o'clock. The parlors are thrown open to the public between those hours, and they are invited to call and examine the work done in the art department of the institution.

The display consists mainly of work done by the pupils and shows the excellent instruction given under the management of the art teacher, Miss Jennie S. Rugar, an accomplished young lady.

Charcoal drawing is represented by the works of Misses Daisy Hattersley, Rose French, Grace Bass, Charlotte Lowry and Lida Baumgartner.

Water colors, by Miss Bertha Jackson. In oil paintings there are, among others, three paintings representing flowers and fruits, the work of Miss Laura Lightfoot; a marine view by Miss Philley; a large painting of a trumpet creepe in bloom and an exquisite painting of roses, the work of Miss Rugar, the art instructor; while a handsome three panel screen is the work of Miss Tillie Siemon.

The department, perhaps the most interesting to the ladies in general, is the China painting. Vases, pitchers, plates, berry dishes, etc., in bewildering profusion cover the tables and represent the work of Misses Bird Ellison, Harriet Shulze, Pauline Thieme, Laura Lightfoot, Bird Bulger and Mrs. Wells. Miss Maxie Nickey has the largest China exhibit of any one pupil, her work covering an entire table. An assortment of plain white China, in fancy shapes, for painting, is kept by the institution.

The display of decorative work is magnificent, and well repays a visit. The exhibit reflects great credit upon the pupils and teacher, Miss Jennie S. Rugar, and the principals, Mrs. Wells and Miss Sharp, who deserve all the words of praise that can be given them for the noble work they are doing in our midst.

Noble Approves.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23. Secretary Noble has approved Pension Commissioner Raum's demand for the resignations of William P. Davis, of Illinois, and Samuel B. Hersey.

Weather.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23.—For Indiana: Fair; warmer; variable winds, becoming easterly.

Last night Conductor Caddis, a Pullman car conductor, fell from a train near Mansfield and was either killed or fatally injured. He was not known here.

CHICAGO MARKETS.

CHICAGO, Nov. 23.—Wheat: November, 78¾; December, 79; January, 80; May, 84. Corn: November, 32½; December, 31; January, 31; May, 32. Oats: November, 20; December, 20; May, 22½. Pork: November, $9.87; year, $9.25; January, $9.47; May, $9.70. Lard: November, 5.97½; year, $5.92½; January $5.92½; May, $6.10. Short ribs, November, $5.27½; year, $4.97½; January, $4.82½; May, $5.02½@5.05.

NOT RESPONSIBLE.

O. M. Stone Compelled to Close His Commission Business.

O. M. Stone, who has been operating a "bucket shop" commission exchange in a room at the corner of Calhoun and Berry streets, has been obliged to quit business.

The concern was first conducted by T. M. Baxter & Co., Chicago, who did a legitimate business. Stone then assumed control and played a sort of a "heads win, tails lose" game. He was not responsible and several local investors know this to their financial sorrow. Stone, it is said, is operating offices at several other places.

The death of this exchange has encouraged two gentlemen of this city to continue the business in a wholly fair and square manner, one of the new firm being Mr. Joseph Schwerzgen, who receives the United Press report for the *Journal*. Convenient quarters will be leased and a brokerage business will be done in connection.

A CAMP FIRE.

A Fine Entertainment Given by Sion S. Bass Post.

Last night was to be held the nomination of officers of Sion S. Bass post G. A. R., to be followed by a camp-fire. The nomination was postponed but the camp-fire program was carried out to the fullest extent at the post hall.

The occasion abounded in pleasant features. The program consisted of addresses by Dr. Barnes and T. W. Blair, Mrs. Sue Beals, president of the Relief corps, and Mrs. Gorsline, past president; music by the colored jubilee singers and the Sons of Veterans' Glee club, a solo by Mr. Frank Dickson, and other things to make the event a lively and highly enjoyable one.

Mr. James E. Graham was master of ceremonies.

Another camp-fire will be given during the holidays.

DO ALL YOU CAN

To Help Make the Y. M. C. A. Fair a Success.

The ladies' auxillary of the City Y. M. C. A. would like to say to their many friends that contributions will be thankfully received, and would say to those who have not decided what to give that oysters, cold meat, etc., will be acceptable, as they have decided to give a luncheon.

The Y. M. C. A. fair will be held at the Second Presbyterian church ten days, commencing December 5 and may be continued two weeks.

AN OFFICIAL HONOR.

Supt. George F. Felts Appointed on the State Normal Board.

Mr. George F. Felts, superintendent of the Allen county schools, has received notice of his appointment to a membership on the official board of the state normal.

The appointment was made by the state board of education, and its bestowal upon our worthy superintendent is a high compliment.

Mr. Felts will accept.

Fresh Mackinaw Trout or White Fish, 10c lb.

Smoked Halibut, 15c lb.

Sweet Florida Oranges, 40c doz.

Malaga Grapes, 15c lb.

AT GUMPPER'S,

210 Calhoun street.

Go to the New York Bakery for good bread, fine cakes, sherbets, ice creams, ices, etc., 37 West Berry street.

Men of families are reminded that they can get Thanksgiving Dinner cheaper and no trouble to the wife, by patronizing the auxiliary of the R. R. Y. M. C. A. on that day. Full Turkey Dinner only 25c.

The ladies of Grace Reformed church are making extensive preparations for the annual Thanksgiving dinner, which they will serve at the church parlors on Thanksgiving day, from 12 to 3 o'clock, 25 cts.

We have just received a large import of Geo. Wastenholm "IXL" and Jos. Rodgers Pocket Knives and Razors, which we invite the public to examine.

SMITH & GOTSCH,

22 Calhoun St.

Hair Goods.

Mrs. E. Casey, formerly Hair Dresser on Calhoun street, has a fine lot of Switches she will sell at a bargain. Watch Guards made to order. Masquerade Wigs to rent at her residence, 38 East Williams street, four squares south of Wabash depot, near Clinton.

Mergentheim's Bazaar, has a rush in the Millinery Department. Everybody is taking advantage of the mark-down sale.

Messrs. Smith & Gotsch have displayed in their show case the finest line of Builders' Hardware in Oxidized Silver ever brought to this city.

The music for the Kirmess dances is one of its most attractive features and will be played by a full orchestra of ten or twelve musicians, directed by Prof. Reincke.

The Caledonians meet to-night.

BENEATH THE STREETS.

A SUBTERRANEAN WORLD OF MARVELOUS INTEREST.

Chicago Fairly Honeycombed with Tunnels, Conduits and Sewers—Where Dens of Vice Abound—How the Great Water System Has Been Built Up.

H[illegible] May 4th, 1886, and caused quite a sensation in the neighborhood. But this soon subsided when it was discovered that the man was not seriously injured and that the explosion had not been occasioned by dynamite, but by the bursting open of a manhole lid produced by the pressure of noxious gases generated in the enormous sewer below.

The accident, which was trivial in its results and excited but little comment at the time, suggests the subject of Underground Chicago.

Every one has read and marveled at accounts of that wonderful relic of the ancient world, the catacombs of Rome, in which of old were buried the dead of the Eternal City, and yet few, even among Chicago's own people, know that below the level of her streets there is a subterranean world surpassing in interest the one beside the Tiber.

[illegible] UP THE LAKE TUNNEL.

Chicago abounds in beautiful buildings—"massive and tall and grand," many of these rise to a height of two hundred feet and number thirteen stories and more. As the eye of the visitor sweeps their extensive fronts, rich in architectural designs and ornamentations, he forgets the solid foundations, reaching far into the earth, upon which the superstructure, vast and beautiful, is reared. The cost of the foundations of Chicago would suffice to build a city of no mean proportions. Hundreds of thousands of dollars are often expended on a single building before its granite walls rise to the level of the sidewalk. The space thus reclaimed from the "bowels of the earth" is utilized for boilers and engines to run the elevators and machinery for all manner of manufactories, to heat the vast structure, and furnish power to keep alive the electric lights in a whole block sometimes. Besides, many basements are fitted up as elegant restaurants, sale-rooms and factories. In one of Chicago's basement restaurants more oysters are served during the "r months" than in any other single establishment in the world, metropolitan New York not excepted. Twice during the summer just past great rainstorms have overtaxed the sewers and caused the water to invade basements and cellars, to the great damage of property.

But the space below visible Chicago is not all used for the useful purposes mentioned. Many low saloons, resorts for thieves and thugs, where all manner of dark and diabolical crimes are concocted, discussed and perpetrated, are tucked away in basements secure from the observation of the casual passer-by. It is here that the almond-eyed Celestial conducts his laundry, too frequently but a fence or mask for an "opium joint," and the gratification of other vices of a still darker hue. Gambling houses of the "better" sort are usually situated high up in buildings, with openings to the roofs for egress in the event of an interruption in the form of a police raid; but the lower sort, particularly those operated and frequented by negroes, who are apt to be inveterate gamblers, are found in basements and cellars. These are often so connected with each other as to form a regular labyrinth, and render the inmates tolerably secure from arrest.

Pure water and good drainage are two of the principal requisites to the health of a city. These are supplied to the "Garden City" by underground systems which, together with the gas mains for furnishing light, fairly "honeycomb" the streets and justify the caption of "Underground Chicago."

The water-supply system of Chicago is unequaled in the world; and to such as have seen, or may hope to see something of it, a brief history will not prove uninteresting.

The first public effort in the direction of a supply of fresh water was on Nov. 10, 1834, when the Board of Trustees paid $95.50 for digging a well in the North Division. We will soon see to what majestic proportions this humble beginning has grown in a little more than half a century.

FOOTWAY OF LA SALLE STREET TUNNEL.

For many years water was peddled through the streets as potatoes and bananas are to-day. It was drawn about in hogsheads, on two-wheeled carts, and delivered to the good housewives at a cost of from five to ten cents per barrel, according to the competitions of trade. The hogsheads were filled from the lake with pails, and the water was discharged through a short leathern hose. Thousands of people still living in Chicago can remember when this system was in vogue.

In 1836 the Chicago Hydraulic Company was incorporated by an act of the Legislature. The panic which swept over the country the following year retarded the movement, and it was not until 1840 that work was actually begun. Two years later it was completed. The hydraulic system consisted of an 18-inch inlet from the lake, connecting with a well 15 feet in depth; a pumping works fitted with an engine of 25-horse power, capable of lifting each minute 25 barrels of water 85 feet above the level of the lake; two reservoirs of a capacity of 1,250 barrels each, both of which could be filled in one hour and forty minutes; and several miles of wooden pipes, none over six inches in diameter. This exceedingly modest system, as looked at to-day, was spoken of by the press at the time as a "marvelous achievement of engineering skill." In 1850 [illegible] miles of pipe and [illegible] hydrants were in use, but not more than one-fifth of the people were thereby supplied with water.

In 1851 the Chicago City Hydraulic Company was incorporated. This was done as the result of a popular vote of the people. Bonds were issued and sold in New York and in the summer of 1852 work was begun at the foot of Chicago avenue, in the North Division. They were unable to put in a thirty-inch inlet pipe to reach six hundred feet out into the lake and were obliged to take the water from near the shore. On Feb. 15, 1854, water was first introduced into the buildings of the city. For four months water was only pumped nine hours a day, and not at all on Sunday, except in case of fire. In 1857 a twenty-four inch wrought-iron main was laid to the West Side, and in 1858 two new reservoirs with a capacity of 50,000 barrels each were constructed, one on the North and one on the West Side.

At first this system was fairly successful, but as the city increased in population and extended its limits the increasing sewage which flowed through the sluggish river into the great lake began to seriously contaminate the water, which was drawn from a point close near the shore. Not only did [illegible] worked great injury to the [illegible] of the city, [illegible] demonstrated [illegible] water [illegible]

And then [illegible] the [illegible] people. [illegible] At length [illegible] Mr. E. S. Chesbrough, the city engineer, [illegible] the [illegible] tunnel [illegible] the lake [illegible] which would [illegible] the lake from the bottom [illegible] through which pure water could be [illegible] of the city.

After a great deal of [illegible] legislation from Congress and the State Legislature, and perfecting the plans, the contract was let for what was, indeed, a colossal undertaking.

On St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1864, the first shovelful of earth was removed and [illegible] of an interesting and impressive ceremony, and the great undertaking was commenced. The shore shaft was sunk on the side of the old pumping works at the east end of Chicago avenue, on the shore of the lake. It was made about [illegible] feet in diameter, and [illegible] feet in depth. This was lined for [illegible] with a cast-iron cylinder [illegible] feet in diameter and [illegible] inches in thickness, [illegible] being [illegible]

With the completion of the shaft began the [illegible] which one of the [illegible] of the [illegible] then in the stage, declared to be "the greatest of modern times."

The point in the lake where the tunnel should terminate had been determined and marked with buoys, but the great difficulty was to run it in exactly the right direction, since the magnetic needle could not be relied upon for surveying below the surface of the lake. The only method of procedure was to run the axis of the tunnel parallel with a line drawn over the top of the shaft in exactly the right direction.

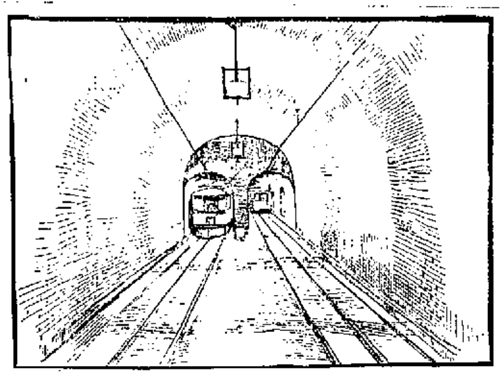
The work of tunneling was now begun in real earnest. The width of the tunnel when bricked up was to be five feet and its height five feet and two inches, the top and bottom arches being semi-circles, with two inches between. The space to be excavated being limited, but two men could work at one time; these were frequently relieved, and the work kept up night and day, without cessation.

Close behind the miners with their picks came the masons with their trowels. The masonry, of Illinois white brick, was eight inches in thickness, the bricks being laid lengthwise, with toothing joints to give them greater strength.

In this tedious way the workmen forced the great bore on under the lake, from fourteen to twenty feet being considered good progress for twenty-four hours.

As fast as the masonry was completed iron rails were laid, upon which small cars were run to remove the clay to the shaft, where it was elevated by steam power. At first the cars were pushed by men, but as the bore lengthened this became too slow and laborious, and two small mules were lowered through the shaft and used thereafter as the motive power.

As each thousand feet was completed chambers were dug in which brick, mortar, and other supplies could be stored and cars turned around.



LA SALLE STREET TUNNEL.

As has been stated, the magnetic needle cannot be depended upon in surveying below the ground, but the level was in constant use, and by its means exactly the proper depth was constantly maintained. The tunnel was built with a slope of two feet to the mile in the direction of the shore, that it might be emptied in case of necessity. This was done a few years ago and the tunnel inspected by Chief Engineer (now Mayor) Cregier. He found it to be in perfect order, not a single crack or break being visible.

But the most remarkable part of the undertaking was performed at the lake end of the tunnel. The "crib" was constructed on shore. It is composed of huge timbers bolted together. It is 40½ feet high, in pentagonal form, and nearly 100 feet in diameter. It was built in three sections or walls, one within the other, all so bolted together as to form one vast structure. At the corners it was armed with iron plates to protect it from floating ice, or any object in the water. Computed in "board measure," over 630,000 feet of lumber was used, together with 65 tons of iron bolts and 500 bales of oakum for calking. Before it was moved from the stocks where it was built $100,000 had been expended upon it.

On July 24, 1865, this vast structure was launched, and amid great excitement towed out to the place selected. There the compartments between the different sections were filled with stone, and the crib sunk to the bottom of the lake, where it was firmly secured by means of marine mooring screws, here used for the first time in America.

This accomplished, a shaft was sunk like the one on the shore and the work of tunneling was begun from the lake end of the sub-marine bore. The entire length of the tunnel is 10,567 feet, of which about four-fifths was constructed from the shore end. On the 24th day of November, 1866, the two sections were united by cutting away the barrier of clay which remained and the great tunnel was one continuous tube from the shore to the crib, two miles away.

It was believed that the water supply thus provided for would be adequate for the needs of the city for a generation at least, but so enormous was the growth of Chicago that within six years steps were taken to increase it.

Early in 1872 the Board of Public Works purchased ground at the intersection of Blue Island and Ashland avenues, about three miles south and more than two miles west of the shore end of the tunnel, where they propose to erect new pumping works. The supply of water was to be procured by means of a tunnel running diagonally across the city to the foot of Chicago avenue.

This second great work was begun July 12th, 1872, and completed in two years. The procedure was nearly the same as the first tunnel, and need not be described. The

THE CRIB.

works consist of a tunnel seven feet in diameter and a cut four miles in length. This passes under the city below the bed of the river and the deepest of the city foundations. The ground at the Ashland avenue pumping works is much higher than at the lake and considerable power is required to draw the water through the tunnel.

This great underground aqueduct draws its supply of water from the "crib," whose construction has been described. To accomplish this a second tunnel was constructed under the lake, and parallel with the first, about sixty-three feet away. The new tunnel is about seven feet wide and seven feet and two inches high, and has a capacity about [illegible] that of the first one.

At present a third great tunnel is in course of construction under the waves of Lake Michigan. This was determined upon because the water now pumped from the crib is sometimes contaminated by the sewage, particularly when great storms rage, and because it had become evident that the two North Side tunnels would not long supply the demands of the rapidly growing city. The shore shaft is near the foot of Twelfth street, two miles south of Chicago avenue. It will be four miles in length and is being constructed much like the others, except that dynamite is employed to loosen the clay.

Of this the [illegible] a little more than half [illegible] has been constructed. For the first [illegible] feet it is eight feet in diameter. At [illegible] it [illegible] two parallel tunnels six feet in diameter. The [illegible] hope to be able to [illegible] them further on [illegible] one-eighth [illegible] but there is some uncertainty about it.

It is expected that the entire four-mile tunnel will be completed in a year and a half, after which the city will be insured an ample supply of pure water under all circumstances.

Six hundred and seventy-seven miles of water mains, varying in size from three to thirty-six inches in diameter, are in use. Of sewers there are [illegible] miles, varying in diameter from one to nine feet. Besides, the streets are filled with conduits for telegraph, telephone, and electric light wires, while the gas mains rival in extent those of the water department.

There are two passenger tunnels under the Chicago River, one at Washington street connecting the South and West Sides, and one at LaSalle street connecting the South and North Sides, or divisions, of the city. They are triumphs of engineering, and cost in the aggregate about $1,000,000. Both of these great submarine thoroughfares have a double roadway for vehicles and one for pedestrians, the latter being entirely separate from the former. They are lighted by electricity.

CHINESE OPIUM JOINT.

The use of these tunnels has been sold to the North and West Side Street Railway companies. The one at LaSalle street has been for some time in successful operation, and the other is now undergoing repairs and alterations and will soon be in use. In both the motive power is a cable in connection with the regular "grip-car" lines. They do away with delays caused by the opening of bridges to permit vessels to pass, and will prove a substantial benefit to the people.

DWIGHT BALDWIN.

Indian Horsemanship.

It has been suggested that the easiest way to solve the "Indian problem," of which we hear so much, would be to employ all the idle Indians as soldiers. They are not, to-be-sure, amenable to the minor details of discipline, but they are equal to the Cossacks in all that goes to make up dashing cavalrymen. They are absolutely fearless, good shots, capable of enduring great fatigue and privation, and they are splendid riders.

A newspaper correspondent, having visited an Arapahoe camp, gives the following account of an Indian drill, ordered for his amusement:

"Fifty fine looking young men, mounted upon ponies, drew up before the tents. At a signal from the chief they began their evolutions with a loud yell.

"In a moment they disappeared over a neighboring hill. Then there suddenly rose a mighty tramping of feet, and they swept past again, so compact that I only saw a ball made of horses and men.

"Splitting in two, one body swept to the right and another to the left, and again they disappeared. Presently they charged each other in solid lines, and while the spectator waited breathlessly for the shock of collision, the files skillfully opened to the right and left, and the lines passed the intervals without touching.

"Now came the moment for displaying individual horsemanship. Some of the riders approached, each lying so close to the pony's back that nothing but the horse could be seen. Others stood erect upon the animals' backs. Some hung to the horse by one foot and one hand, so that their bodies were completely protected by those of the ponies.

"These young warriors threw objects upon the ground and picked them up at full gallop, and drew bows and arrows from beneath the horses' necks. Some of the men exchanged horses while riding.

"Again, a man would fall from his horse, as if wounded, and two others riding up beside him, would take him by an arm and a leg, swing him between their horses and carry him off.

"This exhibition lasted nearly two hours."

Arabella's Effort.

"Is, oh, is this really the love?" said Arabella Todkins, "that Amelia Ives and Ali Jinkman describe so thrillingly. Oh, tell me, Adolphus, is it the same?"

"It is, my love," answered Adolphus, tenderly, as he gave her a passionate embrace which nearly dislocated her left ear. "The very same."

"Are you certain, darling?" cried Arabella lifting her beautiful head from the right-hand corner of his manly breast. "Oh, let there be no mistake."

"Describe your symptoms, dearest," answered Adolphus, gracefully displacing a fly which was nestling in her dimpled chin.

"I feel," said Arabella, as she gave a great gulp, "as if my heart would leap from my throbbing breast. My throat contracts and then expands. The muscles of my throat leap back and forth, and my windpipe—"

"Arabella," interrupted Adolphus, sadly, "go no farther; I regret your disappointment, but it's only an old-fashioned hiccough, and—you'll have to try again."

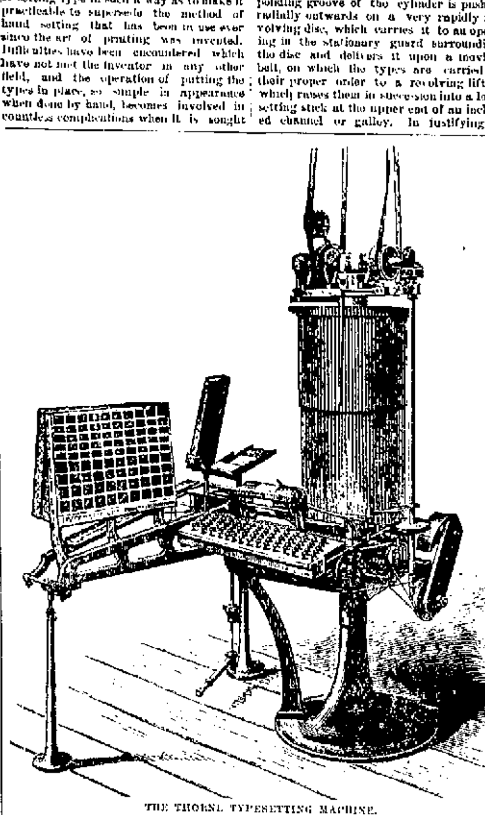
"The worm that dieth not" is the cotton worm. He comes around to take a boll as regularly as the bar-room beat comes for his lunch.

A MARVELOUS MACHINE.

THE THORNE CONTRIVANCE FOR SETTING TYPE.

A Labor-saving Invention that Seems Adapted to the Practical Requirements of a Printing Office—A Description of the Machine.

Whether or not type can be successfully set by a machine, and whether the machine can be adapted to the practical requirements of a printing office, is a question toward the solution of which the efforts of inventive genius have been continuously directed for many years. From one point of view it may be regarded as strange that the wonderful results that have been reached in other directions in the production of machines capable of performing the most complicated operations with almost human intelligence and more than human precision, have not been sooner paralleled in type-setting, in which so large a proportion of the work is purely mechanical. On the other hand those practically familiar with the details of the work of the composing room have cherished grave doubts whether a machine could be devised and perfected that would perform the work of setting type in such a way as to make it practicable to supersede the method of hand setting that has been in use ever since the art of printing was invented. Difficulties have been encountered which have not met the inventor in any other field, and the operation of putting the types in place, so simple in appearance when done by hand, becomes involved in countless complications when it is sought to adapt the machine to its performance.



THE THORNE TYPESETTING MACHINE.

Meanwhile invention and improvement has progressed with great strides in other branches and departments of the printer's art, so that while the art as a whole has reached a marvelous stage of development and achievement, the operation of type-setting has remained in a primitive state.

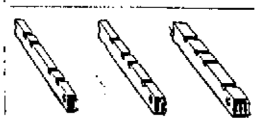
Numerous as have been the attempts to set and distribute types by machinery, it must be confessed that, up to the present, there has not been one machine which has obtained general favor, or which has answered the expectations held out. Generally, the machines have been delicate and complicated, and the results so very uncertain, indeed, that no newspaper proprietor would rely solely upon them in case of urgency. These repeated failures have led compositors, and employers too, to venture the prediction that until a machine could be endowed with brains the compositor would be indispensable. But recently the perfecting of what is known as the Thorne type-setting and distributing machine seems to overthrow that oft repeated prediction.

The Thorne, of which an accurate illustration is given in the accompanying engraving, is the invention of Joseph Thorne, from whom the machine and the company now engaged in its manufacture were named. The invention dates back to 1880, although the improvements which the last eight years of mental and mechanical labor upon it have effected have so metamorphosed the original that the present perfected machine scarcely resembles the crude affair which first embodied the inventor's idea. At various times the Thorne has been exhibited and tested in competition with other type-setting machines in Europe and America, with results most decidedly in its favor. It is doubtful, however, if any other machine has ever been subjected to the severe test which has been applied to the Thorne, one of them being in continuous use in the office of a Hartford, Conn., daily paper for nearly a year—a test which may be said to have thoroughly demonstrated its practicability, not only for general composition but also for the sterner requirements of daily newspaper work.

OPERATING THE MACHINE.

The Thorne type-setting machine consists of two iron cylinders, about fifteen inches in diameter, placed perpendicularly one above the other, in the external surface of each of which are cut longitudinally ninety channels or receptacles for the types which are to be used in it. Within the channels of the lower cylinder are inserted "wards," or small steel projections extending in various relative positions through their entire length, which correspond respectively with "nicks" specially made in the type—the purpose of which is, in distributing the letters, to automatically direct each letter from the mass of letters in the upper or distributing cylinder to its appropriate place in the lower or setting cylinder, so that each channel in the latter shall receive types of only the particular character intended for and adapted to it. The work of distribution is carried on automatically by the revolution of the upper cylinder over the lower, with an intermittent motion, thereby causing the channels of the upper cylinder at each step to coincide with and rest directly over similar channels in the setting cylinder, which remains stationary. By means of the "nicks" in the type and the "wards" in the lower or setting cylinder a type of a given character can only fall into its own proper groove in the latter, in these grooves the types rest on a bottom plate. The types in the distributing cylinder are in the order they come from the forms, but by the step-like motion of the cylinder and the action of the wards in the channels of the setting cylinder the types are automatically sorted, so that each channel of the stationary cylinder contains only types of the same kind.

Composing is effected from a key-board—like that of a type-writer on a somewhat larger scale. By the depression of any key, through an arrangement of levers and rods, the lowest type in the corresponding groove of the cylinder is pushed radially outwards on a very rapidly revolving disc, which carries it to an opening in the stationary guard surrounding the disc and delivers it upon a moving belt, on which the types are carried in their proper order to a revolving lifter, which raises them in succession into a long setting stick at the upper end of an inclined channel or galley. In justifying, a section of the composed line of type is drawn to the mouth of the justifying stick, and is justified with spaces taken from a case containing channels for the different spaces and the hyphen, the lowest of which are pushed partially out by ejectors worked with a treadle. The lines of type when no longer required for printing can be inserted in the grooves of the distributing cylinder from a special galley by means of a slide with which a whole line at a time is pushed bodily into a groove.



TYPES "NICKED" FOR THE THORNE MACHINE.

Three persons are required to operate each machine one at the keyboard, a second to break up and justify the lines, and the third to keep the distributing cylinder "loaded" and maintain a general supervision. With expert help one machine will set and distribute six thousand ems per hour, or from five to six times as much as the most rapid hand compositor. The work is not particularly laborious, and it is found by experience that intelligent girls are fully as well adapted as men to become efficient operators. The machines are so light running that a single horse power is sufficient for half a dozen machines.

Considering the purpose for which the machine is intended, the construction is simple, and there appears to be no difficulty or hitch in the working. It should be remarked that by manipulating the keys in one direction only, several keys may be touched simultaneously, without risk of the characters becoming transposed; in working the opposite way each key must be touched separately. The machine is driven from a shaft by two small belts. One belt transmits motion to the revolving disc below the typesetting cylinder and to the type lifter, whilst the other belt, by means of a tightening pulley and ratchet gear, produces the step-by-step-motion of the distributing cylinder.

Ramming Ice Floes.

No stronger vessels than those of the Dundee whalers are built; they are from 400 to 1,000 tons displacement, have powerful, well-secured engines to resist the shock of ramming or stoppage of the propeller by ice, and are built with an eye to the easy and rapid replacement of rudder, propeller and propeller shaft if damaged, these parts being carried in duplicate. Above all other considerations, they possess strength for ramming as well as resistance to lateral pressure when nipped.

Another very important feature is that the bow shall have considerable inclination, which permits the vessel, when ramming very heavy ice, to lift slightly and slide on it, thus easing the shock and assisting the cutting action of the bow with the downward crushing weight of the ship. In this way it is possible for these steamers at full speed to ram ice over twenty feet thick and receive no immediate incapacitating damage.

If the ice is not too heavy the shear-like rise and fall of the bow is repeated several times as the vessel steams powerfully ahead until her headway is checked. The difficulty then is to extract the ship from the dock she has cut by her advance.

The Reason.

Two men, in the dining-room of a hotel, were watching a hungry fellow who sat near them.

"Waiter," said the hungry fellow, "bring me some fried perch."

After he had eaten the perch he ordered a broiled bass and, after devouring it, said:

"Now just bring me along any other fish that you happen to have handy."

"That fellow is extremely fond of fish," said one of the men.

"Not so much that he is fond of them as the fact that he hasn't had any for a long time."

"He could get them, I am sure. The markets are full of them."

"Yes, but you see he has been beyond the reach of the markets; he has just returned from a fishing expedition."

THE MUSIC OF THE FIRESIDE.

BY EVA KATHARINE CLAPP.

A FAVORITE discussion of late, with the critics of the day, has been the music of the future.

Whether the forceful intellectuality of Wagner's sublime harmonies shall lead us out and up to the Alp-like summits of an entirely novel experience in music, a new school of sound, springing phœnix-like from the old, as chemistry arose from alchemy, or not, remains to be seen.

This may be the result; or, slipping back into the grooves of conventionalism, we may resign ourselves to lotus-eating dreams, lulled by the sensuous strains of less complex compositions. The question is one that is fraught with interest, to the high priests and priestesses of art and æstheticism chiefly.

In the meantime, the vast army of us, the rank and file of humanity, as we march along, time our steady footsteps to the cheery music of the fireside.

It is a low-toned, unobtrusive and comfortable melody, scarcely noticed amidst earth's more turbulent noises. Yet, what a dread and awful stillness would it leave in our lives should it suddenly go out and forever cease to be.

In the morning this fireside music is a kind of choral hymn, wherein are blended the voices of the children, raised in affectionate morning greeting; the silvery ripple of their happy laughter ripples through all the composition. It is the variation, played in flute-like tones upon the sober theme of breakfast table, household conversation.

And now, the canary bird, hearing the joyous stir about him, concludes that it is high time for him to strike in with his part, and he pipes up, with spirit, giving us a pleasing variety of trills, shakes, runs and roulades; while the pet dog contributes a few staccato yelps, purely from a spirit of emulation.

The coffee urn makes no noise, only offers up a fragrant incense of steam, as its share of the performance; but at evening, when the family shall gather around the cheerful fire, where snapping and crackling coals, like the tambourine in an orchestra, are more for looks than for sound, then the boiling teakettle will sing melodiously, a dreamy soft alto, and (if our fireside happens to be in an old country house) the cricket, sweet minstrel of domestic peace, will emerge from his secret nook, and tuning his violin to a high and resonant pitch he will pipe in pleasant accord to the kettle's low drone.

And now, perhaps, leading this delightful orchestra of quaint and original if humble musicians, softly rises toward heaven the voice of the mother, as with a tender lullaby she gently rocks her nestling off into slumberland. And call you not this harmony?

It is the harmony of home, the blessed music of the fireside.

The mother's slumber song, the children's laughter, the cricket's carol—this is music that inspires the manly heart to renewed efforts each day, in the paths of honorable toil.

It is music like this that softens the heart toward our fellow strugglers through life's vicissitudes. It is the music of sweet and wholesome home affections, bubbling up incessantly from the deep heart of life and chanting praise to the giver of all good.

It is not the result of any painful drill nor acquired by weary years of study. It solaces the cottage even more freely than it does the mansion.

Sweet as the thrushes' matin call, when the June sunrise flushes the east, and the wild rose exhales in fragrance the secret of her dreams, it is heartfelt and full of ministering grace for our fainting souls as the song of angels, and cheerful as the first day in Eden, when Eve, in the joyousness of innocence, laughed aloud as she gazed upon the beauty around her.

Here's a health to the shade of the glorious master, Wagner, a health to all artists and composers in the divine art of music; but after all, the music that we should miss the most, the music that makes life endurable, that sounds sweetly, even to the ears of the cherubim and seraphim, is the cheerful yet holy music of the fireside.—*Chicago Ledger.*

Josh Billings' Philosophy.

The man who kant find enny thing to do in this world iz az bad oph az a yearling heffer.

Thare iz no pashun ov the human heart that promises so much and pays so little az revenge.

Thare haint no man yet lived long enuff in this world tew doubt the infallibility ov his judgement.

Thare iz this odds between a humorous lekter and a scientiffick one—yu hav got to understand the humorous lekter tew enjoy it, but you kan enjoy the scientiffick one without understanding it.

It iz but a step from zeal tew bigotry, but it iz a step that iz most generally taken.

Don't lay enny certain plans for the fewter; it iz like planting tuds, and expekting to raize tudstools.

No man yet who had strength ov mind enuff ever resorted tew cunning. Cunning iz half brother tew fear, and they are both ov them weakness.

Natur once in a while makes a phool; but, az a general thing, phools, like garments, are made tew order.

A man who iz good company for himself iz alwus good company for others.

Genuine praize consists in naming a man's faultz to hiz face and hiz good qualities tew hiz back.

One ov the best temporary cures for pride and affektashun that I have ever seen tried iz sea-sickness; a man who wants tew vomit never puts on airs.

A fault concealed iz but little better than one indulged in.

Witty speeches are like throwing stones at a target—the more time spent in taking aim, the less danger thare iz in hitting the mark.

I have alwus noticed one thing, when a person bekums disgusted with this world, and konkludes to withdraw from it, the world very kindly lets the person went.

Woman haz no friendships. She either loves, despises, or hates.

A day in the life ov an old man iz like one ov the last days in the fall ov the year—every hour brings a change in the weather.

A coquette in love iz just about az tame az a bottle of ginger pop that haz stood sum time with the cork pulled out.—*New York Weekly.*

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL.

SERIOUS SUBJECTS CAREFULLY AND ABLY CONSIDERED.

A Scholarly Exposition of the Lesson—Thoughts Worthy of Calm Reflection—Half an Hour's Study of the Scriptures—Time Well Spent.

The lesson for Sunday, Nov. 11, may be found in I Kings, 3: 5-15.

INTRODUCTORY.

Solomon is the type of a wise man, as Absalom was of a foolish son. He was the youngest of David's children, being born in Jerusalem after the establishment of the kingdom there. He was well trained, his instructor being the prophet Nathan, and one of the pertinent lessons here is the value of a good and wholesome education. The main teaching, however, is the significance of a right choice. Teachers will do well to impress on their pupils that youth is the time for decision as to the aim of life, and no choice is invariably, constituted and circumstanced as we are, wrong choice. "Choose you this day whom you will serve."

WHAT THE LESSON SAYS.

My God. Solomon accepts Jehovah as his own as well as David's God.——Thou. His kingship was not of his own grasping (see Absalom). His was the divine right of kings.——A little child. In his own esteem; a word of humility. Solomon was at this time, it is supposed, nineteen or twenty years old.——Go out. For aggression.——Come in. For preservation.

In the midst of thy people. It was no insignificant charge.——Chosen. It was a precious charge.——A great people. A heavy and burdensome charge.——Counted. A hyperbolical statement, signifying too great to number.

Understanding. Hebrew, hearing. The reference is probably God-ward rather than man-ward.——To judge. That is, to give justice, to hear their cases of dispute and decide righteously.——Discover. Literally, to perceive, to view narrowly, discriminate.

Speech. The overture or request.——Pleased the Lord. Literally was good in the eyes of the Lord.——This thing. In the Hebrew the term for "word" and "thing" is the same (davar); it therefore occurs twice in this verse, once at the opening, translated "speech," and again here.

Asked for thyself. His request had been unselfish and in his people's behalf.——Riches for thyself. Absence of cupidity.——The life of thine enemies. Absence of truculence and vengefulness.——Hast asked for thyself. It was a severe test for any man to pass through. How many of us would have met it as well?

According to thy word. In the long run, Providence accounts to us just what we persistently seek.——Wise. Sagacious. This is to be seen in the shrewd, political alliances made and the far-sighted commercial transactions entered into.——None like thee before thee. Solomon was the flower of Israel and indeed of all nations, thus far.——Neither after thee. Until Christ came (Matt. 12: 42).

Also given thee. God's giving is according to grace—to those who come into right relations with him.——Thou hast not asked. How far beyond our prayers God's blessings.——Riches and honor. See the testimony of the Queen of Sheba. (I Kings, 10: 6-9.)——Like unto thee. Solomon brought Israel to be renowned among the nations, as David brought her to be feared.

If. The condition relates to the maintenance of this glory. It was given freely. So with God's gifts to-day.——Then I will lengthen thy days. It can scarcely be said that the condition was met. (I Kings, 11: 1-8). He died when about sixty years of age. (I Kings, 11: 42).

Behold, it was a dream. Better, and behold a dream, i. e., lo, he had had a dream, from God.——And he came to Jerusalem. His immediate conduct gives proof that the dream was accepted by Solomon as a divine communication.——A feast to all his servants. This second feast was more significant than the former.

This great kindness. The same word in the Hebrew as mercy above. He refers here to a special favor, so also esteemed by David. (2 Sam. 7: 19).

WHAT THE LESSON TEACHES.

Ask what I shall give thee. It is the question put to every young man. At the beginning of life choice may be made. God gives us the privilege of saying what it is we seek pre-eminently. There comes a time in every life when the deliberate decision is made, and the after life is largely determined by the nature of the choice then made. Some decide to live for self, and the after life is full of selfishness. Some decide to labor for riches, and riches come. Others choose to give the life to helping others, and thus follows a career of philanthropy; or to make the most of this life for laying up treasure in heaven, and there is a blessed record of souls sought and won. In this sense also the Scripture is true, "Ask and it shall be given unto you." Great mercy. Twice this occurs in this one verse, for "great kindness" below is the same expression in the Hebrew. It seems well to see this word thus early in Solomon's vocabulary. The son is a worthy successor of a worthy sire, and it promises well for the reign to see the son so early finding the paths of his father's success. For if there was any word dear to David it was that word mercy—"for his mercy endureth forever;" and if there was anything that could be quoted as the secret of his success it is to be found hidden, and yet scarcely hidden, in this significant word. The saddest thing about Solomon's life was that he allowed his phenomenal advancement in worldly things to draw his heart away from simple trust in the grace of God. When Solomon ceased to speak of "great mercy" he began to prepare for great failure.

Thou hast kept for him this great kindness. It was a mercy in reserve. How little we know of the things "kept" for us. The mercies given are great; what can we say of the blessing yet to be bestowed. Grace is ours now, glory hereafter. But it is to be noted that David anticipated this very blessing when he said, "This was yet a small thing in thy sight, O Lord God; but thou hast spoken also of thy servant's house for a long while to come." He enjoyed the pleasures of sanctified life, by faith the substance of things not seen were his, he knew the joy of the blessing in reserve. "Eye hath not seen," we say, "nor ear heard, neither hath it entered the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." But remember, "God hath revealed them unto us by his Spirit." Why not then begin to enjoy them now?

I know not how to go out or come in. It is a confession all of us might well make. To God we must resort for our equipment for service. And especially is this so of those called to lead amongst men. What pastor or superintendent or teacher, or, for that matter, what parent has felt equal to the double task imposed by Providence upon him? For he needs to know both the going-out and the coming-in, how to be a captain for aggression and a shepherd for defense at one and the same time. Who can teach us of this save he who is to us all the captain of our salvation and the shepherd of our souls, and who would have us learn of him?

Give, therefore, thy servant an understanding heart. It is, literally, a hearkening heart; that is, a heart that learns wisdom by its very meekness. Saul on the way to Damascus was in a condition to hear the voice that spake as well as see the light that shone. They that were with him "saw indeed the light and were afraid, but they heard not the voice of him that spake." Over in Corinthians (14: 2) we read of the man that speaketh with an unknown tongue that "no man understandeth him." In the margin "heareth" is suggested as the meaning of the original. It is the same word used here, though in a different language. The way to learn to understand is to first begin to hear and heed. That word religion is the opposite of the word negligence (religion vs. negligence), and its primary meaning is to give heed to the higher powers. To listen to what God says to the heart is to be able to teach others aright. An understanding heart must first be an obedient heart.

And he came to Jerusalem and stood before the ark. That was the way to make the vision a reality. Behold it was a dream, says the verse just before. Straightway he goes and communes with the Lord God and offers sacrifices; and now one feels like saying, Behold it was not all a dream! It is a good thought, a divine impulse, we may say, put into execution. Has God spoken to you in his providence? Through affliction, or it may be prosperity, in some silent hour of meditation, or in the watches of the night, have you caught a vision of better things? Then it is for you to say what it shall mean for you. Shall it be dream only or shall it be blessed deed? A time there is when it may be called not more than the baseless fabric of a dream. Take the good thought or message and make it over into reality. Then shall there be occasion for the feast of thanksgiving.

Next Lesson: "The Temple Dedicated."—1 Kings 8: 54-63.

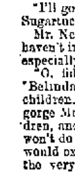
A THANKSGIVING WISHBONE.

BY J. W. [illegible]

JENNY and Johnny, and Albert and Mary
Sat at the table on Thanksgiving Day.
The turkey, all stuffed, and basted and brown,
Upon a big platter was turned upside down;
With its legs pointed skyward its wings pinioned back,
As old Farmer Johnson began the attack.
He carved a nice piece from the rich steaming breast,
And passed to his wife the first piece, and best;
Then said, "Now, Miss Jenny what cut do you like?"
"O, please give me just what you happen to strike—
Some white meat, or dark, or a leg, or a wing."
She was a guest, and a sweet, pretty thing
Of some eighteen years, and the farmer's boy Johnnie
Thought never a damsel was one-half so bonnie.
The farmer's boy Albert was equally sore
That May—Jennie's sister—his heartache could cure.
And so these two sisters, by special request,
Were there to take dinner, dressed up in their best.
Jennie was pretty, and dainty, though vain,
While May was more sensible, homely, and plain.
"Give Jennie the wishbone," said Johnnie at last;
Accordingly, to her the wishbone was passed,
And all the while that her dinner she ate,
The wishbone was resting close by her plate.
With united action, they all waded in,
Till their knives and their forks made a regular din.
The turkey, when finally laid on the shelf,
Was only a wreck of its once gorgeous self.
The squash, the potatoes, and cranberry sauce,
And mince pie and pumpkin, with crust all embossed,
Had each done its duty, and every one
Drew back and declared the dinner was done.
"Now, then, who will wish?" cried Jennie, the fair,
As high up she held the wishbone in air.
"I will!" said they all, and then came a scuffle
Insomuch that the wishbone was lost in the shuffle.
May was the first one the wishbone to spy,
And pursued by Johnnie, she quickly did fly
Clear through the sitting-room, into the hall,
In chamber, in cellar, in parlor, and all,
Then from sheer exhaustion dropped into a chair,
With cheeks all aglow, and tumble-down hair;
And Johnnie rushed up, and without much ado,
Snatched a kiss on her lips, and I don't know but two.
"Let us wish," said May, "for I still have the bone,
It is due you, I think, for your close to atone."
Now, dear reader, we ought to have told you before,
That, though May liked Albert, she loved Johnnie more,
And her honest wish, when she pulled on that bone,
Was that some day she might have him all for her own.
They pulled on the wishbone, and May won the toss,
But what was her gain was by no means his loss,
For from that very minute affairs took a turn,
And Johnnie and May are so friendly, we learn,
That when Thanksgiving Day again takes its place
They'll have hooked up together for life's ragged race.
We know not what Alfred and Jennie will do,
But the neighbors all think they will get married, too.
Now May is ready at all times to own
That there's boundless virtue in a turkey's wishbone.

LIKED TO MAKE A SHOW.

BY DRIFT.



"THE Beggerley's coming here to spend Thanksgiving?" said Mrs. Nettleby. "Not if I know it."

Mrs. Nettleby was a close-fisted and calculating woman, who lived in a handsome house in a stylish neighborhood in N——, and was one of those who, as her maid-of-all-work expressed it, "would skin a flea to save the hide and tallow." Mrs. Nettleby liked to make a show, but she had a deep-rooted aversion to spending. And entertaining company on Thanksgiving Day was one of the things that could not be accomplished without the latter concomitant.

Mr. Nettleby, a little, weak-minded man, who viewed his big wife with respectful admiration, looked dubiously at her.

"But, my dear," said he, "how are you going to help it? They've sent word they are coming."

"I'll go to your sister Belinda's, up in Sugartuck County."

Mr. Nettleby felt of his chin. "They haven't invited us," said he; "that is, not especially."

"O, fiddlesticks!" said Mrs. Nettleby. "Belinda's always glad to see me and the children. And as for staying at home to gorge Mrs. Beggerley and her six children, and Mr. Beggerley's two sisters, I won't do it. Why, such a turkey as they would expect would cost three dollars at the very least. Get me a time-table, Nettleby. Send word to Mrs. Beggerley that I've gone away to spend Thanksgiving."

Mr. Nettleby, who never dreamed of opposing his wife's will in this or any other matter, wrote the letter accordingly, and put it in his coat-tail pocket, where it remained; for he forgot all about it. Mrs. Nettleby packed up her own things and the things of the four little Nettlebys, and took the afternoon train for Scrag Hollow, in Sugartuck County.

"Mamma," said Theodora Nettleby—the juvenile scions of the house of Nettleby all had high-sounding appellations—"it looks all shut up and lonely. I don't believe any one is at home."

"I DON'T BELIEVE ANYONE IS AT HOME."

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Nettleby. "People in the country always live in the back part of the house." And carrying a heavy carpet-bag in her hand she trudged around to the rear door, followed by Theodora, Lavinia, Evangeline and Gervase, each lugging a smaller bag.

Nobody responded to her repeated volley of knocks, but presently a little old woman, who had come from a neighboring cottage to the well for water, was made to understand what was wanted.

"Mrs. Peckfield?" said the little old woman, in the high-pitched, shrill voice which so often accompanies deafness. "You're her cousin from the city, come to spend Thanksgiving! Well; if that ain't too bad! Mrs. Peckfield started this very afternoon for Ladd's Depot: got some relations as lives there."

"That's very strange," said Mrs. Nettleby. "I telegraphed to her that I was coming."

"Couldn't a got the telegraph, I guess," said the little woman. But Mrs. Nettleby knew better than that, for under the corner of the piazza there lay a torn envelope of the Western Union Telegraph. And she knew that Mrs. Peckfield had fled from her, just as she, Mrs. Nettleby, had fled before the Beggerley family.

"But I'll be even with her," said Mrs. Nettleby, grinding her false teeth. "I'll go to Ladd's Depot. What are the names of her relations there?"

The little old woman, after some meditation, said that it was Jones. At least she thought it was Jones. She wasn't quite certain. It might be Smith, or it might be Brown. But she believed it was Jones. And she believed they lived on Thorn street. It was a long walk back to the railroad depot, and the four little Nettlebys were tired and cross, but they fortunately succeeded in reaching it before the last northward train started. But it was an express and didn't stop at small places like Ladd's Depot, as Mrs. Nettleby found to her cost when she paid five dollars for a hack to take her back to Ladd's Depot.

On inquiry it was found that there were about half a dozen families of the name of Jones at Ladd's Depot. The first place to which they drove on Thorn street was a tenement house, where they all had the scarlet fever. "Oh, my!" said Mrs. Nettleby, "drive on, quick. This isn't the place!"

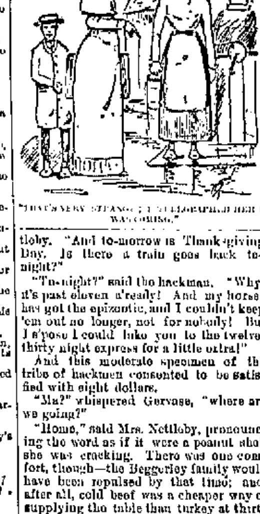
The next was a clergyman's house, where a full-fledged prayer meeting was going briskly on. "*This* isn't the place, either," said poor Mrs. Nettleby, waxing more and more in despair.

And the third was a vinegar-faced old maid who lived with her married sister, and "never had heard the name of Peckfield in her life."

"What *shall* I do?" said Mrs. Nettleby.

"Better go to a hotel, ma'am," said the hackman, who himself was beginning to get out of patience.

"But it costs so much," said Mrs. Nettleby. "And to-morrow is Thanksgiving Day. Is there a train goes back to-night?"



"THAT'S VERY STRANGE; I TELEGRAPHED HER I WAS COMING."

"To-night?" said the hackman. "Why, it's past eleven a'ready! And my horses has got the epizootic, and I couldn't keep 'em out no longer, not for nobody! But I s'pose I could take you to the twelve-thirty night express for a little extra!"

And this moderate specimen of the tribe of hackmen consented to be satisfied with eight dollars.

"Ma?" whispered Gervase, "where are we going?"

"Home," said Mrs. Nettleby, pronouncing the word as if it were a peanut shell she was cracking. There was one comfort, though—the Beggerley family would have been repulsed by that time; and, after all, cold beef was a cheaper way of supplying the table than turkey at thirty cents a pound.

It was 2 o'clock the next day when she reached her own door, having paid in hack and car fare enough to buy half a dozen ten-pound turkeys, and with jaded and fretful children, a violent headache on her own score, and one of the traveling-bags lost! "I'll stay at home after this," said Mrs. Nettleby to herself. "Eh! Parlor window-blinds open! People talking! I do believe Nettleby's got company to Thanksgiving, after all!" And her heart sank down into the soles of her boots. It was quite true. The servant-maid, with a red and flurried face, opened the door.

"Mary!" said Mrs. Nettleby, "who's here?"

"Lots of people, ma'am," said Mary, looking guiltily over her shoulder.

"Where are they?" demanded her mistress.

"In the dining-room, ma'am." And Mary threw open the door, thereby disclosing a long table with three huge turkeys, well browned, and a savory chicken-pie that was a mountain in itself, and a glass reservoir of cranberry sauce that set Mrs. Nettleby calculating at once as to the probable amount of dollars sunk in its crimson billows; while, seated in hospitable array around the board, were Mr. and Mrs. Beggerley, the two sisters, and the six little Beggerleys, Mr. and Mrs. Smithers, seven little Smitherses, and the six Leonards of Maine, second cousins of Mr. Nettleby—twenty-six in all—including her husband.

Mrs. Nettleby and her children sat down and ate their Thanksgiving dinner with what appetite they might. But Nettleby had rather a hard time of it that night.

"My dear," said that sacrificial lamb, "what was I to do? They didn't get the letter. They said they had come to spend Thanksgiving, and of course I had to order dinner. What else could I do?"

"Do?" repeated Mrs. Nettleby, in accents of the bitterest scorn, "couldn't you close all the blinds, and lock the front door, and go down cellar and pretend not to be at home? I've no patience with you!"

Three days afterward the three youngest Nettlebys broke out with scarlet fever. The seven little Smitherses took it of them, the maid took it of the Smitherses, and Mrs. Nettleby had her winter's work before her.

"I wish to goodness I had stayed at home," thought Mrs. Nettleby.

And the amount of thankfulness she felt that year was not oppressive, in spite of the Governor's Thanksgiving proclamation.

A Presuming Little Girl.

A little girl, who made very frequent use of the word "guess," was one day reproved for it by her teacher.

"Don't say 'guess,' Mary," said Miss Jones, "say 'presume.'"

Presently one of Mary's little playmates coming up to her, remarked:

"I think your cape is very pretty, and my mamma wants your mamma to lend her the pattern, because she is going to make me one like it."

"My mamma has no pattern," was the prompt reply; "she cut it by presume."

IT has been stated that the lamented Father Damon attributed his leprosy to the inoculation of an abrasion in the scalp through the agency of flies

BRUIN IN A TRAP.

A HUNTER CATCHES TWO BEARS IN AN ODD WAY.

Bruin Caught in a Trap Which Swings Him About Helplessly in the Air—A Ludicrous Scene and Its Ending.

Absalom Quick, who has a cabin on Big Kettle Creek, saw a lively illustration of the fun-loving propensity of the Pennsylvania bear a few days ago, which culminated in an exciting manifestation also of the disposition of Bruin to tear things. Quick was deer hunting, in company with three other hunters, and occupying his cabin. On returning to the cabin one night the hunters discovered that a bear had been prowling around it, and had actually been making an attempt to burglarize it. He had given up the job for some reason or other, but Quick, knowing a thing or two about bears, declared the beast would be back again next day to complete the job.

"I'm gointer git that b'ar," said Quick, "an' I'm gointer git him peculiar."

Next morning Quick proceeded to lay his plans to intercept Bruin. Among the trees that were growing about the cabin was a white oak sapling, five inches through at the butt. It tapered gradually to the top, which was twenty-five feet above the ground. The sapling was straight from butt to tip. Quick climbed it and trimmed it of its limbs. Among his traps in the cabin was several feet of small but strong rope. Quick deftly tied a smooth slipping noose in one end of the rope. By the combined efforts of the four men the oak sapling was bent over until its tip was within three feet of the ground. While the tree was held in that position Quick tied the rope securely to the tip, and, by an ingenious arrangement of pegs and notched sticks he had prepared for the occasion, he soon had the noose end of the rope fastened on the ground. By this the bent sapling was held in place, it being necessary to but slightly touch the delicately arranged sticks on the ground to release the rope and permit the sapling to slip back to its place. The trap was set close to the cabin door.

"I never ketched no b'ar this way," said Quick; "but if it don't work, then I don't know b'ars."

The hunters then went out on the ridge after deer, leaving the cabin door open, with a tempting piece of pork just inside the sill. A mile from the cabin the men separated to go to different runways. Soon afterward, while Quick was making his way down a steep pitch on the side of the ridge, he caught his foot in a root and fell heavily to the ground. Quick is a genuine woodsman, and if he had received any physical injury in the fall it must have been serious to cause him any great concern; but in falling he broke a bottle he had in his pocket, and the contents were lost. There was nothing left of them but the aggravating aroma that haunted the air. It was a cold day, and there were to be possible long hours of weary waiting at a runway for the coming of a deer. There was at the cabin more of what the bottle had contained. Quick stood his gun against a tree and hurried back to headquarters. He stepped cautiously over the bear trap at the cabin door, and was filling a new bottle from a demijohn when a noise outside caused him to turn his head and look out of the door. He saw a medium-sized bear making a bee-line toward the trap. Quick was only a few feet back from the door, but the bear evidently saw nothing but the piece of pork. The bear never stopped, but slouched right up to the snare that had been laid for him, and got both forefeet inside the loop. The sapling flew up with a noise like a gust of wind in a chimney. The bear disappeared from Quick's view at the same time. But the next second he appeared on the line of vision again, dancing and teetering around in the open space in front of the cabin like a ball on an elastic string. The rope had caught the bear around the body just back of the forelegs. With every effort he made to free himself the sapling raised him a foot or two from the ground, and kept him dancing like a baby in a baby jumper. The bear snapped and snarled and snorted. He struck and sparred at the rope. Now and then, by some particularly vicious lurch, he bent the sapling so that he could throw himself flat on his back, but instantly the stiff and springy oak would get its work in again and yank the bear back in the air until everything snapped. The involuntary antics of the bear struck Quick as being so extremely comical that he at last had to yell with laughter. It was not until then that the bear discovered Quick, and he seemed to look upon the hunter as being responsible for his extraordinary situation, for he at once made desperate attempts to get in the cabin and have it out with Quick. He would manage to dance and swing to the very threshold, and then his frantic struggles would give the sapling a new chance at him, and it would lift him up and snatch him away, his legs sprawling out to all points of the compass, like a big spider swinging at the end of its descending web.

When this had been repeated three or four times Quick began to fear that he would burst with laughter and the bear with fury unless something was done to put a stop to the circus. Quick's gun was a mile away. He was about to look around and see what he could find to kill the bear with when he saw another bear, a good deal bigger than the one in the snare, come ambling out of the bushes. This one stopped within a few feet of where the first bear was bobbing and sporting around in front of the cabin, gazed at the performance a minute or two in evident astonishment. Then the fun of the thing seemed to strike him all in a heap, too, for he drew nearer, and, rising on his haunches, took to giving the snared bear a tap or two with his forepaws as the sapling danced and teetered him around. That increased the fury of the snared bear, and he turned his attention from Quick, and tried to get his clutches on the bear that was tantalizing him. But he couldn't stay long enough in one place to make a success of it.

After giving the dancing bear a clip a good many times as he circled around, the other bear seemed to see still more fun than he was having, and, watching his opportunity, he grabbed the first bear by the back and ran across the opening, pushing him ahead of him. When he had gone as far as the rope would let him, he gave the bear a last and a hearty shove and let go. The bear at the end of the rope sailed up almost to the branches of the surrounding trees, and then came rushing back. The impetus of the rush sent him among the trees on the other side. The other bear stood on his haunches and gazed on the result of his effort with unmistakable enjoyment. But the snared bear swished back again, and brought up against the bear that was having the fun, and the next instant the latter was wrapped in the forelegs of the swinging bear in a way that started the fur to flying in all directions. That made the young bear mad, and Quick says that the tooth and nail tussle and tumble that ensued was the most lively [illegible] thing he had ever seen in all his experience. The sapling bent and snapped under the weight of the two bears, and danced and tumbled them around until the dirt and stones and leaves flew about like chips from a planing machine. The fight lasted but a few seconds, for the fun-loving bear managed to break the embrace of the snared bear, and limped away out of the latter's reach, where he sat down and glared and growled and showed his teeth at the bear that had used him so unexpectedly rough. This bear, discovering Quick yelling and howling on the cabin floor, began his jumping-jacking in that direction again. Quick then proceeded to carry out his resolution to close the show. He found a stout and heavy hickory stake in the cabin. When the dancing bear swung around once more to the cabin door Quick met him and dealt him a tremendous blow on the nose that stunned him. Before the bear could recover himself Quick killed him with a few more blows, smashing his skull.

In doing this Quick's attention had necessarily been taken from the other bear for the time, but it was drawn back in that direction in an unexpected manner. The hunter had scarcely dealt the snared bear the last blow when he received a blow himself that sent him sprawling to the ground. He scrambled to his feet. The second bear had come up to take a hand in the fight. Quick had not lost his club in his fall, but the big bear had followed up his blow so promptly that the hunter could not use his weapon to advantage. He fled to the cabin. The bear followed him. Quick turned and aimed a blow with the club. The bear parried it with one of his forepaws, and knocked the club out of Quick's hands. Quick ran to a small unglazed window in one side of the cabin, and threw himself from it head first, leaving one-half of one trousers leg in the bear's claws. Quick had scarcely alighted outside the cabin when the bear having come out by the door, came around the corner. The hunter ran around the cabin, followed by Bruin. Quick got back into the cabin a few steps ahead, found his club, and as the bear poked his head in the door he was met with a blow on his nose that felled him like an ox. He never got up again, for Quick brained him with another blow. Stowing the two bears in the cabin, Quick completed the filling of his bottle, and went back and finished the deer hunt.—[New York Sun.

THE SUN CURE.

Where it is Practised With Great Persistence and Success.

Hidden among the mountains of Carinthia lies the little wooden-roofed village of Veldes, or Bledu, in the irresponsible language of its Slavonic inhabitants. It stands on the shores of a small lake of deep blue water.

By the lake hotels and villas congregate. These are one and all brilliant and festive dwellings.

To this romantic little shrine sun worshippers come during the summer to offer sacrifices, while a larger number of pleasure seekers flock in from Trieste, from all parts of Germany, Poland and the north of Italy. What I lost in the society of the amiable and the wealthy I never knew, for they lived down on the lake side in the "air-hut colony," while I remained in the village high above the lake.

The "air-huts" are little wooden dwellings for the sun-cure patients, consisting of one large room, which has three walls instead of four. The flat roof of the bath-house has been enclosed by a tall fence, so that only the sky is visible from the enclosure. Here, with heads carefully shaded from the hot rays, each in a wooden compartment, the patients frizzle for about an hour or an hour and a half. This process is soothing, strange as it may appear. The sun god rewards his devotees.

Now and then a voice calls above the divisions for a glass of water, now and then a sigh over the heat escapes a worshipper; otherwise the place is quiet and sleepy and reposeful. Reading or mental exertion of any kind is forbidden, and indeed severely punished by headache or exhaustion. Uninspired must be the drowsy observations that mingle now and then with the humming of the flies, and no one attempts to break this rigid law. Even the execrations wrung from the sufferers by the persistent attacks of these insects ought to be of the mildest character possible, considering the provocation. Much had to be endured from the active colony that had established themselves at the sun bath.

During the last ten or twenty minutes the faithful are wrapped up in blankets like mummies; a tepid bath and a rubbing follows, and then the long-suffering one is released, but only to repeat the process in the afternoon. Through the opposite actions of the cool air in the morning and of the sun at midday, great things to the advantage of the patient are said to occur. Dr. Rikli traces a large number of illnesses, nervous and other, to the want of vigorous skin action and the consequent strain on the other parts of the body to do the work which the lazy skin is neglecting to do.—[Pall Mall Gazette.

A Wonderful Parrot.

London is marvelously empty, but entertainments are still given at Mrs. Mackay's. It is true that the hostess herself is not yet at home; but a grand green parrot has sat at the open window since last Sunday, looking on Buckingham gate, and attracting hundreds by its humorous conduct. I have seen and heard many parrots, but never one like this. I was returning from the park on Sunday when I first saw it. The pavement in front of the window was thronged, and everybody was roaring with laughter, for the bird itself was laughing so heartily that its example was contagious. At last it said, with intense emphasis: "Well, I declare," and then burst into convulsions of laughter again in a manner really too ludicrous.

It exchanged remarks with the spectators, it hailed passing hansoms, and on being asked what o'clock it was, replied: "Half-past four," which was, in fact, correct. Incredible as it may seem, the bird on Monday afternoon was asked the same question, and replied accurately, "A quarter to five." So great has been the attraction of this gray-green bird that the police have had to keep moving the people to prevent obstruction of the traffic. "Go on!" cries the bird.—[St. Stephen's Gazette.

THE fish are getting so numerous around the docks at Port Tampa, Fla., that they jump out of the water and land on the wharves. A king-fish weighing seventeen pounds was captured by Captain George Warner in that way.

SOMEWHAT STRANGE.

ACCIDENTS AND INCIDENTS OF EVERY-DAY LIFE.

Queer Episodes and Thrilling Adventures Which Show that Truth is Stranger than Fiction.

WILLIE LOPER, a thirteen-year-old [illegible] boy, was hunting recently in the woods, when he saw a squirrel jumping and chattering, with its hair all turned the wrong way [illegible]. Willie crept toward the squirrel, keeping the trees between them until he got within about ten feet of the frisky little fellow, when he cocked his gun and stepped to the side to get a sight on his game. He was nearly paralyzed by another sound—a loud, clear, sharp and metallic, that will unnerve the oldest warrior. It went to his heart and caused his face to blanch with fear, but he cast his eyes around to locate his enemy. He found it, a large rattlesnake in coil within five feet of him, with head erect, eyes ablaze and its forked tongue darting in and out like lightning. Willie took no time to think, neither did he take sight with his gun, but turning the muzzle toward the angry reptile he pulled the trigger and sprang aside. The shot blew off the head of the reptile, and Willie looked awhile at the writhing mass and ran to Chapman's mill and told his story. They went and saw the big snake, which was about twenty inches in circumference, seven feet long and sported twenty-three rattles.

A NEW YORK CITY bank was recently swindled out of $1,000 in a novel and ingenious way. Some time ago a man dressed in overalls, a check jumper and cow-hide boots, entered the bank and advanced to the receiving teller's window in a hesitating way. He said he was a cattle dealer and had purchased a lot of stock from a Western man. He was to have paid him $6,000 that day but had just received a telegram saying the cattle dealer had been detained and would not arrive until the following day. He wanted the bank in the meantime to take care of his money. Two certificates of deposit were given him, one for $5,000, and the other for $1,000. Next day the depositor and his friend arrived. He produced a deposit slip for $5,000 and received cash therefor. The $1,000 slip he said he would use elsewhere. Last Saturday another deposit slip for $5,000 was presented for payment. An investigation followed and it was discovered that the first slip which had been cashed for $5,000 was the $1,000 one ingeniously raised. The real slip for the same amount had been negotiated elsewhere, so the bank was out just four thousand cold American dollars.

MACON, GA., has a queer freak in an English sparrow. Every morning this sparrow flies into the office of the city clerk through the window, tarries awhile on top of the inner blind, chirps a merry good morning, and then makes itself at home. It does not seem at all frightened at the people coming in and going out, but flits about the room from window to window, from the top of the bookcase to the maps on the walls, as unconcerned as if sporting amid the branches of a tree. The chill of the morning causes the flies to remain dormant for some time, and it has been noticed that the bird makes a meal on these limp flies. After gathering them in and making a hearty meal the sparrow perches on the window through which it came, chirps its profuse thanks, and then skips out to join its less fortunate companions. It happened several days ago, when the morning was chillier than usual, that the porter at the city hall did not lower the window at the top as usual. That morning the bird was seen to fly against the window pane and kick up considerable fuss at not being allowed to come in. And it was not until the window was lowered that it seemed to be satisfied.

C. W. HAMMOND, of Cowan Station, Ky., turned a fine-blooded mare, valued at $500, and a large ox into the same enclosure. The two animals had been together several times before, but as soon as they entered the lot on this particular occasion, they rushed at each other. Two or three farm hands were present and attempted to separate them, but narrowly escaped serious injury and failed in the endeavor. The mare kicked the ox in the side with both feet, nearly stunning him, but the latter recovered and gored the mare two or three times. Both fought with the greatest fury. The mare both kicked and bit, tearing the flesh from the ox with her teeth, while she in turn was raked again and again by the ox's sharp horns. At last the ox plunged his horn almost entirely through the thick part of the mare's neck. The blow was fatal, but as the mare staggered her weight broke the ox's horn short off, and she fell and died with it in her body. The ox was so badly hurt that he died in the afternoon.

THERE has been discovered in the forests of India a strange plant, which possesses to a very high degree astonishing magnetic power. The hand which breaks a leaf from it receives immediately a shock equal to that which is produced by the conductor of an induction coil. At a distance of six metres a magnetic needle is affected by it, and it will be quite deranged if brought near. The energy of this singular influence varies with the hours of the day. All powerful about 2 o'clock in the afternoon, it is absolutely annulled during the night. At times of storm its intensity augments to striking proportions. During rain the plant seems to succumb, and bends its head during a thunder shower. It remains there without force or virtue, even if one should shelter it with an umbrella. No shock is felt at that time in breaking the leaves, and the needle is unaffected by it. One never by any chance sees a bird or an insect alight on the electric plant; and instinct seems to warn them that they would find their sudden death.

A PORTLAND (Oregon) special says: Tourists returning from the face of Mount St. Helen's at various times have brought back the report that smoke was seen issuing from the summit, thereby foreboding a possible eruption. These reports have come from people whose word could not be relied upon in all matters. The observation of District Attorney McBride, of Astoria, who recently spent a pleasant eight weeks on this mountain, not only discredits, but at the same time satisfactorily explains these statements. He says that on one side of the mountain is an extremely large deposit of pumice scoria and light volcanic dust, finer than flour and extremely dry. When an occasional avalanche of stones from above falls and detaches a part of this mass it rises in clouds and floats for hours, presenting from below the appearance of smoke, thus giving rise to the supposition that the mountain is about to belch in volcanic eruption.

THE theory that decapitation ends sensibility is contested in Negaunee, Mich. Thomas Higgins, a brakeman, fell from the top of a moving train, two cars passed over him, and when the train was stopped and backed up to him it was found that the man was terribly mangled, the head being a dozen feet from the body. Foreman Mathias Lloyd picked up the head in order to dispose the remains decently for removal to the dead man's house, when he was horror-stricken to see the staring eyes slowly close. In tones of terror he was telling his companions, who were also there, of the strange incident, and all eyes turned on the gory skull which the foreman held in his hands. As if consciousness still remained there, the closed eyes slowly opened again, staring wide, and again slowly closed, to remain so forever. Five men saw the strange action, and as they are well known here as honest and truthful men, their story is not questioned.

A RACINE (WIS.) special says that a well-known lady of that city recently underwent two surgical operations with peculiar results. She has been troubled with severe pains in her left arm and right leg for a long time, and treatment by various physicians afforded no relief. Some days ago she consulted Dr. Senn, of Milwaukee, who went to Racine and opened the arm. He discovered a needle imbedded in the tissues and muscles of the arm, which he removed. The operation afforded the patient temporary relief, but pains continued in the right leg. Dr. Senn was again called and operated on the leg, finding a second needle imbedded in the tissues of that limb. The doctor says the case is a most peculiar one, especially so as the patient can not imagine when or how the needles entered her body.

THE most ingenious, perfect and complex watch ever manufactured was sent out from the works of Patek, Phillippe & Co., of Geneva, Switzerland, in July, 1887, and is now in possession of Baron Nicholas. It is what is known as the "[illegible]." On one side there is a dial of the regulation kind, exhibiting the hour, minute and second hands; also an independent chronograph hand which marks the fifth of seconds. The same dial has repeating mechanism which strikes the hours, quarters and minutes. The opposite dial has hands pointing to the months, weeks and days. Another large central hand on this dial, if set at the beginning of each year, correctly points to all moon phases and acts as a perpetual calendar. It is constructed so as to admit of its keeping two different times, say standard on one side and sun time on the other.

THE latest trick in amateur photography, according to the Boston Courier, is to have a trained dog who at a given signal will run and pull a string, by means of which the slide of an instantaneous camera is worked, so that his master may be taken in a group or alone as often as he pleases. It is of course necessary to start the creature at a distance sufficiently great to give the master time to rearrange his features after giving the word, but this is not a difficult thing to manage, and the young man who devised the trick has been exceedingly popular at the sea-side hotel where he passed the summer, as all the pretty and most of the plain young ladies in the house were anxious to have their pictures taken by the agency of the clever little bull terrier which served as his assistant.

AN elderly man went to a Harrisburg (Penn.) merchant and tendered him a quarter of a dollar, saying it was due him. On asking why, he told the merchant that about one year before his daughter had bought a remnant at his store, paying 25 cents therefor. But on getting home she discovered that two remnants had been put into the package by mistake. She intended paying for the second remnant, but put it off from time to time, until she fell sick, when she told her father the circumstances and asked him to see that the money was paid. He promised, but also neglected the matter. Finally the young woman reached death's door, and almost with her last breath she asked her father if he had paid for the remnant.

A CITIZEN of Eatonton, Ga., smokes about twelve pounds of tobacco yearly in a pipe that he declares is over two hundred years old. This leads a mathematical person to calculate that if that were the average amount used in the pipe since its first day, 2,400 pounds of the weed have been burned in its bowl, and if the first $12 had been put out at compound interest at the rate of 10 per cent. it would now have grown to the sum of $1,755,443,200. Just how this would have benefited the first owner of the pipe does not appear.

A SOMEWHAT novel and interesting traffic was witnessed at Baton Rouge, La. It was nothing more than a wagon load of turtles, which were being sold by Ebenezer Goze at fifty cents each. Goze says he left home with forty-five turtles and four alligators, and had sold all but the five turtles then in his wagon ere they were engaged. He caught them in Baton Rouge bayou and Devil swamp, about seven miles above the city. Those sold were as large round as a half bushel measure.

THE heart of Queen Marie of Bavaria was removed from her body soon after her death at Munich several months ago and embalmed, according to the custom which has prevailed in the royal house since the Middle Ages. Recently it was placed in a silver urn, and taken with much pomp and ceremony to the ancient chapel of our Lady of Mercies, where it now rests in a niche of the chancel wall near the hearts of kings and queens who died centuries ago.

A SINGULAR circumstance recently occurred at Lower Baldeford, Me. Two men, one a small, slender person, and the other of proportions in the neighborhood of three hundred pounds, were employed by a woman to dig a grave in her family lot. They worked rapidly, and ere they were aware the excavation was so large and deep that the fat man was unable to get out of the hole. A machine was constructed and after quite a struggle the big man was once more out upon ground.

WHILE hunting partridges in the woods near Oakland, Penn., the pointer of Orrin D. Slocum flushed a bird that looked queer to Mr. Slocum's eye. He blazed away and killed the bird. It was a large hen partridge, the dark feathers of which, instead of being brown, were as black as the plumage of a crow. Mr. Slocum has hunted birds for eighteen years, and says he has never before seen a partridge with pure black feathers on it.

LAST July, while at Savin Rock, near New Haven, John Jackson, of Fishkill, N. Y., rescued from drowning a five-year-old girl who had fallen in the water, and striking her head, become unconscious. A few days since he received word that he had fallen heir to a legacy of $1,000 left him by the girl's father, who had died soon after the rescue of the child, but not before he had inserted a bequest in his will evincing his gratitude to the rescuer of his daughter.

THE PHOTOGRAPHING FIRMS.

How an Amateur Photographer Lost His Camera.

A young man who lives less than twenty-five miles from the Milwaukee court house, and who prides himself on his wealth of gall, became interested in amateur photography along last spring, and the craze so grew on him during the summer that he soon got to be a regular fiend. The detective camera was his greatest forte, and with this abominable contrivance he delighted in catching views of his young lady acquaintances, or, worse still, young ladies who struck his fancy, whether he had the honor of their acquaintance or not. Time rolled on, and his collection of beauties grew in size, he congratulating himself that each and every picture had been taken without the consent of the fair one represented. The girls began to hear of this young man's wonderful collection, and much indignation was expressed in their midst. One young lady in particular was extremely indignant upon being informed that this young man was greatly impressed with her beauty, and had been heard to remark that her picture would grace his collection, or he would die in the attempt. On three different occasions after that she caught him in the act of aiming a detective camera at her features, and managed only in the nick of time to cover her face and foil his plans. It got so that she did not dare to go outside of the house, and her father vowed that he would kill the chump if he caught him. One day the young lady started to go into the back yard where she was wont to play with her pet dogs, and glancing over the fence, she caught a glimpse of the fiend coming up the alley with a camera and tripod in his hand. Evidently he had heard that she was in the habit of playing with her dogs in the back yard, for he had come prepared to take a cabinet photograph. Hastily running into the house, the young lady informed her father of the state of things, and the old man almost jumped out of his boots, so mad was he.

"Go back to your dogs," said he, "and I'll see that the chump's camera never takes another picture."

The young lady did as she was commanded, and the father flew up stairs, where, grabbing a shotgun, and slipping a couple of shells in it, he threw up the window just in time to see the fiend squat through his camera, put in a plate, and then step away about ten feet, where he stooped down to look for something he had dropped. This was the old man's chance, and taking a quick aim, he emptied both barrels of his gun into the camera, blowing it all to pieces. The photographer did not even stop to gather up the pieces, but skipped out, and the young lady has not been troubled by him since.—[Peck's Sun.

MALARIA.

Causes and Manifestations of this Little Known Agent.

What is this invisible agent which carries sickness and possible death so afield, and has the power to weaken the energy and stunt the growth of those who are doomed to live on malarious soil? "We do not live," said an inhabitant of the Pontine marshes to a stranger, "we die." Malaria constitutes the chief obstacle to the exploration and colonization of the African continent, and threatens to reduce to the condition of a desert vast tracts of the Southern States of America, which flourished so long as they were cultivated by the negro race, which better than any other resists its action. Cicero, in allusion to Romulus having built Rome, remarks that he selected a healthy spot in a pestilential region.

At one time a terrible epidemic visited Rome, which carried off multitudes of the inhabitants, including Camillus, the dictator. Toward the close of this visitation the earth opened in the middle of the Forum, doubtless by volcanic action, which was probably also the cause of the poisonous miasmata rising from the bowels of the earth. Indeed, the volcanic nature of the Italian peninsula generally may be taken into the list of causes which contribute to its insalubrity. The volcanic soil of Italy, we are told, acts as a sponge in absorbing and retaining an immense amount of moisture. Hence, after a period of drought, the tropical rains which fall steadily for days together, make but little impression on the parched surface of the earth until the underlying sponge is saturated. The overflow then becomes sudden, the brooks rapidly fill, every extinct crater becomes a lake replenished, every valley a bog, and the country a universal swamp.

So long ago as 300 years before Christ the connection between the fever and the swamp was fully recognized in that region of the earth. But, although true that the disease is more prevalent in the low-lying grounds, it may also be found in the higher altitudes, where soil, temperature and moisture favor its production. Still, it does not haunt the damp and marshy places alone; for even in dry, sunbaked parts of the earth the malaria finds egress through the fissures of the soil, keeping its base of operations in the moisture far beneath. If the upper crust is unbroken and dry it acts as a barrier against the egress of germs from below, just as a ceiling of water over malarious land neutralizes, for the time being, the necessary conditions of activity. When the surface water is withdrawn by the heat of the summer's sun, and the oxygen of the air comes into direct contact with the decomposing vegetation underneath, there, in all probability, may be discovered the home of the deadly malaria.

His Wonderful Ears.

Everybody who travels on the Pittsburg division of the Pennsylvania Railroad knows Conductor John Dinges. He is one of the greatest jokers in the service, and when not punching tickets is busy telling stories or perpetrating a joke. Conductor Dinges' ears are [illegible]. They are remarkable not for their size, but for their wonderful pliability. His favorite trick is to double up his ears and then stuff them far into the orifice. This makes them look as if they had been mashed with a crowbar.

The other night, while the train was speeding along toward Altoona at the rate of fifty-five miles an hour, Dinges doubled his ears and passed through the fourth car. Nearly all the passengers were ladies. They regarded Dinges with amazement. The conductor's face wore a look of supreme unconsciousness. One old lady with iron-gray curls and a pug nose could not take her eyes from the ears. When Dinges passed through the car again her curiosity was so great that she could not resist the temptation to stop him.

"What's the matter with your ears, conductor?" she asked.

"Nothing," he replied, innocently, as he elevated his eyebrows, and the ears flew back to their normal position.

The old lady nearly fainted.—[Philadelphia North American.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER
Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight alum or phosphate powders. Sold only in cans. ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., 106 Wall St., N. Y.

WANTED.

WANTED—A good German girl for general house work. Must come well recommended, wages $3.00 per week. Mrs. J. Pollitzer, 57 West Wayne street. 21-2t

WANTED—Girl to do general housework. Good wages. Call at 25 E. Jefferson St. 23-1t

WANTED—Ladies who understand sewing and repairing furs. Call at Golden & Monahan's, 68 Calhoun street. 23-1f

WANTED—Reliable local and traveling salesmen. Positions permanent. Special inducements now; fast-selling specialties. Don't delay. Salary from start. BROWN BROS., Nurserymen, Chicago, Ill. Sept17-eod-4m

I wish to employ a few ladies on salary to take charge of my business at their homes. Light, very fascinating and healthful. Wages $10 per week. Reference given. Good pay for part time. Address, with stamp, MRS. MARION WALKER, Louisville, Ky. Nov14-eod2m

$60 SALARY, $40 EXPENSES IN ADVANCE allowed each month. Steady employment at home or traveling. No soliciting. Duties delivering and making collections. No Postal Cards. Address, with stamp, HAFER & CO., Piqua, Ohio. Nov14-eod3m

AGENTS WANTED—We pay $50 to $200 per month to energetic gentlemen and ladies to procure members for our Association. If you can only devote a few hours each week to our business it will pay you well. For further particulars, address NATIONAL LIBRARY ASSOCIATION, 103 State street, Chicago, Ill.

WANTED—The people to know that I am selling a regular $12 plush rocker for $8, $14 rocker for $9, a $10 rocker at $17, nice crushed or silk plush suit for $35, never sold before for less than $50. Don't let any one throw mud in your eyes, but come and see for yourselves. That is business. All kinds of repairing done and mattress work. Respectfully,
24-1f F. E. ROCK, 36 Clinton St.

WANTED—Special agents for the National Life association of Hartford, Conn. Also agents to canvass for Accident Insurance. Good salary to good men. Call or address, General Agent, room 1, Windsor hotel, Fort Wayne, Ind. 3-1f

DR. G. B. M. ROWER, 72 Harrison street, attends to all kinds of general medical and surgical practice. Medicines furnished when desired. Also electric, steam, vapor and medicated baths. 31-1f

PERSONS wishing to buy, sell or exchange property of any kind, or desiring to loan or borrow money, will find it to their interest to call on or address me.
J. F. CURTICE, Real Estate and Loan Broker,
Rooms 1 and 2, Pixley & Long Building,
Fort Wayne, Indiana.
Reference—Hamilton National bank. 20-2m

FOR RENT.

FOR RENT—House of six rooms in good repair, will rent cheap to small family. Inquire at 238 West Wayne street.

FOR SALE OR RENT—A Soap factory on Erie street. Also a Planing mill and Lumber yard, corner of Virginia and Monroe streets. Apply to John Taylor at any time from 2 to 5 o'clock p. m., corner of Hanover and East Washington streets, Fort Wayne, Ind. 5 eod-6t

LOST.

LOST—A Knights Templar charm. The finder will be liberally rewarded by leaving same at Mordhurst's drug store, 74 Calhoun St. 14-1f

Handsomely Furnished Dining Rooms.

We are selling an unusual number of Handsome side-boards, Elegant Pillar Extension Tables and Leather Upholstered Chairs for Fort Wayne Dining Rooms. Our people are commencing to take a pride in handsomely furnished dining rooms, and we were never before so well prepared to assist them in that direction.

Possibly you could not please your wife more, at Christmas time, than by putting your dining room into handsome shape.

CAR LOAD AFTER CAR LOAD

Of Christmas Novelties are coming in daily. All the new and nobby styles can always be found at our establishment, as soon as they are out.

Already we have the new Bronze Metal Trimmed Furniture, now so popular, and in our Court street show window can be seen one of those 16th century Finished Oak Bed-room Suits, which have just been put upon the market.

We are selling an enormous number of Hanging, Parlor, Banquet and Piano Lamps. They make nice Wedding and Holiday Presents.

Baby Carriages sell all winter now-a-days, as mothers have found out they are almost as handy in the house, in caring for a baby, as upon the street.

We are headquarters for these goods.

FOSTER'S,
Fort Wayne, Lafayette
and Terre Haute.

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

E. A. K. HACKETT, Editor and Proprietor.

SATURDAY, NOV. 23, 1889.

ALL eyes are now on Montana.

THE legislature of Montana meets to-day and their opening proceedings will be watched with interest.

THE Ohio dispatches say that the combine is: Brice for senator, and Cleveland and Campbell for president and vice-president in 1892.

GEN. W. S. ROSECRANS, register of the treasury, in his annual report shows that during the year 21,500 bonds, amounting to $103,894,350, were issued, and 85,149 bonds, representing $231,811,450, were canceled. The total amount of bonds outstanding is $762,428,812, of which amount only $10,362,850, or 1.36 per cent., are held abroad.

DR. W. B. CLARKE, some time since, addressed a communication to the state board of health, asking if traveling doctors, who go through the state and exercise their medical talents on the population, are not subject to the state statutes governing the practice of medicine. The board yesterday decided that they were and could be prosecuted for violations of the state laws.

WESLEY C. HOLDEN, who was sentenced to the prison north from Boone county in 1883 for a term of sixteen years' imprisonment for criminal assault, was pardoned yesterday. The petitions contained the signatures of the judge before whom he was tried and the attorney who prosecuted the case. It was shown that the offense was committed with the consent of the party injured, then a minor.

THE political sensation of yesterday in Cincinnati was the arrest of R. G. Wood, of the famous ballot box forgery case which played so prominent a part in the late Ohio election. The arrest was made at the instance of Governor-elect Campbell, United States Senator John Sherman, and Congressman Butterworth. It is said the disclosures in connection with the case will cause a profound sensation in the political world.

INSPECTION OF FOODS.

In view of the discussion which has been going on in this city for the last few weeks concerning meat inspection and the ordinance which is now before the council on that subject, the following, taken from the Kansas City *Star*, will be found interesting:

"Anyone who imagines that the city meat inspector has nothing to do is in great error. That important city official is responsible for every horn and hoof of cattle shipped to Kansas City. He must guard against diseases, both contagious and local, and this involves a great deal more than is generally supposed. C. C. Anderson, the present inspector, makes a round of the stock yards regularly every morning and examines the cattle in every pen in the yards, noticing particularly those that have been shipped in since his former visit.

"Every bovine that he finds with the big jaw, Texas fever or any other disease is taken to the city pen and kept there under a sheriff's safety lock till the next morning, when they are shot. This way of killing them is considered the most humane and quickest. The bodies are turned over to the desiccating works. There is no time wasted or words spent, for with a diseased cow it is the same as with a rotten apple among a lot of healthy ones.

"Cattlemen divide sick cattle into three classes: 'Crips,' 'downers' and 'big jaws.' The 'crips' are those that have been hurt and have broken bones; 'downers' are the animals that have been stricken down with fever and other malignant diseases; 'big jaws' are those, of course, that are afflictid with that disease.

"In the afternoon Inspector Anderson makes a round of as many of the butcher shops as have not recently been visited to see that the meat on sale is all right. No dealer knows when he is to be called upon, and if bad meat is found in his store it goes hard with him. There are over 400 meat shops in this city and each one of them is visited once or twice every thirty days. The spoiled meat is bored full of holes and kerosene oil poured into them.

"The city also employs a man whose sole duty it is to visit the chicken dealers in town and see that they keep only healthy fowls. If a sick or dead fowl is found it is put in a box and the scavenger carts it away.

"The system of milk inspection by the city chemist, Dr. R. R. Hunter, is very complete and it is a rare case when any of the local milk dealers manage to sell any chalk and water preparations. Dr. Cutler, the assistant sanitary superintendent, sends two men out with bottles, numbered. Each milk dealer is visited and a sample of the milk he sells is taken in one of the bottles. These are brought to Dr. Hunter, who analyzes each and reports to Dr. Cutler the number of the bottle containing the 'weak' milk. Each dealer has a number and Dr. Cutler can tell in that way who is selling deleterious milk. This inspection is constantly under way."

A Rome City correspondent says: "O. E. Fleming, of Fort Wayne, is again at the Sylvan Lake house. Mr. Fleming is a veteran fisherman and pedro player. —Mrs. Gertie Cook, of Fort Wayne, a cousin of Robt. Williams, is visiting the latter and his wife."

ELEVEN DEFECTIVE BOOKS.

The School Book Commission's Report of Its Investigation.

Professors Parsons, Wiley and Layne, of the state school book commission have completed their investigation of the complaints laid before them of defective books. In their report to the state superintendent they mention in detail the instances of defects discovered. The entire list includes but eleven books. The final paragraph of the report is as follows:

"The company, through its representatives and secretary, Edward Hawkins, states that the defects and errors in printing, binding, etc., are due alone to the great haste with which it has been necessary to print and bind the large number of books—about 900,000—sent out on requisitions of school officials, and that the company is endeavoring to comply strictly and in good faith with the terms of its contract. The company agrees and offers to take back all defective books found in any of its shipments, and to replace these with good copies or to credit on account all books so returned. The company further agrees to see that hereafter all elementary geographies published by it and furnished on requisitions shall be bound with both wire and tape, as required by the contract. We are unable to see, from the evidence now before us, that there is any substantial violation by the company of its contract with the board of school book commissioners, and we, therefore, see no sufficient reason to call a special meeting of said board of commissioners to consider the subject further at this time."

Every member of the committee signed the report.

THE RECORD BROKEN.

Extraordinary Work Upon a Caligraph by Osborne and M'Bride.

Troy Morning Telegram, April 17, 1889.

Last evening at the Troy Business college, a spirited and interesting exhibition of typewriting on the Caligraph typewriter was given by T. W. Osborne, of Rochester, N. Y., and George A. McBride, of Ottawa, Canada. The exhibition was intended to demonstrate the capability of the Caligraph, having reference to high speed, alignment and legibility. The operators showed themselves complete masters of the machine and exhibited the utmost expertness in manipulating the keys, and their fingers flew with the rapidity of the most expert pianist.

After the selection of Messrs. Louis Lowenstein and Wm. B. Wilson and Miss Jessie Harrison as judges, the first test was one of five minutes' duration, during which Mr. Osborne wrote 752 words, an average of 150 2-5 a minute. Mr. McBride then wrote blindfolded 130 words per minute for two minutes, on familiar matter. On a one-minute test, on a memorized sentence, with keyboard covered with a handkerchief, Mr. Osborne reached 152 words.

Mr. McBride followed with 93 words a minute, on dictated editorial, selected at random from a daily paper. On technical matter, from dictation, Mr. Osborne wrote 389 words, or 93¾ per minute, in 4 minutes and 9 seconds, the quickest time on record, it having been written before in 4 minutes and 29 seconds. In one minute, on memorized matter, Mr. Osborne reached the extraordinary speed of 163 words, thus distancing any previous effort of any operator on any machine, although at New Haven, March 26th, Mr. Osborne reached 180 words.

Mr. McBride, blindfolded, on unfamiliar matter, in two minutes wrote ninety-four words per minute. In five minutes from dictated testimony, never before written by him, Mr. Osborne wrote 512 words, or 102 2-5 words per minute, which also has never been accomplished heretofore.

It must be conceded that the above result, conducted fairly before an impartial committee, two of whom are users of rival machines, and one a wholly disinterested party, are extraordinary in their character, and place the Calligraph, as their motto implies, "At the head," and are sure to increase the interest in typewriting machines to a greater extent than ever before. The Troy Business College deserves to be congratulated for their enterprise in securing so creditable an exhibition.

You will regret it if you buy a Piano or Organ before calling on D. H. Baldwin & Co., 98 Calhoun street. Instruments at greatly reduced prices until January 1. We have everything in the musical line from a Piano to a Jews-harp. Our low prices and easy terms will surprise you. 23-26

The First Regiment band has received a large Decker Bros.' Grand Concert piano, from Indianapolis, for use at their concert next Monday evening.

Laxador cures Liver Complaint, Bilious Affections and Costiveness. At druggists. Price 25 cts.

DR. BULL'S COUGH SYRUP
CURES COUGHS & COLDS FOR 25¢

SALVATION OIL
(Price only 25 cents. Sold by all druggists.)
Relieves quickly Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Swellings, Bruises, Lumbago, Sprains, Headache, Toothache, Cuts, Burns, Scalds, Sores, Backache, &c.

CHEW LANGE'S PLUGS, The Great Tobacco Antidote!—Price 10 Cts. At all druggists.

THE THANKSGIVING TURKEY.

BY DR. E. J. M'OSCAR.

It was a turkey, proud and fat,
Of habit philosophical,
Aware, by instinct certain, that
He neared his end sarcophagal.

"In this, at least," I heard him tell,
"I'm like to rich humanity;
Although the gruesome parallel
Arouses not my vanity.

"Alive—with keen, prospective eye,
They watch the quick increase of me.
Dead—gladly greedy, see them try
To snatch the fatted piece of me!"

Now Thanksgiving Day approaches,
And a thing we cannot shirk
Is the all-important question:
Which'll it be—chick or turk?

IN MEMORIAM.

In memory of Mrs. W. B. Kitselman, who died Nov. 13, 1889, by Mrs. A. Engle.

One more home is broken,
A mother's soul at rest,
Who suffered long in agony,
Has reached her home of bliss.

Fond ones who watched over her
In agony and in pain,
Shall never sooth her fevered brow
In the home she loved so well.

The father and the children,
Oh! who shall comfort them;
They'll never see her face again
In this cold, cold, world of sin.

There is a ray of sunshine,
'Twill come to you in need,
'Tis the brothers of your order—
'Tis the B. of R. R. B.

Nov. 16, 1889.

One Fact

Is worth a column of rhetoric, said an American statesman. It is a fact, established by the testimony of thousands of people, that Hood's Sarsaparilla does cure scrofula, salt rheum, and other diseases or affections arising from impure state or low condition of the blood. It also overcomes that tired feeling, creates a good appetite, and gives strength to every part of the system. Try it.

Contz is the favorite game with the colored people of Crawfordsville.

"How to Cure All Skin Diseases."

Simply apply "SWAYNE'S OINTMENT." No internal medicine required. Cures tetter, eczema, itch, all eruptions on the face, hands, nose, &c., leaving the skin clear, white and healthy. Its great healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for SWAYNE'S OINTMENT.

A Boon to Wives.

Having used "Mother's Friend" I would not be without it. It is a boon to wives who know they must pass through the painful ordeal of childbirth. MRS. C. MELBOURNE, Iowa. Write The Bradfield Regulator Co., Atlanta, Ga., for further particulars. Sold by all druggists.

We have Pianos in Mahogany, Ash, Satin Wood, Rose Wood and Ebonized Cases, in prices from $250 to $600, for sale on the most liberal terms. Every instrument sold must be as represented, D. H. Baldwin & Co., 98 Calhoun Street. 23 26

The Knights of Labor will give their fourth annual ball at the Princess Rink, Thanksgiving evening, November 27, which promises to be a grand success. 18-20-23.

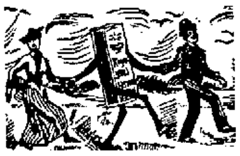
The zither soloist, Mr. Wilhelm P. Minckler, will appear at the Masonic Temple Monday night.

Go Somewhere.

Don't stay at home on Thanksgiving when you can travel on the Nickel Plate at one fare for the round trip. Tickets good going Wednesday, November 27, or Thursday, 28th; returning any time until December 2, 1889. Rate applies between all stations. Enquire of nearest agent. 18-27.

John Tyndall, father of the famous scientist, was a carpenter by trade and lived near Dublin.

Health and Beauty Attend It.



Where is the medicine that, like Rogers' Royal Nervine, will give
Bright Eyes,
Blushing and Rosy Cheeks,
Skin Soft as Down,
Rosy Lips,
Clean Tongue,
Sweet Breath,
Perfect Sleep,
Health,
Vigor,
Development,
Activity of Mind and Body,
Clear Brain,
Steady Hand,
Nervous Energy,
Freedom from Nerves,
Elastic Step,
Bounding Pulse?

Rogers' Royal Nervine
Is the Elixir of Life.
It cures and prevents Disease
It insures and keeps Health and Strength.
Sold by Druggists. Price, $1.00.
ROGERS' ROYAL REMEDIES CO.,
41 Essex Street, Boston, Mass.

A. HATTERSLEY & SON.
PLUMBERS,
Steam and Gas Fitters,
48 East Main St.
FORT WAYNE, ... IND

PLEASE REMEMBER.

BY THE ADVERTISING SOLICITOR.

Little drops of printer's ink,
A little type displayed,
Make our merchant princes,
And all their big parade.

Little bits of stinginess—
Discarding printer's ink—
Burst the man of business,
And see his credit sink.

It is said that a great many Englishmen are visiting this country this season. I asked Jinks what they came for. He said he supposed "to marry soft-pated millionaire women, to talk the fellows out of their money, who want to be fooled, and to lay in a supply of Dr Bull's Cough Syrup."

"The greatest cure on earth for pain, Salvation Oil; take up the strain."

The Vincennes market is glutted with rabbits.

To-night and To-morrow Night.

And each day and night during this week you can get at all druggists Kemp's Balsam for the Throat and Lungs, acknowledged to be the most successful remedy ever sold for the cure of Coughs, Croup, Bronchitis, Whooping Cough, Asthma and Consumption. Get a bottle to-day and keep it always in the house, so you can check your cold at once. Price, 50c and $1. Sample bottles free.

Olney has already made arrangements to celebrate July 4, 1890.

"STOP"—Nature Has a Cure.

EATON RAPIDS, Mich.

J. M. LOOSE RED CLOVER CO., Detroit:—Two years I was afflicted with a very severe attack of Erysipelas. After two physicians had used their treatment for several weeks and I continued growing blind, and in their diagnosis concluded that there was no earthly help or hope for me. I gave up, having tried all the remedies I knew or heard of. My neighbor, Mr. Miller, came in to see me one day, and said try Loose's Extract of Red Clover, as he had known of its working remarkable cures. I told him I had lost hope, that nothing would do me any good in the world. He insisted, and taking his hat went to the drug store and bought me one bottle and urged me to try it, which I did. Ten days afterward I sent for two more bottles, and it is wonderful how I improved. I continued using it and to-day I am better than I have been in years. No sign of erysipelas has shown itself and I heartily recommend it to suffering humanity as the greatest and best blood purifier in existence. Yours truly,
HENRY MARVIN.

For sale by Drier & Bros.

Ask for Baker's Famous Headache Specific. It never fails to give relief. Sold and guaranteed by Thieme & Gross.

If you do not receive your SENTINEL regularly, please notify us immediately, either in person or by postal card, that we may remedy the fault.

$ $1000

Will be paid to any competent chemist who will find, on analysis, a particle of Mercury, Potash, or other poisons in Swift's Specific (S. S. S.)

AN EATING SORE

Henderson, Tex., Aug. 23, 1889.—"For eighteen months I had an eating sore on my tongue. I was treated by the best local physicians, but obtained no relief, the sore gradually growing worse. I concluded finally to try S. S. S., and was entirely cured after using a few bottles. You have my cheerful permission to publish the above statement for the benefit of those similarly afflicted." C. B. McLEMORE, Henderson, Tex.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free.
THE SWIFT SPECIFIC CO., Atlanta, Ga.

TRADE S.S.S. MARK

Conley's String Band

Music furnished for Balls, Lodges, Clubs and private parties on short notice. 131 WALLACE ST., FT. WAYNE, J. CONLEY, Caller. Ind.

$500 Reward!

We will pay the above reward for any case of Liver Complaint, Dyspepsia, Sick Headache, Indigestion, Constipation or Costiveness we cannot cure with West's Vegetable Liver Pills, when the directions are strictly complied with. They are purely Vegetable, and never fail to give satisfaction. Sugar Coated. Large boxes, containing 30 Pills, 25 cents. For sale by all druggists. Beware of counterfeits and imitations. The genuine manufactured only by JOHN C. WEST & CO., "The Pill Makers," 862 W. Madison St., Chicago. Free trial package sent by mail, prepaid, on receipt of a 2 cent stamp. Sold by Thieme & Gross, Druggists, 84 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

I. S. McCURDY,
D·E·N·T·I·S·T
OFFICE—Room 15, over First National Bank. tues&sat6m

E. F. SITES, DENTIST,
No. 74 Calhoun St., Fort Wayne, Ind
Opposite the Aveline House over the Meyer Bros. Drug Store.

DR. T. J. DILLS,
NO. 40 WEST BERRY STREET,
DISEASES OF THE EYE AND EAR.
Office hours: 9 to 12 a. m. and 1:30 to 4 p. m.

S. BREIDENSTEIN.
Real Estate & Loans
26 Court Street.
Watch this bulletin for some special bargains

An Awful Sore Limb

Skin entirely gone. Flesh a mass of disease. Leg diminished one third in size. Condition hopeless. Cured by the Cuticura Remedies in two months.

Cured by Cuticura.

For three years I was almost crippled with an awful sore leg from my knee down to my ankle; the skin was entirely gone, and the flesh was one mass of disease. Some physicians pronounced it incurable. It had diminished about one third the size of the other, and I was in a hopeless condition. After trying all kinds of remedies and spending hundreds of dollars, from which I got no relief whatever, I was persuaded to try your Cuticura Remedies, and the result was as follows: After three days I noticed a decided change for the better, and at the end of two months I was completely cured. My flesh was purified, and the bone (which had been exposed for over a year) got sound. The flesh began to grow, and to-day, and for nearly two years past, my leg is as well as it ever was, sound in every respect, and not a sign of the disease to be seen. S. G. AHERN, Dubois, Dodge Co., Ga.

Skin Disease 17 Years.

I have been troubled with a skin and scalp disease for seventeen years. My head at times was one running sore, and my body was covered with them as large as a half dollar. I tried a great many remedies without effect until I used the Cuticura Remedies, and am thankful to state that after two months of their use I am entirely cured. I feel it my duty to you and the public to state the above case.
L. R. McDOWELL, Jamesburg, N. J.

Another Marvellous Cure.

The Cuticura, Cuticura Resolvent, and Cuticura Soap have brought about a marvellous cure in the case of a skin disease on my little son eight years old. I have tried almost all remedies and also the most eminent doctors, all alike failing, except the wonderful Cuticura Remedies. ED. N. BROWN, 720 N. 16th St., Omaha, Neb.

Cuticura Resolvent

The new Blood Purifier and purest and best of Humor Remedies, internally, and Cuticura, the great Skin Cure, and Cuticura Soap, an exquisite Skin Beautifier, externally, are a positive cure for every disease and humor of the skin, scalp and blood, with loss of hair, from pimples to scrofula.

Sold everywhere. Price, Cuticura, 50c.; Soap, 25c.; Resolvent, $1. Prepared by the Potter Drug and Chemical Corporation, Boston.

☞Send for "How to Cure Skin Diseases," 64 pages, 50 illustrations, and 100 testimonials.

PIMPLES, black-heads, red, rough, chapped, and oily skin prevented by Cuticura Soap.

HOW MY BACK ACHES.

Back Ache, Kidney Pains and Weakness, Soreness, Lameness, Strains, and Pain relieved in one minute by the Cuticura Anti-Pain Plaster. The first and only instantaneous pain killing plaster.

AMUSEMENTS.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

MONDAY, November 25th.

The Great

Levy Concerts

Under the management of

THE FIRST REGIMENT BAND.

Composed of the following eminent Solo Artists:

MR. JULES LEVY,
The World's Greatest Cornetist.
MME. STELLA LEVY,
The Distinguished and popular Prima-Donna Soprano.
MME. ROSA LINDE,
The Celebrated American Contralto.
MR. WILLIAM J. LAVIN,
The Great American Tenor.
MR. EDWIN M. SHONERT,
The Eminent Pianist.

Prices, 50c, 75c and $1.00. Box office opens for the exchange of tickets at 9 a. m., Friday, Nov. 22, and for sale of seats at 10 a. m. same day. Tickets now on sale at C. D. Woodworths.

MASONIC TEMPLE.

TUESDAY, NOV. 26th.

ONE NIGHT ONLY.

SEE THE SMITH FAMILY

ARE YOU IN THE CITY Directory.

Stop a Bit and Look at This!

Russel's Comedians!

In the Greatest of all laughing Farces, the

City Directory

And the Strongest Company of Comedians and Comediennes ever organized.

Seat selling begins Saturday a. m. at 10.

PRICES: $1.00, 75c, 50c & 25c.

Now what do you think of that?

'Standing-room-only' houses are the rule at the Chicago opera house, where "The City Directory" is still holding forth. The farce-comedy, one of the best ever seen, is repeating its success of last week.—Chicago Journal.

PAUL E. WOLF.
Steam Carpet Beating.
Carpets taken up, Cleaned and Relaid.
Upholstered Furniture and Mattresses of All Kinds Repaired and Remodeled.
All Work Warranted and Charges Reasonable.
PAUL E. WOLF,
No. 33 AND 35 CLINTON STREET.

ABOUT GLOVES.

When you are buying gloves remember that there is such a thing as a price that is too cheap. It is better to pay a fair price and get good gloves like Hutchinson's. They are made from selected skins in the best manner and are warranted to be the most serviceable made. If you want to know more about gloves in general and Hutchinson's Gloves in particular, enclose stamp for the book About Gloves. It will interest you. ESTABLISHED 1862.
JOHN C. HUTCHINSON, Johnstown, N. Y

WEAK MEN MADE STRONG
LOCAL ABSORPTION. A new Treatise showing how men suffering from NERVOUS DEBILITY, LOST VIGOR, PREMATURE DECLINE, and all Kidney and Bladder difficulties, can find perfect health and vigor without stomach medication, sent sealed on receipt of stamp.
MARSTON REMEDY CO., 19 Park Place, New York.

BROU'S INJECTION
An Infallible Remedy for the Cure of all Contagious Diseases of the Urinary organs; guaranteed not to produce Stricture; no sickening doses; and no inconvenience or loss of time. Recommended by physicians and sold by druggists everywhere. J. Ferré (successor to Brou), Pharmacien, Paris.

KIRK'S AMERICAN FAMILY SOAP.

A. FOSTER,
THE FASHIONABLE
Merchant Tailor!
Is now receiving his LARGE and WELL SELECTED STOCK of
FALL ❀ GOODS
Which are the Nobbiest ever brought to this city. He intends making
Suits in the Latest Styles
—AND AT—
Very Low Prices this Fall
and those wishing to get the worth of their money should call and examine his stock at his parlors,
NO. 15 W. WAYNE ST.

L. JAXTHEIMER,
MERCHANT
TAILOR!
—CARRIES A—
+ FULL LINE +
Of Foreign and Domestic Goods, Suitings, FALL
OVERCOATINGS,
Trouserings. All work WARRANTED
83 Calhoun Street.

DAIRYMEN!
Call at Our Mills, ascertain prices and quality of our
Bran, Shorts and Middlings.
Mayflower Mills,
(Next to S. Bash & Co.)
TELEPHONE NO. 63

A. F. GESSLER,
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
FRESH, SALT
—AND—
SMOKED - MEATS,
60 East Main Street.
He has just placed new machinery in his establishment and is now prepared to make the finest Sausages in the market. Dressed Poultry and Home-made Lard for sale. 24-1yr.

WATER WORKS.
Bath Tubs, Pumps, Rubber Hose, etc.
—AT—
C. W. BRUNS & CO.,
PLUMBERS,
166 Calhoun Street,
Opposite the Cathedral, Fort Wayne, Ind
SPECIAL ATTENTION
GIVEN TO
Natural Gas Fittings.

THE WABASH RAILROAD CO.
WILL PAY
$500 REWARD

For information that will lead to the arrest and conviction of the person or persons who tampered with the switch at Keller's, Ind., on the evening of October 24, 1889, causing the derailment of passenger train. CHAS. M. HAYS,
General Manager,
October 25, 1889. St. Louis, Mo.

They Have Stood the Test of Time
TANSILL'S PUNCH 5¢

FOR
Sore Eyes
Catarrh
Lameness
Female
Complaints
Sunburn
Soreness
Sprains
Chafing
Bruises
Scalds
Piles
Burns
Wounds
Insect
Bites
Stings
Sore Feet
INFLAMMATIONS
and
HEMORRHAGES
ALL
PAIN

AVOID ALL IMITATIONS. THEY MAY BE DANGEROUS.

FAC-SIMILE OF BOTTLE WITH BUFF WRAPPER.

USE
POND'S
EXTRACT

DEMAND POND'S EXTRACT. ACCEPT NO SUBSTITUTE FOR IT.

THIS IS THE ONLY RIGHT KIND. DO NOT TAKE ANY OTHER.

DIETER'S
CROWN
BAKING
POWDER

Recommended by the highest medical and chemical authorities, who testify to its absolute purity, wholesomeness and wonderful strength. Every can guaranteed to do the work of any other baking powder costing twice as much. Every can guaranteed to give satisfaction, or purchase money refunded.

1 lb. Can, 20c.; ½ lb., 10c.; ¼ lb., 5c.

If your dealer does not keep Crown, do not let him persuade you to buy some other he claims to be just as good, but ask him to oblige you by getting

DIETER'S CROWN BAKING POWDER.

Health is Wealth!

Dr. E. C. West's Nerve and Brain Treatment, a guaranteed specific for Hysteria, Dizziness, Convulsions, Fits, Nervous Neuralgia, Headache, Nervous Prostration caused by the use of alcohol or tobacco. Wakefulness, Mental Depression, Softening of the Brain resulting in insanity and leading to misery, decay and death, Premature Old Age, Barrenness, Loss of Power in either sex, Involuntary Losses and Spermatorrhœa caused by over-exertion of the brain, self-abuse or over-indulgence. Each box contains one month's treatment. $1.00 a box, or six boxes for $5.00, sent by mail prepaid on receipt of price.

WE GUARANTEE SIX BOXES

To cure any case. With each order received by us for six boxes, accompanied with $5.00, we will send the purchaser our written guarantee to refund the money if the treatment does not effect a cure. Guarantees issued only by Taleme & Gross, Druggists, Sole Agents, 91 Calhoun street, corner of Wayne, Fort Wayne, Ind.

P. E. COX,
PRACTICAL
Sanitary Plumber,
Has opened a shop at
No. 29 West Main Street.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED AT
Reasonable Prices

H. C. BITES, DENTIST, NILL'S BLOCK, 32 Calhoun st., Fort Wayne, Ind.

Is still occupy same rooms occupied 14 years ago.

J. C. PELTIER,
Undertaker & Embalmer
17 WEST WAYNE ST.,
Telephone No. 174 - - - Fort Wayne, Ind.

—THE FORT WAYNE—
FANCY STEAM DYE WORKS,
NO. 51 EAST MAIN STREET,
PAUL BAUMANN, Prop.
Practical Dyer and Cleaner.
Experience in Europe and America.

PUTTING ON STYLE.

The Lake Shore Making Handsome Improvements and Coming to the Front as a Popular Route.

This morning the railroad reporter of THE SENTINEL dropped over to the north side to see the improvements that the Lake Shore railroad are making.

The new depot building being erected by them is approaching completion and will be ready for occupancy during the first part of next month. The work on it is being rapidly pushed, and when finished the structure will be a credit to the city and the Lake Shore company.

The building is a handsome frame structure, built in a modern style of architecture, and commodious enough for the use for which it is intended—the joint occupancy of the Lake Shore and the Muncie. It is situated on Cass street, within a short distance of the river bridge, and is easily accessible and convenient to the traveling public, as the street-cars run right to it and a drive-way on either side lands passengers on the depot platform. The ticket office and the two waiting rooms—one for the ladies and the other for gentlemen—are large and handsome and will be fitted up in elegant style, so that when it is opened to the public the Lake Shore need not take a back seat for any of our railroads, as far as a passenger depot is concerned.

The baggage rooms of the company are in the same building and are large and well adapted for the purposes for which they are intended.

This, however, is not the only improvement the company is making. The freight building is receiving an eighty-foot addition on the west end and on the east extensive second story rooms are being built for the official force of the freight department. These will be on the corner of First and Harrison streets and will be the general offices.

Extensive additions are being made to the team tracks leading to the ware houses and when completed the company will have facilities for unloading forty-five cars of freight at one time. All in all, the north side depot is undergoing a wonderful change, and when the improvements are finished, those of our citizens who have not visited that locality for some time, will hardly know it, for the old land-marks are gone and handsome edifices stand in their places.

The road is making big advances in both passenger and freight business. This morning when our reporter was there the warehouse and the platforms were literally crowded with freight. A dozen trucks were engaged in loading and unloading freight, and we learned that the business of the company, in this respect, has increased 30 per cent. during the last year.

The affairs of the company in this city are under the management of Mr. E. S. Philley. He is the general passenger and freight agent of the Lake Shore, and also attends to the passenger and freight business of the Muncie road at the depot, making him joint agent of both roads. Mr. Philley is a pleasant and popular gentleman and stands high in the favor of the companies whose interests he serves so faithfully. He has been with the Lake Shore for more than sixteen years and has risen on his merits to the responsible position which he now occupies. There are few better men in the railroad service than he.

The roster of the clerical force of the Lake Shore company in this city is as follows: E. S. Philley, freight and passenger agent; E. E. Genn, chief clerk; F. L. Hoy, cashier; J. W. Minnich, ticket clerk; F. L. Starkle, Christ Kempe, William Myers, Frank Sweet, E. H. Harrison, John Parr, S. P. Barker, P. C. Harland, Frank Shipman, baggagemaster; Capt. A. C. Brown, foreman of the warehouse; R. C. Ross, yardmaster; Charles Aiken, assistant yardmaster, and a large force of men in the warehouse and yards.

The Lake Shore has a daily passenger service of two express trains each way, which are well patronized by the public, and in connection with the Muncie route, forms a through line running from Lansing, Mich., to Cincinnati, O., and Louisville, Ky., and with its west and east terminus does an extensive freight and passenger business to Chicago, Toledo, Cleveland, Buffalo and other points.

THE MACHINISTS' BALL.

Last night the machinists of the Pittsburg shops held their first annual ball at Arion hall. It was a success in every way. The hall was filled and a most enjoyable time was had.

The following committees had charge of the affair, and finely acquitted themselves: Arrangements—F. Olds, L. Miller, G. Schmoll, B. Coyle, C. Loos, W. Baker; reception—L. Miller, C. E. Pierce, G. Smoll; floor—F. Olds, L. Miller, S. B. Byanski, E. B. White, A. Slagel.

The music for the occasion was furnished by Barner's orchestra. The program began with the grand march, then followed twelve numbers until an intermission for refreshments, and after supper thirteen numbers, closing with No. 25, "Razzle-dazzle."

BUSY CENTER FLASHES.

G. H. Jones, of the Pittsburg shops, is quite ill.

Conductor Tom Riley is now running a passenger train on the Wabash.

John Dolan, of the Pittsburg shops, is doing work for the company at Lima, Ohio.

William Dillen, of Olds' wagon works, had the ends of three of his fingers taken off yesterday by a rip saw. The accident was a very painful one. The injured man was conveyed at once to his home.

B. B. Myers, of Kendallville, has taken a position at the electric light works.

The Fort Wayne Furniture factory was shut down Thursday afternoon for repairs on the engine.

Louis Bourie, of the Pittsburg shops, who has been ill for two weeks, has returned to work again.

Charles Daseler, of the Pittsburg paint shop store room, is again at work after several days' illness.

Louis Hiser, engineer on the Grand Rapids, is doing honors over the arrival of a baby girl at his home.

J. Balenbough, of the east yard shops, has resigned his position and returned to his home at Warsaw.

A. G. Brown, one of the supervisors on the Pennsylvania road, has been in the employ of the company since 1851.

D. B. Kehler, of the Fort Wayne Furniture company, is taking a week's trip through Illinois and Missouri in the interest of the firm.

The electric works have shipped a $20,000 plant to Middletown, N. Y., and another for $20,000 will be sent to Detroit, Mich., in a few days.

W. S. Morris, formerly master mechanic of the Wabash shops, in this city, but now residing at Grand Rapids, Mich., left for that place last night, after a few days' visit here.

Gen. Lew Wallace, the author of "Ben Hur," is at Springfield, Ohio, and has turned his versatile mind to chances. He has invented a steel railroad cross tie which, if it is as successful as the inventor claims, it will revolutionize railroad construction.

In passenger circles the opinion prevails that E. P. Wilson will be selected as successor of J. N. Abbott as chairman of the Western States Passenger association. It is stated that the position was offered to James Charlton, general passenger agent of the Chicago and Alton, and he declined.

Articles of incorporation have been filed with the secretary of state, by the Evansville, Newburg and Rockport railroad company. It has a capital stock of $100,000. The road is intended to run from Newburg, in Warrick, to Rockport, in Spencer county, a distance of twenty-five miles. The directors are F. W. Cook, Lee Howell, D. G. Mackey, William Heilman, W. J. Wood, C. F. Hopkins and H. P. Cornick.

The worst feature about catarrh is its dangerous tendency to consumption. Hood's Sarsaparilla cures catarrh by purifying the blood.

Attica wants more and better street crossings.

You sturdy oak whose branches wide
Boldly the storms and winds defy,
Not long ago an acorn, small,
Lay dormant 'neath the summer sky.

Not unlike the thrifty oak in its germ, development and growth, is consumption. But even this mighty foe of mankind, positively yields to the wonderful curative properties of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery if taken early. Don't be blind to your own interests and think yours a hopeless case. This remarkable remedy has rescued thousands. Of druggists.

The Limited Fast Mail.

The Union Pacific Railway, the Overland Route, has just put on a Limited Fast Mail Train to carry the United States mail between Council Bluffs and San Francisco and Portland. This daily Fast Mail train will carry a limited number of passengers, and in addition to the United States Mail Cars, and a baggage car, will be composed of a Pullman Palace Sleeper and Pullman Dining Car for Portland, and a Pullman Sleeping Car for San Francisco, thus accommodating a limited number of passengers.

The sleepers and the diner will run through from Chicago, via the Chicago and Northwestern Railway. Only first-class tickets will be honored on this train.

This train with its connections, makes the extraordinary time of 107 hours, New York to San Francisco, and 104 hours to Portland.

As accommodations are limited, early application for same should be made to the Union Pacific Agents in New York, St. Louis, Cincinnati, Chicago, or to E. L. Lomax, General Passenger Agent, Omaha, Neb.

Thanksgiving Excursion.

One fare for round trip, good going Wednesday, November 27, or Thursday, November 28; returning to and including December 2, 1889. Call on nearest agent of the Nickel Plate. 18-27

The four "B's" now interesting Europe are Barnum, Buffalo Bill, Boulanger and Bismarck.

CHIVALROUS.

Chivalry is getting to be a rather old-fashioned word; but the thing itself has not yet gone out of existence. The *Christian Advocate* cites a "modern instance."

Mary and Willie, aged respectively 6 and 4 years, were sitting together in one large rocking-chair near a window during a heavy thunder-storm.

As the lightning grew more vivid and the thunder more terrible, Mary, who sat nearest the open window, began to be greatly frightened, whereupon her little brother very promptly said, "Let me sit on the thunder side."

Piles! Piles! Itching Piles.

SYMPTOMS—Moisture; intense itching and stinging; most at night; worse by scratching. If allowed to continue tumors form, which often bleed and ulcerate, becoming very sore. SWAYNE'S OINTMENT stops the itching and bleeding, heals ulceration, and in most cases removes the tumors. At druggists, or by mail, for 50 cents. Dr. Swayne & Son, Philadelphia.

A. McConnell, of Covington, fell dead Tuesday, while helping to lift a stove.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria,
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

The greatest musical event of the season at the Masonic Temple Monday evening.

Interested People.

Advertising a patent medicine in the peculiar way in which the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam for Coughs and Colds does, is indeed wonderful. He authorizes all druggists to give those who call for it a sample bottle free, that they may try it before purchasing. The large bottles are 50c and $1. We certainly would advise a trial. It may save you from consumption.

The only complete assortment of Pianos, Organs, Sheet Music, Music Books and general Musical Merchandise, can be seen at D. H. Baldwin & Co's., 98 Calhoun street. 23 26.

California Excursions.

The Wabash railroad is now prepared to sell for the coming season round trip tourist tickets to all principal Pacific coast points, giving a wide choice of routes both going and returning, and an extreme return limit of six months. Stop-overs granted at pleasure, west of the Missouri river. Parties contemplating a journey to sunny California—with a view of spending the winter there—will do well to call at the Wabash ticket office and learn the many advantages offered by the great through car route.

For rates, routes, time, accommodations and conditions call upon or address

R. G. THOMPSON,
Passenger and Ticket Agent,
18-tf Fort Wayne, Ind.

She Suffered for Twenty Years.

My wife has suffered for fifteen years from congestion and painful menstruation. After using three bottles of Bradfield's Female Regulator she is now able to do her house work and go where she pleases. J. W. DAVIS, Moravian Falls, N. C.

Write Bradfield Reg. Co., Atlanta, Ga., for particulars. Sold by all druggists.

Tourists' Rates to Points South.

Commencing November 1, 1889, and continuing until April 30, 1890. The "Muncie Route" will sell round trip tickets to southern winter resorts, good to return until May 31, 1890. Tickets also on sale to California points. For tickets and full particulars, call on or address

W. H. FISHER,
Gen. Pass. and Ticket Agent,
oc31tf 73 Calhoun Street.

CATARRH,

Catarrhal, Deafness—Hay Fever—A New Home Treatment.

Sufferers are not generally aware that these diseases are contagious, or that they are due to the presence of living parasites in the lining membrane of the nose and eustachian tubes. Microscopic research, however, has proved this to be a fact, and the result of this discovery is that a simple remedy has been formulated whereby catarrh, catarrhal deafness and hay fever are permanently cured in from one to three simple applications made at home by the patient once in two weeks.

N. B.—This treatment is not a snuff or an ointment; both have been discarded by reputable physicians as injurious. A pamphlet explaining this new treatment is sent free on receipt of stamp to pay postage, by A. H. Dixon & Son, 337 and 339 West King street, Toronto, Canada.—*Christian Advocate.*

Sufferers from Catarrhal troubles should carefully read the above.

Everybody prepare to see the Dance of the Nations given by the congregation of the Episcopal church. 14-tf

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Zola's new novel is to be called "La Bete Humaine." It deals with a murder in a railway carriage.

Is a constitutional and not a local disease, and therefore it cannot be cured by local applications. It requires a constitutional remedy like Hood's Sarsaparilla, which, working through the blood, eradicates the impurity which causes and promotes the disease, and effects a permanent cure. Thousands of people testify to the success of Hood's Sarsaparilla as a remedy for catarrh when other preparations had failed. Hood's Sarsaparilla also builds up the whole system, and makes you feel renewed in health and strength.

"I used Hood's Sarsaparilla for catarrh, and received great relief and benefit from it. The catarrh was very disagreeable, especially in the winter, causing constant discharge from my nose, ringing noises in my ears, and pains in the back of my head. The effect to clear my head in the morning by hawking and spitting was painful. Hood's Sarsaparilla gave me relief immediately, while in time I was entirely cured. I think Hood's Sarsaparilla is worth its weight in gold." MRS. G. B. GIBB, 1029 Eighth Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.
100 Doses One Dollar

CASTORIA
for Infants and Children.

"Castoria is so well adapted to children that I recommend it as superior to any prescription known to me." H. A. ARCHER, M. D.,
111 So. Oxford St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

Castoria cures Colic, Constipation,
Sour Stomach, Diarrhœa, Eructation,
Kills Worms, gives sleep, and promotes digestion.
Without injurious medication.

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, 77 Murray Street, N. Y.

MENIER CHOCOLATE
UNRIVALLED. UNEQUALLED.
PUREST IN THE WORLD.
CONTAINS no CHEMICALS or ADULTERATIONS.
Paris Exposition, 1889 } 3 GRAND PRIZES. 5 GOLD MEDALS.
40 CENTS—A POUND 40 CENTS.
Ask your Grocer for Menier Chocolate (Yellow Wrapper)
For Sale Everywhere.
BRANCH HOUSE, UNION SQUARE, NEW YORK.

JOHN HENRY

The great leaders of the Shoe trade make their bow to the public and extend a cordial invitation to all to call and see their large and varied assortment of Boots, Shoes and Rubber Footwear. We do not advertise that we will give you gold dollars for 50 cents, but we do say that we will sell you GOOD HONEST GOODS at very reasonable prices. We will not deal in shoddy goods.

E. VORDERMARK & SONS,
32 Calhoun Street.
SIGN OF BIG RED BOOT.

RENNER, CRATSLEY & CO
Again Open for Business at the Old Stand,
56 CALHOUN STREET.
NEW STORE. NEW GOODS.
An entire stock entirely new. No old goods.
BOOKS, STATIONERY,
WALL PAPER, ALBUMS, TOYS,
DOLLS, FANCY GOODS,
Novelties for the Holidays, Oil Paintings, Etchings, Steel Engravings, Water Colors.
The Finest Line of Picture Frames and Mouldings ever brought to the city.
56 Calhoun Street.

HIGHEST SPEED ON RECORD.

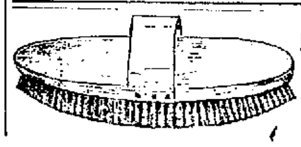
New Improved
The CALIGRAPH
Writing Machine

Most Popular Typewriter in the World.
The Best for All Kinds of Work.
Most Durable, Most Rapid.

Every machine fully warranted. Call or send for circulars and specimens of work. Full line of best paper, supplies, office furniture, &c.

H. T. CONDE IMPLEMENT CO.,
General Agents for Indiana, Indianapolis, Ind.
W. E. McDERMUT, LOCAL AGENT,
Corner Calhoun and Berry streets, Fort Wayne.

L. O. HULL,
WILL SELL
WALLPAPER
FOR
TEN DAYS
—AT—
LESS THAN COST.
Now is the time to Get a Bargain.
No. 90 Calhoun Strete.



Horse Brushes, Curry Combs,
5-A HORSE BLANKETS!
Rubber Horse Covers and Rubber Coats.
JOE. W. BELL,
13 East Columbia Street.

Arrival and Departure of Trains.

From Pennsylvania Station.

Pennsylvania Lines.

Trains run by Central Time.

Leave and Arrive at Fort Wayne, by the Pittsburg, Fort Wayne & Chicago railway, as follows.

GOING EAST.	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 20, Mail Express......	1 20 p m	1 40 p m
No. 8, d, Fast Line........	7 40 p m	8 05 p m
No. 2, d, Penn'a Limited..	8 53 p m	9 10 p m
No. 4, d, Atlantic Ex......	5 10 a m	5 30 a m
No. 58, Chicago Accom...	10 50 p m	.....
No. 62, Plymouth Accom.	8 55 a m	.....
No. 10, Crestline Accom..	.....	7 00 a m
No. 60, Chicago Express	1 55 a m	.....

GOING WEST.	ARRIVE.	DEPART.
No. 3, d, Pacific Express..	1 35 a m	1 45 a m
No. 5, d, Penn'a Limited..	5 38 a m	5 45 a m
No. 1, Fast Line	11 20 a m	11 40 a m
No. 9, d, Western Ex......	5 10 p m	5 16 p m
No. 11, Crestline Accom..	6 45 p m	.....
No. 61, Plymouth Accom.	.....	4 00 p m
No. 59, Chicago Accom....	.....	8 30 a m

Daily; all other trains daily except Sunday.

NEW YORK, CHICAGO & ST. LOUIS R. R.

GOING EAST		GOING WEST
Lv 2 00 p m	Express	Lv 2 00 p m
Lv 6 10 a m	Accommodation	Lv 6 46 a m

LAKE SHORE & MICHIGAN SOUTHERN.
[Fort Wayne Division.]

FROM NORTH		GOING NORTH
10 30 a m—A.	Cincinnati Ex.......—Lv	
	Detroit Ex	" 4 40 p m
3 40 p m	"—Detroit Ex	" 11 50 a m
5 20 p m	"—Way Freight........	" 6 40 a m

All trains daily except Sunday.

NORTH DEPOT.
[MUNCIE ROUTE]
FT. WAYNE, CINCINNATI & LOUISVILLE AND WHITE WATER RAILROADS.

The direct line to and from Cincinnati, Louisville, Indianapolis and Fort Wayne.

Through car service between Fort Wayne and Indianapolis. Solid trains between Fort Wayne and Cincinnati.

Central Standard Time.

TIME CARD. Nov. 17, 1889.	No. 6. Daily.	No. 1. Ex-S'dy.	No. 3. Daily.
Fort Wayne..lv	6:15 a. m.	10:35 a. m.	6:00 p. m.
Indianapolis.ar	10:30 a. m.	3:50 p. m.	10:30 p. m.
Cincinnati....ar	—	6:34 p. m.	—
Louisville....ar	—	7:00 p. m.	—
RETURNING:	Daily.	Ex-S'dy.	Daily.
Louisville....lv	—	7:20 a. m.	—
Cincinnati....lv	—	8:15 a. m.	—
Indianapolis.lv	7:00 a. m.	11:10 a. m.	3:00 p. m.
Fort Wayne.ar	11:10 a. m.	4:00 p. m.	7:50 p. m.

ONE FARE FOR ROUND TRIP

Between all stations from Fort Wayne to Muncie on Sundays. Two Sunday trains each way. Trains leave from North Side depot. Rates to Cincinnati and points South less than via. any other line.

WABASH RAILWAY.
MARCH 31, 1889.

GOING WEST.	Depart
Pacific Express, daily	1 40 a. m.
Kansas City ex, daily ex'pt Sunday	1 45 p. m.
Vestibule Limited and Mail.........	1 17 p. m.
Lafayette accom	3 30 p. m.

GOING EAST.	Depart
Vestibule Limited daily...............	5 05 a m
Cannon Ball, except Sunday.......	1 50
Limited Express, daily	6 05

Lafayette accom arrives 11 a m.

INDIANAPOLIS TIME CARD.

Lv Ft Wayne	Ar Indianapolis
5 00 a m........................	10 30 a m
1 45 p m........................	6 20 p m
Lv Indianapolis	**Ar Ft Wayne**
7 15 a m........................	1 20 p m
1 10 p m........................	6 10 p m
7 00 p m........................	5 00 a m

Through Buffalo Palace sleeping cars and new free chair cars on the Pacific and Limited express. Free chair cars, dining car and New York and Boston sleeping car on Vestibule Limited express.

Kansas City express and Cannon Ball has new reclining chair cars for Kansas City free.

GRAND RAPIDS & INDIANA R. R.
Time Table for Fort Wayne, in Effect Nov. 10, '89
GOING NORTH.

*For Grand Rapids and North.........	Lv 2 50 a m
" " " "	" 8 05 a m
For Grand Rapids.........................	" 2 40 p m
From Richmond............................	Ar 6 10 p m

GOING SOUTH.

For Richmond and Cincinnati......	Lv 5 45 a m
" " "	" 1 00 p m
* " "	" 11 10 a m
From Grand Rapids.....................	Ar 6 30 p m

*Daily between Cin. and Grand Rapids.
All other trains daily except Sunday.

G. H. Morrill & Co.,
Manufacturers of
Printing,
Lithographic Inks,
and Varnishes.
119 5th AVENUE,
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.
Chas. M. Moore, M'g'r.

JAMES MADDEN,
PLUMBER,
Steam and Gas Fitter,
101 Calhoun Street,
Next door to Y. M. C. A.
FORT WAYNE, - - - INDIANA

J. M. E. RIEDEL.
ARCHITECT,
ABOVE SCHANZ'S GALLERY.
112 CALHOUN ST. - FORT WAYNE, IND.

The Oldest Firm and Most Reliable in the City,
Wing & Mahurin,
ARCHITECTS
Rooms 41 and 42, Pixley & Long Block.

TALMAGE ON THE WING.

THE PASTOR OF THE BROOKLYN TABERNACLE IN ITALY.

Sermon Preached Sunday Nov 17, 1889, at Brindisi—The Subject "A Mediterranean Journey"—Full Report of the Discourse.

The Rev. T. De Witt Talmage, D. D., preached at Brindisi, Italy, on Sunday, Nov. 17. His subject was "A Mediterranean Voyage," and he took for his text Acts xxvii. 44: "And so it came to pass, that they escaped all safe to land." Dr. Talmage said:

Having visited your historical city, which I desire to see because it was the terminus of the most famous road of the ages, the Roman Appian Way, and for its mighty fortress overshadowing all, which even Hannibal's hosts could not thunder down, we must to-morrow morning leave your harbor, and after [illegible] Athens and Corinth, voyage out the Mediterranean to Alexandria, Egypt. I have been reading this morning in my New Testament of a Mediterranean voyage in an Alexandrian ship. It was this very month of November. The vessel was lying in a port not very far from here. On board that vessel were two distinguished passengers; one Josephus, the historian, as we have strong reasons to believe; the other, a convict, Paul by name, who was going to prison for upsetting things, or, as they termed it, turning the world upside down. This convict had gained the confidence of the Captain. Indeed I think that Paul knew almost as much about the seas as did the Captain. He had been shipwrecked three times already; he had dwelt much of his life amidst tempests, and yardarms, and cables, and storms; and he knew what he was talking about. Seeing the equinoctial storm was coming, and perhaps noticing something unseaworthy in the vessel, he advised the Captain to stay in the harbor. But I hear the Captain and the first mate talking together. They say: "We cannot afford to take the advice of this landsman and he a minister. He may be able to preach very well, but I don't believe he knows a marlinespike from a [illegible]. All aboard! Cast off! Shift [illegible] the helm for headway! Who fears the Mediterranean?" They had gone only a little way out when a whirlwind, called Euroclydon, made the torn sail its [illegible], shook the mast as you would brandish a spear, and tossed the hulk into the heavens. Overboard with the cargo! It is all washed with salt water, and worthless now; and there are no marine insurance companies. All hands ahoy, and out with the anchors!

Great consternation comes on crew and passengers. The sea monsters sport in the foam, and the billows clap their hands in glee of destruction. In a lull of the storm I hear a chain clank. It is the chain of the great apostle as he walks the deck, or holds fast to the rigging amid the lurching of the ship—the spray dripping from his long beard—as he cries out to the crew: "Now I exhort you to be of good cheer; for there shall be no loss of any man's life among you, but of the ship. For there stood by me this night the angel of God, whose I am, and whom I serve, saying, Fear not, Paul; thou must be brought before Cæsar; and, lo, God hath given thee all them that sail with thee."

Fourteen days have passed, and there is no abatement of the storm. It is midnight. Standing on the lookout, the man peers into the darkness, and, by a flash of lightning, sees the long white line of breakers, and knows they must be coming near to some country, and fears that in a few moments the vessel will be shivered on the rocks. The ship flies like chaff in the tornado. They drop the sounding line, and by the light of the lantern they see it is twenty fathoms. Speeding along a little farther they drop the line again, and by the light of the lantern they see it is fifteen fathoms. Two hundred and seventy-six souls within a few feet of awful shipwreck! The managers of the vessel, pretending they want to look over the side of the ship and undergird it, get into the small boat, expecting in it to escape; but Paul sees through the sham, and he tells them that if they go off in the boat it will be the death of them. The vessel strikes! The planks spring! The timbers crack! The vessel parts in the thundering surge! Oh, what wild struggling for life! Here they leap from plank to plank. Here they go under as if they would never rise, but, catching hold of a timber, come floating and panting on it to the beach. Here strong swimmers spread their arms through the waves until their chins plow the sand, and they rise up and wring out their wet locks on the beach. When the roll of the ship is called, two hundred and seventy-six people answer to their names. "And so," says my text, "it came to pass that they escaped all safe to land."

I learn from the subject:

First, that those who get us into trouble will not stay to help us out. These shipmen got Paul out of Fair Havens into the storm; but as soon as the tempest dropped upon them, they wanted to go off in the small boat, caring nothing for what became of Paul and the passengers. Ah me! human nature is the same in all ages. They who get us into trouble never stop to help us out. They who tempt the young man into a life of dissipation will be the first to laugh at his imbecility, and to drop him out of decent society. Gamblers always make fun of the losses of gamblers. They who tempt you into the contest with bets, saying "I will back you," will be the first to run. Look over all the predicaments of your life, and count the names of those who have got you into those predicaments, and tell me the name of one who ever helped you out. They were glad enough to get you out from Fair Havens, but when, with damaged rigging, you tried to get into harbor, did they hold for you a plank or throw you a rope? Not one. Satan has led thousands of men into trouble, but he never got one out. He led them into theft, but he would not hide the goods or bail out the defendant. The spider shows the fly the way over the gossamer bridge into the cobweb; but it never shows the fly the way out of the cobweb over the gossamer bridge. I think that there were plenty of fast young men to help the prodigal spend his money; but when he had wasted his substance in riotous living, they let him go to the swine pastures, while they betook themselves to some other new comer. They who took Paul out of Fair Haven will be of no use to him when he gets into the breakers of Melita.

I remark again, as a lesson learned from the text, that it is dangerous to refuse the counsel of competent advisers. Paul told them not to go out with the ship. They thought he knew nothing about it. They said: "He is only a minister." They went, and the ship was destroyed. There are a great many people now who say of ministers: "They know nothing about the world. They cannot talk to us!" Ah! my friends, it is not necessary to have the Asiatic cholera before you can give it medical treatment in others. It is not necessary to have your own arm broken before you can know how to splinter a fracture. And we who stand in the pulpit and in the office of a Christian teacher, know that there are certain styles of belief and certain kinds of behavior that will lead to destruction as certainly as Paul knew that if the ship went out of Fair Haven it would go to destruction. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth; but know thou that for all these things God will bring thee into judgment." We may not know much, but we know that.

Young men despise the advice of parents. They say: "Father is over-suspicious, mother is getting old. [illegible]" [illegible] the steps [illegible] a thousand [illegible] marking the place where beauty [illegible] and intellect foundered, and morality sank. They are old wrecks, having answered only a signal of distress, [illegible] great stress of weather, but some sudden [illegible] under bare poles, and the old folks know what they are talking about. Look at that man [illegible] the glow of infernal fires. His eye flashes not as once with thought, but with low passion. His brain is a sewer through which impurity floats, and his heart the trough in which lust wallows and drinks. Men shudder as the [illegible] passes, and parents say "Wolf! wolf!" Yet he once said the Lord's Prayer at his mother's knee, and against that iniquitous brow once pressed a pure mother's lip. But he refused her counsel. He went where euroclydons have their lair. He foundered on the sea, while all hell echoed at the roar of the wreck: Lost Pacifics! Lost Pacifics!

Another lesson from the subject is that Christians are always safe.

There did not seem to be much chance for Paul getting out of that shipwreck, did there? They had not, in those days, rockets with which to throw ropes over foundering vessels. Their lifeboats were of but little worth. And yet, notwithstanding all the danger, my text says that Paul escaped safe to land. And so it will always be with God's children. They may be plunged into darkness and trouble, but by the throne of the eternal God, I assert it, "they shall all escape safe to land."

Sometimes there comes a storm of commercial disaster. The cables break. The masts fall. The cargoes are scattered over the sea. Oh! what struggling and leaping on kegs and hogsheads and corn bins and store shelves! And yet, though they may have it so very hard in commercial circles, the good, trusting in God, all come safe to land.

Wreckers go out on the ocean's beach and find the shattered hulks of vessels; and on the streets of our great cities there is many a wreck. Mainsail slit with banker's pen. Hulks abeam's end on insurance counters. Vast credits sinking, having suddenly sprung a leak. Yet all of them who are God's children shall at last, through his goodness and mercy, escape safe to land. The Scandinavian warriors used to drink wine out of the skulls of the enemies they had slain. Even so God will help us, out of the conquered ills and disasters of life, to drink sweetness and strength for our souls.

You have, my friends, had illustrations, in your life, of how God delivers his people. I have had many illustrations in my own life of the same truth. I was once in what on your Mediterranean you call Euroclydon, but what on the Atlantic we call a cyclone, but the same storm. The steamer Greece of the National line, swung out into the river Mersey at Liverpool, bound for New York. We had on board seven hundred, crew and passengers. We came together strangers—Italians, Irishmen, Englishmen, Swedes, Norwegians, Americans. Two flags floated from the masts—British and American ensigns. We had a new vessel, or one so thoroughly remodeled that the voyage had around it all the uncertainties of a trial trip. The great steamer felt its way cautiously out into the sea. The pilot was discharged; and, committing ourselves to Him who holdeth the winds in His fist, we were fairly started on our voyage of three thousand miles. It was rough nearly all the way—the sea with strong buffeting disputing our path. But one night, at eleven o'clock, after the lights had been put out, a cyclone—a wind just made to tear ships to pieces—caught us in its clutches. It came down so suddenly that we had not time to take in the sails or fasten the hatches. You may know that the bottom of the Atlantic is strewn with the ghastly work of cyclones. Oh! they are cruel winds. They have hot breath, as though they came up from infernal furnaces. Their merriment is the cry of affrighted passengers. Their play is the foundering of steamers. And, when a ship goes down, they laugh until both continents hear them. They go in circles, or, as I describe them with my hand—rolling on! rolling on! with finger of terror writing on the the white sheet of the wave this sentence of doom: "Let all that comes within this circle perish! Brigantines, go down! Clippers, go down! Steamships, go down!" And the vessel, hearing the terrible voice, crouches in the surf, and as the waters gurgle through the hatches and port holes, it lowers away, thousands of feet down, farther and farther, until at last it strikes the bottom; and all is peace, for they have landed. Helmsman, dead at the wheel! Engineer, dead amidst the extinguished furnaces! Captain, dead in the gangway! Passengers, dead in the cabin! Buried in the great cemetery of dead steamers, beside the City of Boston, the Lexington, the President, the Cambria—waiting for the archangel's trumpet to split up the decks, and wrench open the cabin doors, and unfasten the hatches.

I thought that I had seen storms on the sea before; but all of them together might have come under one wing of that cyclone. We were only eight or nine hundred miles from home, and in high expectation of soon seeing our friends, for there was no one on board so poor as not to have a friend. But it seemed as if we were to be disappointed. The most of us expected then and there to die. There were none who made light of the peril, save two. One was an Englishman, and he was drunk, and the other was an American, and he was a fool! Oh! what a time it was! A night to make one's hair turn white. We came out of the berths, and stood in the gangway, and looked into the steerage, and sat in the cabin. While seated there we heard overhead something like minute guns. It was the bursting of the sails. We held on with both hands to keep our places. Those who attempted to cross the floor came back bruised and gashed. Cups and glasses were dashed to fragments, pieces of the table getting loose, swung across the saloon. It seemed as if the hurricane took that great ship of thousands of tons and stood it on end, and said "Shall I sink it, or let it go this once?" And then it came down with such force that the billows trampled over it, each mounted of a fury. We felt that everything depended on the propelling screw. If that stopped for an instant we knew the vessel would fall off into the trough of the sea and sink, and so we prayed that the screw, which three times since leaving Liverpool had already stopped, might not stop now. Oh! how anxiously we listened for the regular thump of the machinery, upon which our lives seemed to depend. After a while some one said: "The screw is stopped!" No; its sound had only been overpowered by the uproar of the tempest, and we breathed easier again when we heard the regular pulsation of the over-tasked machinery going thump, thump, thump. At 3 o'clock in the morning the water covered the ship from prow to stern, and the skylights gave way! The deluge rushed in, and we felt that one or two more waves like that must swamp us forever. As the water rolled back and forward in the cabins, and dashed against the wall, it sprang half way up to the ceiling. Rushing through the skylights as it came in with such terrific roar, there went up from the cabin a shriek of horror which I pray God I may never hear again. I have dreamed the whole scene over again, but God has mercifully kept me from hearing that one cry. Into it seemed to be compressed the agony of expected shipwreck. It seemed to say: "I shall never get home again! My children shall be orphaned! I am [illegible] to explain it, and my wife shall be widowed! I am launching now into eternity! In two minutes I shall [illegible]."

There was about five hundred and fifty passengers in the steerage, and as the water rushed in and touched the furnaces and began violently to hiss, the poor creatures in the steerage imagined that the boilers were giving way. Those passengers writhed in the water and in the [illegible], some praying, some crying, all [illegible]. They made a rush for the deck. An officer stood on deck and beat them back with blow after blow. It was necessary. They would not have stood an instant on the deck. Oh! how they begged to get out of the hold of the ship! One woman, with a child in her arms, rushed up and caught hold of one of the officers and cried: "Do let me out! I will help you! Do let me out! I cannot die here!" Some got down and prayed to the Virgin Mary, saying: "O blessed mother! keep us!" Some stood with white lips and fixed gaze, silent in their terror. Some wrung their hands and cried out: "O God! what shall I do? What shall I do?" The time came when the crew could no longer stay on deck, and the cry of the officers was, "Below! all hands below!" Our brave and sympathetic Capt. Andrews, whose praise I shall not cease to speak while I live, had been swept by the hurricane from his bridge, and had escaped very narrowly with his life. The cyclone seemed to stand on the deck, waving its wings, crying: "This ship is mine! I have captured it! Ha! ha! I will command it! If God will permit I will sink it here and now! By a thousand shipwrecks, I swear the doom of this vessel!" There was a lull in the storm; but only that it might gain additional fury. Crash! went the life boat on one side. Crash! went the life boat on the other side. The great booms got loose, and, as with the heft of a thunderbolt, pounded the deck and beat the masts—the jib boom, studding sail boom, and square sail boom, with their strong arms, beating time to the awful march and music of the hurricane.

Meanwhile the ocean became phosphorescent. The whole scene looked like fire. The water dripping from the rigging, there were ropes of fire; and there were masts of fire; and there was a deck of fire. A ship of fire, sailing on a sea of fire, through a night of fire. May I never see anything like it again!

Everybody prayed. A lad of 12 years of age got down and prayed for his mother. "If I should give up," he said, "I do not know what would become of mother." There were men who, I think, had not prayed for thirty years, who then got down on their knees. When a man, who has neglected God all his life feels that he has come to his last time, it makes a very busy night. All of our sins and short-comings passed through our minds. My own life seemed utterly unsatisfactory. I could only say, "Here, Lord, take me as I am. I cannot mend matters now. Lord Jesus, thou didst die for the chief of sinners. That's me! It seems, Lord, as if my work is done, and poorly done, and upon thy infinite mercy I cast myself and in this hour of shipwreck and darkness commit myself and her whom I hold by the hand to thee, O Lord Jesus! praying that it may be a short struggle in the water, and that at the same instant we may both arrive in glory!" Oh! I tell you a man prays straight to the mark when he has a cyclone above him, an ocean beneath him, and eternity so close to him that he can feel its breath on his cheek.

The night was long. At last we saw the dawn looking through the port holes. As in the olden time, in the fourth watch of the night, Jesus came walking on the sea, from wave cliff to wave cliff; and when He puts His foot upon a billow, though it may be tossed up with might it goes down. He cried to the winds, Hush! They knew His voice. The waves knew His foot. They died away. And in the shining tracks of His feet I read these letters on scrolls of foam and fire, "The earth shall be filled with the knowledge of God as the waters cover the sea." The ocean calmed. The path of the steamer became more and more mild; until, on the last morning out, the sun threw round about us a glory such as I never witnessed before. God made a pavement of mosaic, reaching from horizon to horizon, for all the splendors of earth and heaven to walk upon—a pavement bright enough for the foot of a seraph—bright enough for the wheels of the archangel's chariot. As parent embraces a child, and kisses away its grief, so over that sea, that had been writhing in agony in the tempest, the morning threw its arms of beauty and of benediction, and the lips of earth and heaven met.

As I came on deck it was very early, and we were nearing the shore—I saw a few sails against the sky. They seemed like the spirits of the night walking the billows. I leaned over the taffrail of the vessel, and said, "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters."

It grew lighter. The clouds were hung in purple clusters along the sky; and, as if those purple clusters were pressed into red wine and poured out upon the sea, every wave turned into crimson. Yonder, fire cleft stood opposite to fire cleft; and here, a cloud, rent and tinged with light, seemed like a palace, with flames bursting from the windows. The whole scene lighted up until it seemed as if the angels of God were ascending and descending upon stairs of fire, and the wave-crests, changed into jasper, and crystal, and amethyst, as they were flung toward the beach, made me think of the crowns of Heaven cast before the throne of the great Jehovah. I leaned over the taffrail again, and said, with more emotion than before: "Thy way, O God, is in the sea, and Thy path in the great waters!"

So, I thought, will be the going off of the storm and night of the Christian's life. The darkness will fold its tents and away! The golden feet of the rising morning will come skipping upon the mountains, and all the wrathful billows of the world's woe break into the splendor of eternal joy. And so we come into the harbor. The cyclone behind us. Our friends before us. God, who is always good, all around us. And if the roll of the crew and the passengers had been called, seven hundred souls would have answered to their names. "And so it came to pass that we all escaped safe to land." And may God grant that, when all our Sabbaths on earth are ended, we may find that, through the rich mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ, we all have weathered the gale!

Into the harbor of Heaven now we glide,
Home at last!
Softly we drift on the bright silver tide,
Home at last!
Glory to God! All our dangers are o'er;
We stand secure on the glorified shore,
Glory to God! we will shout evermore,
Home at last!
Home at last!

"It was ever so kind of you to bring me this box of candy," said the young lady to George. "I think you are exceedingly nice." "That's the way it goes," said George as he dropped another lozenge into her mouth. "Put a caramel into the slot and get some taffy."

First tramp—Down with whisky is what I say. Don't you say so, pardner? Second tramp—Well, I've allus set my face agin it whenever I could.

"I hear John has a place under the Government." "Yes." "Make any money?" "Heaps; $100,000 a week. He's in the mint."

There is said to be a great similarity between a vain young lady and a confirmed drunkard, in that neither of them can ever get enough of the glass.

How Some Girls Walk.

Why is it you young ladies do not know how to walk? Look! here comes one with her head pitched forward, her hands swinging ungracefully by her side, her feet scuffing the walk, and altogether presenting an appearance quite unbecoming one of America's lovely daughters, charming in all else, perhaps, but oh, such a gait! The next one walks with a jerk, her feet and lower part of her body having started on a race with her head to see which will get there first. The consequence is, for every step forward she comes part way back with a jerk.

Her sister follows, twitching ungracefully from side to side, rolling from one foot to the other like a sailor in mid-ocean, only he has some excuse, and she has not. The arms usually follow, but in opposite directions. The body of the next one makes a perfect bow, bent back, head forward and feet trying to catch up. Not one with the firm graceful step, erect head, straight shoulders, easy arms and hands to be acquired by sufficient determination to present a dignified carriage. When will deportment be taught in our schools?—*Kingston Freeman.*

$5,000 for a Wife.

One of the greatest stories founded on fact) ever published, commences in the December (Xmas) number of Godey's Lady's Book, published at Philadelphia. Every woman, married or single, should read it. Ready November 15th. All newsdealers.

He Was Thoughtful.

"Can you furnish bail in the sum of $200?" was asked of a prisoner in the Police Court the other day.

"Yes, I suppose I could, but——"

"Who will go on your bond?"

"I was going to say that the President of the United States would probably be only too glad to, but I hate to bother him with such a trifle. I'll——"

"Get some one else?"

"No, I'll go to jail. This is Mr. Harrison's busy day, and I don't want to disturb him."—*Detroit Free Press.*

Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,

As Mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system when entering it through the mucus surfaces. Such articles should never be used except on prescriptions from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do are tenfold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co. Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine; it is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co.

☞Sold by Druggists, price 75c per bottle.

An Heiress' Valuation.

"I'm engaged to be married to a lovely girl," said a youth warmly to a traveling man of his acquaintance.

"Indeed?"

"Yes, congratulate me. She has lots of money too."

"How much?"

"A hundred thousand."

"That, no doubt, is her Pa value, isn't it?"

A New Kind of Insurance

has been put in operation by the manufacturers of Dr. Pierce's medicines. His "Golden Medical Discovery" and "Favorite Prescription" are sold by druggists under the manufacturers' *positive guarantee*. Either benefit or a complete cure is thus attained, or money paid for these medicines is returned. The certificate of guarantee given in connection with sale of these medicines is equivalent to a policy of insurance. The "Golden Medical Discovery" cures all humors and blood taints, from whatever cause arising, skin and scalp diseases, scrofulous sores and swellings. The "Favorite Prescription" cures all those derangements and weaknesses peculiar to women.

Don't hawk, hawk, and blow, blow, disgusting everybody, but use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy.

It Reminded Him.

Col. Newcomb—Good morning, Uncle Jones. Busy, I see.

Uncle Jones—Yes, sah. I's fixin' up de chapel neah your house, sah. We's gwine ter hab rewival meetin' nex' week.

"Ah, indeed; glad to hear that there is an awakening among your people. That reminds me, uncle, I want you to fix a new lock on my chicken house some time this week."—*Texas Siftings.*

If you have ever used Dobbins' Electric during the 24 years it has been sold, you *know* that it is the best and purest family soap made. If you haven't tried it, ask your grocer for it *now*. Don't take imitation.

Caring for Her Eyes.

"I don't think we'll go to Niagara on our wedding trip, George, dear," remarked a Pittsburgh girl to her intended husband.

"Why, love?"

"I fear it will injure our sight."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, I believe that people who gaze at the falls get a cataract in their eye."

George is considering whether or not to break off the engagement.—*Pittsburgh Chronicle.*

A Sore Throat or Cough, if suffered to progress, often results in an incurable throat or lung trouble. *"Brown's Bronchial Troches"* give instant relief.

A Gentle Hint.

Mrs. Blinks (to her neighbor)—Oh, I do so like your house? It seems so home-like!

Mrs. Jinks—I want to know!

Mrs. Blinks—Yes; you've got so much of my cooking dishes borrowed, you know, your kitchen seems ever so more natural to me than mine does.—*Lawrence American.*

For Rickets, Marasmus, and all Wasting Disorders of Children

Scott's Emulsion of Pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is unequaled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful. "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing. In every case the improvement was marked."—J. M. Main, M. D., New York. Sold by all Druggists.

Some genius has invented a chin-holder for the violin. If he could only invent a hand-holder he would do more good.—*Texas Siftings.*

A WEEKLY MAGAZINE

is really what The Youth's Companion is. It publishes each year as much matter as the $4 monthlies, and is illustrated by the same artists. It is an educator in every home, and always an entertaining and wholesome companion. It has a unique place in American family life. If you do not know it, you will be surprised to see how much can be given for the small sum of $1.75 a year. The price sent now will entitle you to a paper to January 1891. Address

The Youth's Companion, Boston, Mass.

"It will be better for me in the long run," remarked the cashier as he humped himself for the Dominion.

Oregon, the Paradise of Farmers.

Mild, equable climate, certain and abundant crops. Best fruit, grain, grass, and stock country in the world. Full information free. Address the Oregon Immigration Board, Portland, Oregon.

The man who has no rights is the man who lost his right arm and limb in the late war.

What is that which must play before it can work?—A fire-engine.

Anguish Unspeakable

Is endured by the victims of inflammatory rheumatism, and any form of the disease may reach that appalling phase or attack the heart and cause death. Unhappily they who feel its preliminary twinges hold in realize this. Like other really dangerous maladies, rheumatism is often disregarded at the outset. Well will it be for him if this brief notice shall serve as a warning of future peril or pain to a reader troubled with incipient rheumatism. The proper resort will be an instantaneous resort to the use of preventive defensive. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, whose record of professional recommendation and experience has confirmed. There is no more of more genial with dote to the virus of rheumatism in the system. Rheumatic rheumatic [illegible] from the objections attached to potent poisons liable to be taken in more than the infinitesimal dose. The Bitters conquer malaria, indigestion, liver and kidney troubles.

Why They Sang Well.

Minister (to choirmaster)—The music went splendid this morning.

Choir Master—Yes; I flatter myself it did.

Minister—I am glad to see the singers give their whole energy to the important religious work. There is no deception in such singing as that.

Choir Master—Well, no; I should say not. You see, Mr. Thumper, I told the choir last night that an operatic manager would attend church to-day for the purpose of finding some good voices.—*Judge.*

Copy of Original.

Van Wert, Ohio, July 11, 1889.

Rheumatic Syrup Co., Jackson, Mich:

Gents—This is to certify that I had what is called sciatic rheumatism so badly that I was all drawn over to one side. My hip sank in so that you could lay your hand in the cavity, and I could do no work for over one year. I tried some of the best physicians and did almost everything I could hear or think of, and nothing did me any good until I purchased a bottle of Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup of Hines & Son, druggists, Van Wert, O. Four bottles cured me and have never had it since.

Albert King.

We certify to the above testimonial.

Hines & Son, Druggists.

When you receive a note from your lady-love, and kiss it (as, of course, you are expected to do), why is it like the nightmare? Because it is the kiss-you-buss.

Montana's Free Lands.

The Great Reservation of Montana, thrown open for settlement by the President last May, contains 18,000,000 acres of land, all eligible for entry for free homes, under the United States Land Laws. It extends for 300 miles East and West, and on an average of 100 miles North and South. If you intend going to Montana remember that The Wisconsin Central is the direct line between Chicago and St. Paul, making close connections at St. Paul for all points in Montana. Solid through trains with Pullman Palace Sleeping Cars and Unrivaled Dining Cars are run between Chicago and St. Paul. For other information, pamphlets, etc., address James Barker, General Passenger and Ticket Agent, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

"Haven't you finished scaling the fish yet, Sam?" "No, master; 'tis a very large one." "Why, you have had time to scale a mountain."

Card of Thanks.

If the proprietor of Kemp's Balsam should publish a card of thanks, containing expressions of gratitude which come to him daily from those who have been cured of severe throat and lung troubles by the use of Kemp's Balsam, it would fill a fair-sized book. How much better to invite all to call on any druggist and get a free sample bottle that you may test for yourself its power. Large bottles 50c and $1.00.

"Sarah," said a wag "it's all over town!" "What's all over town?" was the anxious inquiry. "Mud." Sarah's eyes dropped.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it.

Don't undertake to kiss a furious woman; risk not a smack in a storm.

Best, easiest to use and cheapest. Piso's Remedy for Catarrh. By druggists. 50c.

A man ever ready to scrape an acquaintance the barber.

Catarrh

Is a complaint which affects nearly everybody, more or less. It originates in a cold, or succession of colds, combined with impure blood. Disagreeable flow from the nose, tickling in the throat, offensive breath, pain over and between the eyes, ringing and bursting noises in the ears, are the more common symptoms. Catarrh is cured by Hood's Sarsaparilla, which strikes directly at its cause by removing all impurities from the blood, building up the diseased tissues, and giving healthy tone to the whole system.

"For several years I have been troubled with that terribly disagreeable disease, catarrh. I took Hood's Sarsaparilla with the very best results. It cured me of that continual dropping in my throat and stuffed-up feeling. It has also helped my mother, who has taken it for run-down state of health and kidney troubles. I recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla to all as a good medicine." Mrs. S. D. Heath, Putnam, Conn.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Sold by all druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken; it is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and $1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
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CATON'S FRENCH VITALIZERS. [illegible]

$65 A MONTH AND BOARD PAID, or highest commission and 30 DAYS CREDIT to AGENTS on our NEW BOOK. J. S. ZIEGLER & CO., Quincy Bldg., Chicago, Ill.

YOUNG MEN Wanted to learn Telegraphy. Situations furnished. Circulars free. Address VALENTINE BROS., Janesville, Wis.

$25 AN HOUR made by our Agents. THE DR. PERKINS MEDICAL CO. Richmond, Va.

Hibbard's Rheumatic and Liver Pills.

These Pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness; and, as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

Every man may have a price, but every other man can not pay it.—*Whitehall Times.*

We recommend "Tansill's Punch" Cigar.

Good name for a bull-dog—Agrippa.

ST. JACOBS OIL

CAUTION.

No other Liniment made to resemble

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St. Jacobs Oil is

THE BEST,

AND THAT IS WHY ITS CURES ARE

PROMPT AND PERMANENT

AT DRUGGISTS AND DEALERS.

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AGENTS WANTED To handle Articles every store requires. Installs $100; salary $150 per month. Must establish County Agencies. Samples sent, expressage prepaid, on receipt of $2.25. MOREY MFG. CO., Waukesha, Wis.

ASTHMA CAN BE CURED. A trial bottle sent free to anyone afflicted. Dr. TAFT BRO., Rochester, N. Y.

KIDDER'S PASTILLES Sure relief for ASTHMA. Price 35 cts. by mail. Stowell & Co., Charlestown, Mass.

MAGIC REMEDY Will cure Blood Poison where mercury fails. Owned and for sale only by Cook Remedy Co., Omaha, Neb. Write.

ASTHMA.

Popham's Asthma Specific

Gives relief in FIVE minutes.

Pierce D. Swords, M. D., Pottstown, Pa., writes: "I have had Asthma for 20 years, found no relief until I used your Specific, which relieved me immediately." Sold by all Druggists. $1 per box, by mail, post paid.

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$45 SEWING MACHINES | FOR ONLY **$15**

We are now selling our WESTERN IMPROVED SINGER SEWING MACHINE, same as cut, complete with all attachments and warranted for 5 years, for only $15. Send for circular and see full description of this and other styles to M. A. SOLLERS & CO., 562 West Lake St., Chicago, Ill.

This Trade Mark is on The Best Waterproof Coat in the world.

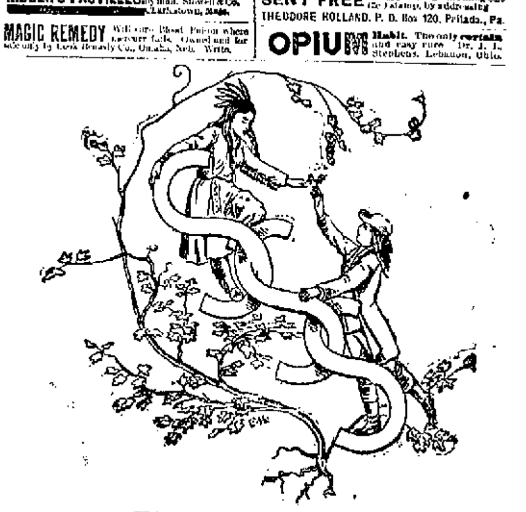
Send for Illustrated Catalogue Free. A. J. Tower, Boston.

FAMILY PRICE, $5.00.

A warranted U. S. Standard Family Scale, ¼ ounce to 240 pounds, sent free anywhere in U. S. on receipt of price. Price list of all sizes free. Address "JONES, he pays the freight," Binghamton, N. Y.

BASE BALL CHADWICK'S MANUAL, 7 in. x 5 in. 70 pages. Illuminated Cover. **SENT FREE** on application enclosing one 2c stamp, by addressing THEODORE HOLLAND, P. O. Box 120, Philada., Pa.

OPIUM Habit. The only certain and easy cure. Dr. J. L. Stephens, Lebanon, Ohio.



FROM SAVAGE TO CIVILIZATION.

SWIFT'S SPECIFIC is a simple vegetable compound prepared from roots freshly gathered from the forests. The formula was obtained from the Creek Indians by the whites who had witnessed the wonderful cures of blood diseases made by that tribe. It has been used since 1829, and has been the greatest blessing to mankind in curing diseases of the blood, in many instances after all other remedies had failed.

Swift's Specific cured me of terrible Tetter, from which I had suffered for twenty long years. I have now been entirely well for five years, and no sign of any return of the disease.

Rogers, Ark., May 1, 1888. W. H. Wight.

One bottle of S.S.S. cured my son of boils and risings, which resulted from malarial poison, and affected him all the summer. He had treatment from five doctors, who failed to benefit him.

Cavanal, Indian Ter. J. B. Wise.

I have taken Swift's Specific for secondary blood poison, and derived great benefit. It acts much better than potash, or any other remedy that I have ever used. B. F. Wingfield, M. D., Richmond, Va.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. The Swift Specific Co., Drawer 3, Atlanta, Ga.

JOSEPH H. HUNTER, ATTORNEY, WASHINGTON, D. C. WILL GET YOUR PENSION without DELAY.

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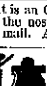
We recommend this college to our readers. Mention this paper when you write.

PISO'S REMEDY FOR CATARRH.—Best. Easiest to use. Cheapest. Relief is immediate. A cure is certain. For Cold in the Head it has no equal.

CATARRH

It is an Ointment, of which a small particle is applied to the nostrils. Price, 50c. Sold by druggists or sent by mail. Address, E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.



A MAN

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SABBATH READING.

What Some of the Workers Therein Are Doing and Saying.

THE BIBLE IN LITERATURE.

The Twine Under the Thumb-Nail—A Piece of Paper—Symptoms of Decay.

A Piece of Paper.

I was asked to go to a public house in Nottingham to see the landlord's wife, who was dying. I found her rejoicing in Christ as her Saviour. I asked her how she found the Lord. "Read that," she replied, handing me a torn piece of paper. I looked at it, and found that it was part of an American newspaper, containing an extract from one of Spurgeon's sermons, which extract had been the means of her conversation. "Where did you find this newspaper?" I asked. She answered, "It was wrapped around a parcel sent to me from Australia!" Talk about the hidden life of a good seed! Think of that! A sermon preached in London conveyed to America, then to Australia, part of it torn off for the parcel dispatched to England, and after all its wanderings, giving the message of salvation to that woman's soul! God's Word shall not return unto Him void.

Symptoms of Decay.

Having more interest in money matters than in soul saving.

A growing appetite for ease and pleasure.

Feeling no condemnation for fellowship with the world.

A disposition to use five dollars for self and five cents for God's cause.

Inclination to find fault with others rather than to help them.

Engaging in levity, and terming it Christian cheerfulness.

Reading secular newspapers in preference to the Bible.

Preferring meetings where there is nothing to do, rather than those which afford opportunities for personal work.

Avoiding the society of those noted for piety and godliness.

These signs give unmistakable evidence of the near approach of the grim monster, yea, already with one hand his icy fingers clutch at the victim's throat, and with the other he aims a dagger at the heart. Help, help! an hour hence may be too late.

The Twine Under the Thumb-Nail.

A minister relates: "A few months after my ordination I was invited to spend an evening at the house of a parishioner. Among the company was an old gentleman named Mr. Ford. When we had tea the most of us gathered round a table, and began to speak about various passages of Holy Scripture. But I was grieved to see, while the majority of us were profitably employed, this old man, seated on the sofa, with a number of young ladies around him, engaged in a conversation of a decidedly frivolous and flippant nature. A few days afterward, meeting my rector casually in the street, he asked me if I had heard that Mr. Ford was very ill. While he had been engaged in his office, tying a parcel, a twine had slipped under his thumb-nail and forced it up. Inflammation had set in, which rapidly extended to the hand, and then to the arm, so that great fears were entertained for his life. I hastened to his house, and was immediately shown into the sick-room. As he recognized me he faintly said, "Ah, it is you, sir; I did not expect to see you this way." I sat down and read the gospel to him. He was too weak to listen. In a few hours that man was in the presence of God. Oh, how he would regret, whether saved or lost, the time he had given to frivolous conduct, to the prejudice of his own salvation and that of others whose attention is diverted from the things of God.

The Bible in Literature.

It is safe to say there is no other book which has had so great an influence upon the literature of the world as the Bible. And it is almost as safe—at least with no greater danger than that of starting an instructive discussion—to say that there is no other literature which has felt this influence so deeply or shown it so clearly as the English. The cause of this latter fact is not far to seek. It may be, as a discontented French critic suggests, that it is partly due to the inborn and incorrigible tendency of the Anglo-Saxon mind to drag religion and immorality into everything. But certainly this tendency would never have taken such a distinctly biblical form had it not been for the beauty and vigor of our common English version of the scriptures. These qualities were felt by the people, even before they were praised by the critics. Apart from all religious prepossessions, men and women and children were fascinated by the native power and grace of the book. The English Bible was popular, in the broadest sense long before it was recognized as one of our noblest classics. It has colored the talk of the household and the street, as well as moulded the language of scholars. It has been something more than "a well of English undefiled;" it has become a part of the spiritual atmosphere. We hear the echoes of its speech everywhere, and the music of its familiar phrases haunts all the fields and groves of our fine literature.

It is not only to the theologians and the sermon-makers that we look for biblical allusions and quotations. We often find the very best and most vivid of them in writers professedly secular. Poets like Shakspeare, Milton and Wordsworth, novelists like Scott and romancers like Hawthorne; essayists like Bacon, and Steele and Addison; critics of life, unsystematic philosophers, like Carlyle and Ruskin—all draw upon the Bible as a treasury of illustrations, and use it as a book equally familiar to themselves and to their readers. It is impossible to put too high a value upon such a universal volume, even as a purely literary possession.—*The Century.*

"NONE SO DEAF."

It has been noticed that sometimes people who are slightly deaf appear to be able to hear certain sounds better than they are to hear others; and from this the proverb, "None so deaf as those who won't hear," has arisen. The story is a well-known one of the rich father, who was somewhat deaf, and who was asked one day by his scapegrace son:

"Father, will you give me fifty dollars?"

"What?" said the father, putting his hand to his ear.

"Will you give me a hundred dollars?" shouted the young man.

"Hold on!" said his father; "I heard you well enough the first time."

A somewhat similar story is told of Sir Richard Steele, who, when he was preparing a room in York Buildings, London, for public orations, happened to be a good deal behind in his payments to his workmen. Coming one day into the hall to see what progress was made, Steele ordered the carpenter to get into the rostrum and make a speech, in order to observe how it could be heard.

The carpenter mounted the stage, and, scratching his head, told Sir Richard that he did not know what to say. "I'm no orator, sir," he said.

"Oh, no matter," said Steele; "say the first thing that comes uppermost in your head."

"Why, then, Sir Richard," said the man, "here we have been working for your Honor these six months, and cannot get a penny of our money. Pray, sir, when do you intend to—"

"That will do—that will do!" said Steele. "You may come down. I heard you quite distinctly, but I didn't like your subject."—*Youth's Companion.*

MAKING HAY IN FINLAND.

A curious way of making hay is very generally adopted by the Fins. Poor men who own no meadows have long been accustomed to cut what grass they can find in the forest glades and other waste lands. Owing to lack of roads and farmsteads the hay was stuffed among the branches of neighboring trees to await the winter frost and snow, when it could easily be carrid off by sledges. After a wet season some farmers noticed that this was actually better in quality than that which they themselves had made from much better grass. The wild crop so to call it, had dried much better in the tree branches exposed to a free circulation of air than the rich herbage which had lain long on the sodden ground. Hence it occurred to them to make temporary trees upon which their crops might be dried.

This experiment was attended by such success that the plan has been widely imitated, and bids fair entirely to supplant the old-fashioned methods. After the mowing is done a number of poles about ten feet in length and provided with long transverse pegs are set up at intervals and the grass is loosely heaped upon them. The result is said to be excellent. Even in wet weather only a small portion forming the outside of the pile is discolored, while the inner portions, exposed to the air beneath and protected from the rain above, are dried in perfect condition. Mowing can be carried on in spite of wind and rain, and when once the grass is placed upon the drying poles it may be left without fear of serious damage until the weather changes.—*Mark Lane Express.*

AN ANTIDOTE FOR FAT.

Peter the Great was once traveling incognito in a part of Finland, just conquered, where he was executing some naval works. He met an over-fat man who told him he was going to St. Petersburg.

"What for?" said the Czar.

"To consult a doctor about my fat, which has become oppressive."

"Do you know any doctor there?"

"No."

"Then I will give you a few words to my friend Prince Menschikoff, and he will introduce you to one of the Emperor's physicians.

The traveler went to the Prince's house with the note; the answer was not delayed. The next day, tied hands and feet, the poor man was dragged off to the mines. Two years after, Peter the Great was visiting the mines; he had forgotten that adventure of the over-fat man, when suddenly a miner threw down his pick, rushed up to him, and fell at his feet, crying:

"Grace, grace! what have I done?"

Peter looked at him astonished, until he remembered the story, and said:

"Oh, so that is you? I hope you are pleased with me. Stand up. How thin and slight you have become! You are quite delivered from your over-fat; it is a first rate cure. Go, and remember that work is the best antidote for your complaint."

HOW SHE COUNTS HER CHILDREN.

A Philadelphia woman who attended a reception given to George Macdonald, the English novelist, when in this country, tells of a queer fad indulged in by the author's wife. The latter wore, wherever she went, a belt from which dangled what appeared to be a number of golden balls. During a conversation with the novelist the Philadelphian happened to ask how many children he had.

"One the wrong side of twelve," was his answer.

"I suppose you mean thirteen?"

"No, madam; I have only eleven."

Then Mr. Macdonald called his wife, who opened the golden balls which proved to be lockets and showed the photographs of all her children.—*New York Herald.*

WOMAN'S PROGRESS

Gossip About Matters in Which the Dear Creatures Take an Interest.

SEASONED WITH A LITTLE WIT.

A Column or Two of Tittle-Tattle Anent Motherly Mothers, Modish Maidens, and Merry Misses.

Where Women Avoid Men.

In Holland a lady is expected to retire precipitately if she should enter a store or restaurant where men are congregated. She waits until they have transacted their business and departed. Ladies seldom arise in Spain to receive a male visitor, and they rarely accompany him to the door. A gentleman does not offer to shake a Spanish woman's hand.

Mrs. Lew Wallace Reads "Ben Hur."

One day when the book in hand was Ben Hur, she said, "I think the strongest part of it are the conversations of Belthazar, the Egyptian," then selecting those passages she read them, and matchless as the eloquence is, it had an added charm in being spoken by Mrs. Wallace. She is unquestionable proud of her husband and is the typical "turtle dove" though she can verge on the snapping turtle dove when her hero is attacked—for instance, when a common-place person who believed that all men of letters were arrogant and tyrannical at home, declared that she would never marry a genius, Mrs. Wallace quietly remarked "very few women have the opportunity."—*Ladies' Home Journal.*

Strategy with Husbands.

The Indian squaw is the slave of her brave, says Maude Howe. She works for him and serves him even as his horse or his dog work for him; but, unlike the dog or horse, that Indian woman is possessed of the strongest human instincts—the love of power. The only voice she can have in the community, her very supremacy in her own wigwam, is through her influence over the men in the family. This being the case she must be a very remarkable squaw who does not flatter, wheedle and cajole her husband, and by every possible means secure as strong a hold as possible over him.

We all know households to-day where these wigwam tactics are pursued. The master is irascible, overbearing, and obstinate. The wife is his equal in many respects and in some his superior, in self-control and a good temper particularly so. For the peace of the household it is impossible to directly oppose the dicta of the master, who is of a sort that wants to know best about all domestic matters, the discipline of the nursery and kitchen, as well as the routine of the stable, or the ordering of the wine cellar.

Now, in the matters pertaining to kitchen and nursery, the wife knows that her husband's ideas are wrong and that her own are right, and by a constant series of small deceptions the tyrant is led to believe that his measures are caried out, whereas, in point of fact, they are quite properly ignored. I do not say the wife is blameless, but I say that the fault lies first with the husband, whose tiresome tyranny forces his wife into subterfuges for the sake of the general good. There is a large class of men who have to be thus cajoled.

The Modern Woman.

"Nellie, dear," began young Mr. Towers to his bride, who had just come in from an early constitutional, "you ——"

"Helen, if you please, dear. Let us begin life in good form; Nellie is obsolete."

"Well, then, Helen, I'd like to have you drive with me after breakfast."

"Impossible, William; at 9:30 I practice with the pulleys and weights."

"Well, 10 will do."

"At 10 I begin muscular exercises, the neck and chest movement and ankle exercise."

"Eleven, then——"

"At 11 I take my Turkish, which brings me home to lunch with you at 1:30."

"Then surely, dar——"

"How inconsiderate, dear, I have an engagement with the manicure at 2 sharp, and at 2:30 the lady who does my hair and complexion——"

"Good heavens, you don't mean——"

"That I paint or bleach my hair? Oh, no; but it is now customary for ladies to put their hair out to regular artists—massage and oil and electric needles, you know, to strengthen the facial muscles, prevent wrinkles, and remove superfluous hairs."

"But you're pretty enough——"

"One must be beautiful, William. Mere prettiness is passe. At 3 o'clock I play tennis, which calls into action and develops one set of muscles. At 4 I mount the tricycle for the same reason. From 5 to 6 I go through my posing or drawing-room exercises, and after dinner——"

"Will you go with me?"

"Well, perhaps; but this is my raw veal evening——"

"Raw veal! What on earth——"

"Stupid boy! Of course you've noticed that I wear a mask every day to keep from tanning, and wear gloves every night, but the raw veal laid over one's face for two or three hours is only an occasional——"

"But, Helen," in horror, "do you never do anything but this all the year round?"

"Goose! of course this merely happens to be my physical-culture day. To-morrow is society day: I receive and give myself up to society visitors and the club. Wednesday is church day: I hunt up worthy poor, arrange Sunday-school picnics, visit the W. C. T. U., foreign mission, Daughters of the King meeting, and have the minister and wife to dinner. Thursday I devote to literature and politics; I read, write, attend a suffrage meeting or lecture on literature, theosophical or science subjects. Friday is art day. This time I devote exclusively to art, to painting, modeling in clay, or in the search for antiques and in the study of ceramics. Saturday I give up to my dressmaker and the study of fabrics, tones, and draperies. You will notice the Greek model——"

"Well, Mrs. Towers, will you tell me what time is left for me?"

"Oh, you, William? Why, I had forgotten; but then," cheerfully, "I'm never busy after church Sundays. That time is wasted anyway. We can always have Sunday afternoons, except the time I devote to home duties."

A modern woman is a martyr, concludes the Washington *Post,* and she rarely has an hour for her own enjoyment.

How to Be a Model Hostess.

A hostess has so very charming a position, if she is amiable, one wonders she should ever peril it by being unamiable. She is, in her hour of hostess-ship, perhaps at the acme of a woman's ambition. It is her place to see that a number of people are well fed and happy. She is the person of all others to whom every gentle, sweet emotion, every grateful feeling turns. A hostess at a pretty country house is very much to be envied, and she can, without much effort, make everybody happy. A hostess in the city can become an enormous social power, if she has tact and a certain intelligence. She becomes the envied of women and the admired of men. That she should ever use this power to make herself disagreeable is most amazing. If we had not seen it done, we could hardly believe it possible.

A hostess should never reprove her servants in the presence of her guests. All that worries her must be carefully concealed from them. It is her place to oil the wheels of the domestic machinery so that nothing shall jar. It is quite impossible in America that such a set of trained servants could be obtained, who should make the domestic wheels move without jarring. But the hostess must not appear to notice it. If she is disturbed, or flustered, or miserable, who can enjoy anything?

This necessity for calmness on the part of the hostess is well satirized in the old fashioned novel called "Cecil," where the hero writes to his sister, "Learn to be perfectly unmoved at your own table, even if your cook sends up stewed puppy." And an old poet eulogizes the calm hostess, who is—

"Mistress of herself, though China fall."

There is no such utter mistake as to lose one's temper, one's nerve, one's composure, in company. Society may be a false condition of things, but, whatever its faults, it demands of a woman the very high virtues of self-command, gentleness and composure, politeness, coolness, and serenity. Good manners are said to be the shadows of virtues.

But they are virtues. To be polite is a virtue of the very highest.—*Mrs. John Sherwood in Ladies' Home Journal.*

WHITEWASHING WAR.

Sir John Herschel, the great astronomer, was a most humane man, like all scientific men, by-the-way, and one of the problems of his life was to reconcile the horrors of war, pestilence and famine with the beneficence of the Creator. But he did it in a queer way, as Maria Mitchell relates in her "Reminiscences of the Herschels," in the *Century.*

One of Sir John Herschel's numerical problems was this: If, at the time of Cheops, or three thousand years ago, one pair of human beings had lived, and war, pestilence and famine had not existed, and only natural death came to man, and this pair had doubled once in thirty years, and their children had doubled, and so on, how large would the population of the world be at this time—could they stand upon the earth as a plane?

We were sitting at the breakfast table when he asked the question. We thought they could not.

"But if they stood closely, and others stood on their shoulders—man, woman and child—how many layers would there be?"

I said perhaps three.

"How many feet of men?" he asked.

"Possibly thirty," I said.

"Oh, more!"

"Well, we'll say a hundred."

"Oh, more!"

Miss Herschel said:

"Enough to reach to the moon."

"To the sun."

"More, more!" cried Sir John, exulting in our astonishment. "Bid higher."

"To Neptune," said one.

"Now you have, he replied. "Take a hundred times the distance of Neptune, and it is very near. That is my way," he said, "of whitewashing war, pestilence and famine."

THE DARKEST HOUR JUST BEFORE DAWN.

Kind Minister (talking to his colored friend who had just lost his wife)—Don't feel so sorrowful, my good friend. It was the Lord's will. Don't you know that it is always the darkest just before the dawn?

Old Darky (brightening up) Yas, massa, yas. I knows it am always de darkest just before de dawn. Yas, massa, this darky knows that bery well.

Kind Minister—And how do you know it, Sam?

Old Darky—Cause that am the time I used to take in de hen roosts, massa.—*Kearney Enterprise.*

NOTHING will so soon make a person hot as cold treatment.

ARNOLD AND SHERMAN.

What the Funny Old General Told the Noted English Editor.

From a letter by Sir Edwin in the London *Telegraph:* It was my good fortune to make at New York the close acquaintance of another and hardly less renowned soldier of the republic, Gen. Sherman, nor could any conversations have been more interesting than those in which he did me the honor to describe and discuss, among many other matters, that wonderful and memorable march led by him, which pierced the Confederate States like the thrust of a rapier and helped largely to bring about the collapse of "secession." The General was evidently and justly discontented with certain criticisms which have appeared in England, from a high military source, upon the conduct of the campaign. "We had," he said, "to create armies before we could use them in the established and scientific way, and it is unfair and illogical to judge the first two years of our war as if we had been commanding trained and seasoned troops. In the third year we had regiments to lead as good and skilled as commanding officers could ask for, and to the movements then made the rules of military science may be properly applied." Gen. Sherman spoke of the quality of courage in soldiers and men generally, distinguishing it inpatiently from brutish and irrational recklessness. "True courage," he said, "is founded on presence of mind. The man who in the face of imminent peril can hold up his hand and count the fingers on it quite calmly is the brave, self-possessed, reliable individual. Moreover, true courage goes with unselfishness. I have seen an officer fight on unflinchingly in my presence bleeding from many wounds, of which he was disdainfully heedless, and in later life have witnessed the gentleman turn deadly white while he held the hand of his child that a surgeon might operate for some trifling abscess."

Many were the thrilling episodes and adventures of the great war which fell in fascinating recital from the lips of Gen. Sherman, but they are either recorded in the pages of his autobiography or are too long and discursive to set down here. One little flash of humor is perhaps worth preserving from all the war talk which we enjoyed. "Gen. Thomas," said he, "junior to me in rank, but senior in service, was a stern disciplinarian. He had received many complaints about the pilfering and plundering committed by one of his brigades, and, being resolved to put this offense down, he issued some very strict orders, menacing with death any who should transgress. The brigade in question wore for its badge an acorn, in silver or gold, and the men were inordinately proud of this distinctive sign. Several cases of disobedience had been reported to the General, but the evidence was never strong enough for decisive action, until one day, riding with an orderly down a by-lane outside the posts, Thomas came full upon an Irishman who, having laid aside his rifle, with which he had killed a hog, was busily engaged in skinning the animal with his sword-bayonet so as to make easy work with the bristles, etc., before cooking some porkchops. 'Ah,' cried the General, 'you rascal! at last I have caught one of you in the act. There is no mistake about it this time and I will make an example of you, sir!'

"'Bedad! General, honey!' said the Irishman, straightening himself up and coming to the salute, 'it's not shooting me that you ought to be at, but rewardin' me.'

"'What do you mean, sir?' exclaimed Gen. Thomas.

"'Why, your honor,' the soldier replied, 'this bad baste here had just been disieratin' the rigimental badge and so I was forced to dispatch him. It's 'atin' the acorns that I found him at!' Even Gen. Thomas was obliged to laugh at this and the soldier saved his life by his wit."

A FORTUNE WITH HIS WIFE.

All the Athenians know Dan Taliaferro, the colored barber, who did business in this city and afterward moved to Jacksonville, Fla., and married. Dan was a polite and respectful man, and had the good will of our people, who will be glad to know that he will soon come in possession of a handsome fortune estimated at about $100,000 or more.

His story is a strange one. On Dan's removal to the land of flowers he met a colored girl of Key West, and after a brief courtship the pair were married. It now seems that the proudest blood of Castile flows in the veins of this octoroon, for she is a lineal descendant from a Spanish General who commanded troops in St. Augustine when it was under the dominion of that country. This old General was a great roue, and becoming attached to a mulatto girl, a descendant of the Minorcan, raised a family of children by her. On his deathbed he repented of his liaison, and left these children his entire landed property in Florida, including 30,000 acres, much of it lying in the principal cities of that state. A portion of the ground on which the Ponce de Leon Hotel stands was purchased from the heirs, while they still own valuable possessions all over the city, as also in Key West, Tampa, Tallahassee, and other places. This property has never been divided, being controlled by an old aunt to Dan's wife, who lives in fine style at St. Augustine, and was recognized as the head of the family. There are now only seventeen heirs to this vast property, and as they are all of age, have demanded that a division be made, arrangements for which are now in progress. The best lawyers in the State are employed. There is no question of doubt about the title to this property, and not an acre is in dispute. When Florida was sold by Spain to the United States there was a clause in the trade by which this Government was pledged to protect the titles of the Spaniards who had private landed interests. Under this clause does Dan's wife come in.—*Athens (Ga.) Banner.*

A BISHOP IN THE SALOONS.

Bishop Talcott, of the diocese of Montana and Idaho, preached at St. Stephen's Protestant Episcopal Church. In the course of his address on the subject of the work that has been and is to be done in his field the Bishop gave a characteristic experience of his in a mining town where he desired to hold services and to have the inhabitants know of and attend the services. He said:

"I arrived in the town on Saturday morning. It was pay-day and an unusual crowd was about. I had printed a circular, which was placed in all the conspicuous places. Then I started about to see how it was being received, and, to my dismay, found that there were too many other circulars about for much attention to be paid to it. Clearly I must get at the people in another way. But how? Looking about I soon found that the majority of the inhabitants were in the saloons. It was an odd thing to do, but I determined to go into the saloons and speak to the men myself. So I started down the street.

"The first saloon I came to I entered. Several men looked curiously at me as I asked for the proprietor. I was taken back into a most comfortably furnished room, where the proprietor was. I introduced myself saying: 'I have come to pay my respects. Will you introduce me to these gentlemen?'

"'With great pleasure,' said he, and a minute later I was shaking hands with 'the boys' and talking to them. 'Gentlemen,' said I, 'I am going to hold services in the Town Hall to-morrow morning, and want to get the people there. Will you help me?'

"'Yes, sir,' they answered. 'Bishop, you can depend on us. We'll see you through.' And they did. I visited the other saloons with almost identical results, and the following morning you would have thought that the circus had come to town from the crowds that flocked to the service. I have never preached to a more reverent congregation than they were."

At the close of the sermon Dr. McConnell spoke a few words urging that the donations for the work should be large, and announcing that the offertory would be for Bishop Talcott's diocese. An unusually large collection followed.—*Philadelphia Press.*

KING OSCAR OF SWEDEN.

Precisely at noon the sound of military music was heard from outside the hall, and we knew that the King had come, says a writer in the Pittsburgh *Dispatch.* The audience rose and remained standing as he came in, bowing to the right and left, followed by the Crown Prince, the president and secretary of the Congress, the court-martial and adjutants. The involuntary expression which came to every one's lips was: "What a splendid man!"

His handsome, florid face is set off by gray hair and beard, and his broad shoulders, erect and large figure well become his office. Trained at sea, he has the bearing of a captain who treads the deck with full confidence in his own powers to command. He wore the splendid uniform of an admiral, over it the broad blue sash of the Order of the Seraphim, stars and decorations in quantity and immense gold epaulettes. As soon as King Oscar had put on his eyeglasses he rose and read in French his address of welcome—or rather shouted it out as though he were giving commands from the bridge in a gale of wind. A man of fine literary taste and culture, which seemed to be heriditary in the Bernadote family, he is considered the best speechmaker in his kingdom.

"JOHN" AS A MONEY LENDER.

"Say," said an impecunious lounger at the bar of the Girard House, "do you know how to raise the price of lots of drinks and enough grub to last you for twenty-four hours, all legitimate biz, too?"

The reporter to whom the query was addressed confessed that he did not know, and allowed the impecunious one to tell his tale.

"Simplest thing in the world," said he of little means. "The other day I put about $2 worth of soiled cuffs, collars, shirts, and so forth into the hands of a Chinese laundryman to wrestle with, and I told him I wouldn't want 'em for a week or two. Then the Mongolian said, with a gentle, flowery kingdom smile: 'Got no money?' I said no, I hadn't. 'Then,' said he, 'sluppose I lend you dlollal, play me black when tlake clothes out?' Well, say, it just knocked me stiff for a minute, and, you bet, I just jumped at that dollar. It's a great scheme. Try it some time."

The reporter resolved to test the truth of the Bohemian's statement, and he asked his Oriental washwoman for the loan of $1 on his laundry left there that morning. With smiling promptness the big shinning coin was handed to the reporter, the Chinaman remarking:

"You pay him black and tlen cents more tlen you get washee, eh?"

This was more than the reporter bargained for, but the Chinaman explained that that was the custom when money was loaned on a wash, the linen being held as security. He could not or would not comprehend that he was practicing usury, but simply smiled as he said:

"You play black one dlollar and tlen cents, eh?"—*Philadelphia Inquirer.*

SHE GUESSED IT.

"You have a bright future before you," said the young woman who told fortunes at the church fair.

"Right," replied the traveling man whom she addressed. "I start on the road tomorrow for a stove polish firm."—*Merchant Traveler.*

THE wood-cutter need never go hungry. He can always have a chop.

THE IRON CAGE.

The Desire with Which Louis XI. Equipped Many of His State Prisons.

For Louis XI. of France, whom Sir Walter Scott and Mr. Henry Irving have made so familiar to the English public, the iron cage had a great attraction, and he seems to have equipped with it nearly every one of his State Prisons. When the Duc de Nemours, previous to his trial, was transferred to the Bastile, he was put in a cage of iron, and the King, learning that some indulgence had been shown to so illustrious a prisoner, wrote in the most uncompromising terms to the Sire de Sainte Pierre, one of the Commissaries appointed to try the unfortunate Prince. He was was not pleased, he said, to find that the fetters had been removed from the Duke's limbs, that he had been allowed to leave his cage, and that he had attended mass when women were present. And he charged him to take care that the Prince never left his cage except to be put to the question—that is, to be tortured—and that this should take place in his own apartment. Other important personages in the reign of Louis made acquaintance with these iron cages of his; among others William of Harancourt, Bishop of Verdun, and Cardinal de la Balue. According to an eminent French antiquary, each cage was about nine feet long, eight feet broad, and seven feet high, and consisted of a ponderous framework of timber, strengthened by solid iron clasps, and fenced in with stout iron bars, weighing altogether about a couple of hundred pounds, and costing about 307 livres, at the then value of money. Phillippe de Commines, the historian, makes some characteristic comments upon King Louis XI. and his cages. "It is quite true," he says, "that the King, our master, orders the construction of some 'rigorous' prisons—cages of iron and wood, covered with plates of iron, outwardly and internally, and with terrible iron bars, each about eight feet wide, and about the height of a man, or one foot more. The man who designed them was the Bishop of Verdun, and in the very first that was made he was incontinently immured, and lay therein for fourteen years. Many of us since have poured our curses upon him, and I, for one, having had an eight months' taste of this kind of captivity. Formerly, too, the King caused the Germans to make for him some very heavy and terrible fetters to fasten upon prisoners' feet and an iron ring to clasp around the ankle, with a solid chain attached and a great iron ball at the end of the chain. These instruments of torture were known as 'les fillettes du roy,' or 'the King's maidens.' These, nevertheless, I have seen on the feet of many prisoners of rank, who have since risen into honor and great joy and have received many favors from the King."—*All the Year Round.*

ONE WAY TO DO IT.

For a year or two past the collector for a certain Detroit tailor has been trying all sorts of pacific ways to get the sum of $13 out of a young man who has been a creditor for over two years, says the *Free Press.* The collector had been put off a hundred times by promises made only to be broken, and he has worked every scheme known to the profession without avail. The other evening he happened down at the Third Street Depot, and saw his young man buy a ticket for Chicago.

"So you are going West?" he asked.

"Only to Chicago. I'll be back in three or four days, and then I want to pay you that little bill."

"Yes. Going to Chicago on a visit?"

"Something of a visit; going to get married."

"No!"

"Fact. The ceremony takes place at 10 o'clock in the morning."

"And you want to be there, of course?"

"I should smile!"

The collector took off his hat, removed his coat, and was peeling off his vest, when the other asked him what was up.

"I've been biding my time, and my opportunity has come," he replied.

"How—what?"

"I'm going to light into you. You are the bigger man, and I expect to be licked, but the row will certainly cause both of us to be arrested and taken to the station, and you will thus miss your train. Perhaps I can black your eye, and in that case the marriage can't come off for a week. Put up your dukes!"

"Say, man, you wouldn't be as mean as that?"

"Thirteen dollars or a row!"

"I'll pay you half."

"The whole or nothing. It's my first, last, and only chance. Come down or put up!"

The young man took out his bundle and counted out the amount of the bill, and while he skipped for the train the other calmly donned his garments and left the depot whistling: "I Wonder What My Ma Would Say?"

WANTED, A LITERARY MAN.

Mrs. Parvenu (taking card from servant)—What is the occupation of this fellow who calls upon you twice a week?

The Sweet Child—I believe he is an author.

Mrs. Parvenu (severely to servant)—Say that Miss Margery is not at home.

T. S. C.—(retreating)—I mean a publisher.

Mrs. P.—Hurry down stairs, my sweet child. I have longed to have a literary man in the family.—*Town Topics.*

MULTIPLIED WOES.

"I was merely engaged in a problem of subtraction," said the pickpocket to the Judge.

"I was about to sentence you to prison for six months; now I shall add an additional six months to that sentence," said his honor. And then he became as deaf as an adder to the unfortunate prisoner's appeals for clemency.

ROOT & COMPANY

HANDKERCHIEFS !

This is the first thing you want to gobble up to-day. Ladies all Linen Hem-stitch Handkerchiefs—sheer,

at 12 1-2c Each.

NEXT

Will be those Gentlemens' Hem-stitch Hankerchiefs, all linen,

at 20c Each.

CARPETS

This week has been a good one for Carpets—an index of what next week will be. Carpets can now be had at prices that will make you glad to take them quickly.

COLLARS

Some new things for Ladies, Irish Point Collars, Van Dykes, Embroidered Collars, with an elegant new line of Ruchings.

THROWS !

A new line of these popular novelties at

23c, 25c, 30c, up to $1.00,

in Raw Silks and Madras.

ANTIQUE TIDIES !

Handsome patterns, 12 inch square, at 15c each.

ROOT & COMPANY.

—FOR YOUR—

Hay, Straw, Oats,

Corn, Mill Feed

And Poultry Supplies,

—GO TO—

W. E. MINER'S,

45 EAST COLUMBIA ST.,

g30 6m) TELEPHONE 253.

ROBERT SPICE.

Pumps, Pipe, Hose and Fittings.

DRIVE WELLS.

Natural Gas Fitting a Specialty.

A BANQUET OF

BARGAINS !

During the week we offer sweeping Reductions in

Imported Dress Goods!

75 HANDSOME

Imported Parisian Dress Robes, in classic designs, selected with care, will be retailed at extremely low prices.

Robes Selling at $18.50, Sold at $14.00.

Robes Selling at $15.00, Sold at $10.75.

Robes Selling at $10.00, Sold at $ 7.50.

These rates, we might remark incidentally to anxious husbands, will make pretty and useful Holiday Gifts.

Entire Line of Henrietta Cloths

In all Qualities are offered during this week at greatly reduced prices. We invite you earnestly to call at our store.

BEE HIVE,

PANK & CO

HIGH GRADE

FOOTWEAR.

Our Great Specialty

OUR LADIES'

$3.00--THREE DOLLAR--$3.00

SHOE.

The Finest $3.00 Ladies' Shoe in the country.

GUARANTEE

Every pair of these Shoes Warranted to give full satisfaction or they will be replaced by A NEW PAIR.

TRY THEM.

Redlick Bros.

5 Keystone Block

Fort Wayne Sentinel.

SATURDAY, NOV. 23, 1889.

LOCAL NEWS.

The Nickel Plate pay car has gone west.

Miss Mary Sharp, of Angola, is in the city on a visit.

The Fort Wayne Electric company to-day shipped a plant to Detroit.

The cloudy weather for a week past has been hard on photographers.

The People's Building and Loan association will be organized to-night.

The First Regiment band concert occurs next Monday night at the Temple.

Wayne lodge No. 25, F. & A. M., will confer the second and third degrees to-night.

Mr. Klotz, of South Calhoun street, was surprised by the O. N. O. club Thursday night.

Messrs. B. H. Barnett and John A. Brown, of the 'bus barn, will spend Sunday at Muncie.

Agent C. H. Newton, of the Wabash, was confined to the house by sickness yesterday. He is better to-day.

Manager Chas. Guild, of the Jenney Light and Power company, has returned from a business trip to Toledo.

The suit of John W. Vordermark vs. Gesina Rohyans has been appealed to the circuit court from Justice Searlet.

Mrs. Rose Marshall, of Atwood, Ind., is visiting at the residence of Hiram W. Tapp, corner Lewis and Hanna streets.

Miss Sophia Stein, of the Barcus confectionary, left to-day for Bluffton, where she will spend Sunday with her friends.

Mr. Jacob Forbing, of Lexington, Ky., is a guest at 385 Hanna street, the home of his brother, Mr. John Forbing, the real estate agent.

Miss Genevieve Orvis, who was visiting her grandmother, Mrs. Eliza Hartman, of 167 West Washington street, returned to Chicago to-day.

Mr. Mock and a hunting party returned from a two months stay in northern Michigan last evening and proceeded to their homes in Wells county.

The funeral of the late Christian Buschman will take place to-morrow at 2 p. m., from the Lutheran church in Madison township, Rev. Gotsch officiating.

James R. Williams, of Blackford county, obtained a $500 judgment against the Salimonie Natural Gas company, because they laid a pipe line across his farm.

Mr. Platt J. Wise, of this city, besides being a director of the Mutual Aid association of the I. O. O. F., is also vice-president of that body and presided at the recent meeting held at Indianapolis.

Mr. W. S. Harrison, deputy grand master workman for Indiana of the Ancient Order of United Workmen, will go to Huntington next Tuesday to complete the organization of a lodge at that place.

Mr. Harry McCracken, of the draughting department of the electric light works is quite sick and is compelled to refrain from duty. He has a carbuncle on his arm. Mr. McCracken is staying at the residence of P. A. Randall.

Mr. Charles Geiger, formerly of the Adams express office, has been at Columbus, Ohio, for a few days. Mr. Geiger and Mr. Con Schuler are having a building erected at the corner of Washington and Comparet streets, where they will soon open a grocery business.

The case of the state against Peter Dodine for assault and battery upon Frank Boitet has been dismissed from the circuit court. The action was first brought in the court of Justice Tancey, when a fine was imposed, and the case was carried to the circuit court. The fine and costs assessed by the justice were paid.

In acting upon the proposition to erect a home in this state for old and indigent Odd Fellows, the Grand Lodge recommends that the work be carried out, and, in accordance with the recommendation, the matter was referred to managers of the charity fund. It was decided to ask lodges, encampments, and Rebekah degree lodges to become supporters of the enterprise.

Mr. Hugh McC. Bond is in the city from New York.

Mrs. A. G. Barnett, who has been on the sick list, is now able to sit up.

The teachers of Monroe township will hold an institute December 14.

The Pittsburg machinists had their ball last night. It was a grand success.

Mr. W. Knox, of 105 West Berry street, left for Grand Rapids this morning.

Sam Albrecht and several other young gentlemen are arranging to give a social hop next week.

Mr. Will Peltier's fine grey-hound was run over by a wagon to-day, but the canine will recover.

Judge S. M. Hench has refitted his office on East Main street, and will resume the practice of law at once.

The Nickel Plate road is in need of more freight cars. The stock traffic over this road is something immense.

Miss Hermio Fischer, the pretty stenographer in the Muncie offices, will go to Elkhart to attend the wedding of a friend.

U. S. Deputy Marshal Robert Hanna is serving subpoenas against a person named Reinheimer for violation of the internal revenue laws.

Mr. John Greer, who has been visiting his brother, Mr. Thomas Greer, and other relatives, returned to his home at Columbus, Ohio, last night.

Miss Daisy McBride, of Waterloo, daughter of Judge McBride, is visiting the family of Rev. Van Slyke, at the Berry street M. E. church parsonage.

The bunco steerer in "The City Directory," has in the cast been likened to the creations of Denman Thompson, owing to its absolute fidelity to nature.

Mr. Ivers Leonard, first lieutenant of the Rifles, is drilling the girls of the Congregational church for the coming festival. He is introducing some original movements.

Dr. J. W. Younge delivered his lecture, "Wonders of the Human Body," to a large audience Thursday evening, at Coesse. He will lecture to-night at Saturn, Whitley county.

The committe on arrangements for the celebration of the tenth anniversary of the Catholic Knights of America will meet next Tuesday evening at the office of Dr. J. M. Dinnen.

The Huntington *Herald* says: "J. W. McDonald, a young citizen of Fort Wayne, is here canvassing among the musicians for the sale of a new game similar to authors and intended to familiarize one with musical history."

General Passenger Agent W. H. Fisher, of the Fort Wayne, Cincinnati and Louisville road, says the new passenger coaches are expected to be placed on the road next Monday or Tuesday. The train men will then be uniformed.

The actor manager, Mr. Collier, in "The City Directory," is as quaint a bit of burlesque as has been seen since the "Crushed Tragedian" of the late E. A. Sothern. Mr. Collier is the son of Edmund Collier, who for a number of years supported the late John McCollough.

Lafayette was pounced upon recently by a cheap John clothing firm. City Attorney McHugh called upon the proprietors and informed them that they must take out a city license, $150, or stand a fine of $50 for every day they operated without it. The clothing men left.

The Wabash *Plaindealer* says: "Mrs. H. L. Wells, with the Wabash railroad at Fort Wayne, has resigned and gone to West Point, where her husband has a position on the Chicago and Atlantic. Mrs. Wells will be remembered as Miss Anna Seber, formerly manager of the Western Union office here."

James E. Spurlock, of Huntingburg, ex-treasurer of Dubois county, committed suicide yesterday by cutting his throat. When he retired from office there was a shortage of $3,000, which he settled by mortaging his property. His losses drove him insane. He was aged fifty years, and he leaves a wife and several adult children.

Trappers on the Kankakee river report that the dry season for several years has cut down the annual catch of muskrat from 30,000 to about 5,000 and the low water having killed thousands of acres of wild rice, ducks do not frequent its shores as was formerly their habit. They also believe a wet season or two will restore that region to its former prolificness in rats and ducks.

W. Alexander Johnson, secretary of the state board of charities, attended the national prison association meeting at Nashville, Tenn. The convention was interesting and successful, he says, and several citizens of Indiana distinguished themselves by the part which they took in the proceedings. Charles H. Reeve, of Plymouth, read a strong paper, and J. W. French, of Lafayette, delivered an address in which he advocated a system of paroles for worthy prisoners of every grade, including those sent for life.

THE SENTINEL stated yesterday that Judge O'Rourke has appointed Messrs. Wm. T. Abbott, James Kane and Wm. Miller to appraise the value of the city engine house property on Court and Berry streets. It is to be hoped that this time the appraisement will not be so high as to defeat the object aimed at by the city council, to-wit: the sale of the property that the proceeds may be used for the purpose of erecting a city hall. The city has maintained a nuisance right in the heart of the city long enough, to the damage of enterprising citizens who have built up Court and Berry streets, and everybody will rejoice that there is now a likelihood of getting rid of it.

Miss Bertha Hawks, of Goshen, is visiting at Westminster seminary.

Miss Bertha Hawks, of Goshen, Ind., is visiting at the Westminster seminary.

Smith & Gotsch have a fine display of Oxydized silverware in their show window.

Fred Bauker and Miss Maggie Eggeman were married in Marion township last Thursday evening by Rev. Schaaf.

The Huntington *Democrat* says. "Hon. R. C. Bell and G. W. Wilson, of Fort Wayne, are in the city on business."

Miss Daisy McBride, daughter of Judge McBride, of Waterloo, is visiting at the home of Rev. and Mrs. Van-Slyke.

G. E. Androvette & Co., of Chicago, have representatives here to place the stained glass in the new Second Presbyterian church.

Mr. Norman Franklin is in the city visiting his stepfather, Mr. C. B. Oakley. He has been traveling with a theatrical company.

Sister Radegundis died at the St. Joseph hospital this morning of paralysis, aged fifty-four years. The funeral will occur Monday morning.

Mary, the two-year-old child of Engineer Michael Laughlin, died this morning of brain fever. Funeral Monday, from the Cathedral, at 9:30 a. m.

Dr. A. P. Buchman, of this city, has been appointed a member of the board of pension examiners. The outgoing man is not known here at present.

Thomas Manning, an employe of the Wabash shops, living at 16 Brandriff street, had the middle finger of his left hand badly lacerated and contused to-day.

The Transfer and Storage company to-day placed the furniture and a safe for Swift & Co., the meat dealers. The goods came from Chicago over the Nickel Plate.

The funeral of the little child of Mr. and Mrs. Rehrer, of 310 Broadway, occurred this morning from the house, Rev. R. M. Barns officiating. The remains were shipped to Avilla for interment.

Mr. John Rudabaugh has purchased the two story brick block on Columbia street, occupied by the Fort Wayne Newspaper Union. He purchases it as an investment and believes it will prove a paying one.

The Pennsylvania railroad owns one hundred feet of Columbia street property just east of Dr. Barnum's livery stable, and sixty feet on the south side of the street, on the corner of Lafayette, and are now offering it for sale. It will probably find a ready sale, and be built upon at an early day, as the extension of East Columbia street makes it valuable property.

The county commissioners are finishing the business before Mr. Henry Hartman retires from the board. Mr. Jasper W. Jones, who will be Mr. Hartman's sucessor, is from Jackson township and is in the first district of the county. He will enter upon his official duties the first Monday in December. Mr. Hartman has been a good officer, ever faithful to the people's interest.

The attendance at the Rainbow festival last evening was very encouraging and the program interesting. The dinner to-day was well patronized. At the entertainment to-night Reincke's full orchestra will discourse the music and Jacob Seibold will sing vocal selections. On account of the continued bad weather this week it has been decided to continue the festival during the first four nights of next week, with dinners each day and a special Thanksgiving dinner on Thursday.

The Indianapolis *News* says: "Mr. Peter Pernet, formerly of the *Sentinel* staff, but now one of the Oklahoma boomers, is in the city. He says Indianans are forging to the front in the new territory in fine style. The territory, he says, contains now 50,000 people who have nothing to sell and everything to buy. He estimates that 40 per cent. of the population are bound to have aid to prevent starvation during the winter. Every town already has its relief committee. Guthrie had 20,000 inhabitants when two days old. Now it has 10,000. It has reached very hard pan, though, and is beginning to climb again."

Don't fail to attend the Rainbow Festival to-night. Good program.

Don't forget the ball of the Three River Rod and Reel club to be given at Turner Hall, Thanksgiving eve, Nov. 27. 23 1t

A general rehearsal of all the Kirmess participants and Chaperons will be held on Monday night at the Academy. No outsiders will be admitted.

A grand benefit Concert will be given at the St. Paul M. E. church on Thursday evening, Nov. 28. An excellent program has been arranged and a cordial invitation is extended to the public.

If you are in need of a Carving Knife and Fork do not buy until you have examined our line of Jno. Russel Cutlery Co.'s Carving Sets.

SMITH & GOTSCH,
22 Calhoun St.

Celery, 2 stalks for 5c.
Silver Thread Sauer Kraut, 5c quart.
Nice Yellow Bananas, 15c a doz.
Gilt Edge Country Butter, 20c per pound.
Best Creamery Butter, 25c a pound.
Maltby's Oysters, for stewing or frying, by the can or quart.

AT GUMPPER'S,
250 Calhoun street.

Rainbow Festival to-night.

HARTZ MOUNTAIN CANARIES.

Just received, the first consignment of genuine imported Hartz mountain canaries at Max G. Lade's bird store, No. 58 East Main street. This lot contains some beautiful birds and good singers. Mr. Lade also handles a large line of bird cages embracing all sizes and prices. He is the only practical dealer in the city and can supply you with the best bird food for either canaries, mocking birds, bird manna, bird medicine and everything necessary for the successful keeping of birds. Come early and get your choice of the finest lot of canaries ever brought here.

Rainbow Festival to-night.

Subscriptions to the Father O'Leary monument fund must be handed to the treasurer, Louis Jocquel, by DECEMBER 3, 1889. It is important to contract for the monument on the date named, and no subscriptions will be received after said date. GEO. P. GORDON,
W. P. BREEN, Sec. Pres.
18-23-30.

New Crop New Orleans Sugar and Molasses.

Orleans Clarified Sugar, 7c lb.
Orleans Molasses, 35c; best, 50c gallon.
Extra C Sugar, 6c lb.
Standard Coffee A Sugar, 7½c lb.
Granulated and Powdered, 8c lb.

FRUIT HOUSE.

NOTICE.

The firm of T. M. Baxter & Co., Commission Merchants and Brokers, of Chicago, Ill., are not represented in Fort Wayne by any one as agent, either through newspapers or otherwise. Any-one representing themselves as our agent or agents after this date, will be sailing under false colors.

T. M. BAXTER & CO.,
40 Board of Trade, Chicago, Ill,

Florida Oranges and Malaga Grapes.

Large Florida Oranges, 40c dozen.
Choice Malaga Grapes, 15c pound.
Sweet Jamaica Oranges, 25c dozen.
Choice Bananas, 15c dozen.

FRUIT HOUSE.

UNSUSPECTED !

How a Charming Lady Allowed a Fatal Trouble to Come Upon Her Unawares.

"Nearly every one of my friends has a cold." This remark was made to a party of friends by an attractive lady who resides on 4th st., New York. That evening she felt a tickling in her throat, a slight pain across the chest, and she complained once or twice. The next day she was tired and despondent and had much difficulty in breathing. To-day she is suffering from quick consumption and can live, it is feared, only a short time. Her experience is a sad one, but, unfortunately, it is the same that thousands of others are passing through. Such troubles should not be neglected.

Nature needs help. It MUST be helped and that promptly. In but one way can this be done, and that is by the use of a pure stimulant which drives out the germs of disease before they can become fixed upon the system. This is what Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey does. It is a stimulant to the organs that have been congested by cold. It arouses the tissues to fresh action. It wards off disease, and, containing no fusel oil, does not injure. It is used by the leading people of the land. A prominent lady writing on this subject says: "I have watched the faces of ladies very carefully for many years, and on nearly every one have seen either lines of care or unhappiness, swollen eyelids, dark lines around them, or some equally certain evidence of ill-health and happiness. I am a firm advocate of temperance, but I believe ladies should take some good tonic or stimulant and something, too, that is known to be pure and reliable. I have tried Duffy's Malt, and have been benefited by it; and while I do not advocate its use by all, I think very many women could be made healthier, happier, and more attractive to their husbands, lovers, friends, and families if they would do likewise."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

(Refitted, refurnished and Decorated.)

—THE—

KIRMESS !

—OR—

Carnival of Nations !

Dances of All Countries.

Week of December 9th.

Grandest spectacle ever produced in this city by 150 participants.

Popular Prices.

WANTED—Table boarders at 91 Douglass avenue.

WHAT IS A REPUTATION?

That Depends on How You Get It.

Business men generally have a reputation. Some for doing business on the cheap plan, some for selling goods too high or unreliable wares, while others enjoy the enjoy the reputation of reliability. They boast of neither superiority over the world, nor of being cheaper than everyone else. The merchant tailoring establishment of Joseph M. Clark & Co., on East Berry street, has done business on this plan in the city for nearly a quarter of a century, and therefore reliable. They ask no more for their goods on this account. Their line embraces everything known to the trade, from the modest business suit or overcoat to the finest made, and their prices always correspond to the value of your selection.

Mr. Wm. J. Lavin, the tenor of the Levy Concert Co., is acknowledged the superior of Signor Campanini.

Princess Rink Opening

Thanksgiving afternoon and evening. Come and enjoy an afternoon of sport. 22-5t

Call for Hendricks Club 1880 Sour Mash Whisky. Sold by all leading dealers and druggists. In bottles only. 11 20tf

COME TO STAY.

Our Fourth Year.

Toys, Notions, Novelties, Tinware, Glassware, Woodenware and Dolls a specialty. Wholesale and retail, at the Temple of Economy, 15 East Main St.
16-tf A. R. HILLS.

Seats now on sale for the First Regiment Band concert Monday night.

The largest and best assortment of Pianos ever seen in the city at

D. H. BALDWIN & Co's.
23-26. 98 Calhoun street.

Go to the Rink, or 85 Calhoun street, and reserve your skates for Thursday, the 28th. 22-5t

The ladies of the city are invited to call at Westminster Seminary Saturday, from 3 to 9 p. m., when a display of Art Work, including Decorated China, will be made. 22-2t

The winter term of the School of Music at 36 West Wayne street, will begin on Monday, Nov. 26.

M. M. LAROT.
23 3t JOSEPHINE LAROT.

Secure your seats for the First Regiment Band concert Monday evening.

Good music, an elegant floor and good skates for Thanksgiving. 22-5t

Try Hendricks Club 1880 Hand-made Sour Mash Whisky. Put up in bottles only. Sold by all leading dealers and druggists.

—THE—

PEOPLE'S STORE

(PIXLEY & LONG BLOCK), EAST BERRY STREET.

TWO

SPECIAL DRIVES!

—IN—

HANDKERCHIEFS !

FIRST LOT.

100 Doz. Handkerchifes

Assorted, regularly sold at 17c. and 20c. each. Our price will be

12 1-2c. Each.

THE SECOND LOT.

150 Doz. Handkerchiefs

Worth 25c., 35c. and 37½c. each. Our price will be

19c. Each.

They are HUMMERS and we have secured them just in time for the

Holiday Season!

We have them DISPLAYED in OUR SHOW WINDOWS.

Our Display of Fancy Silk Handkerchiefs, Silk Mufflers for the Holiday Trade, will be found attractive, at the Most Popular and Lowest Prices.

UMBRELLAS------UMBRELLAS!

Gold and Silver Mounted Silk Umbrellas for Holiday Gifts, at Prices to Suit the Most Economical Buyers.

INSPECTION INVITED.
ONE PRICE TO ALL.

THE PEOPLE'S STORE,

Pixley & Long Block
Berry street.

Dozois, Beadell & Co.

ELOCUTIONIST.

MISS SUSIE V. DUNAVON,

58 E. WAYNE ST.

BOSTON T STORE.

Challenge Hams,

English Breakfast Bacon,

Silver Leaf Flour,

Fresh Roasted Coffee Everyday.

Full Line of Fancy and Staple Groceries, Domestic and Tropical fruits.

No. 20 W. BERRY ST.

TELEPHONE 152.

J. G. THIEME & SON,

Clothiers and Tailors.

SUITS AND OVERCOATS!

FOR FALL ARE NOW

READY FOR INSPECTION

Our stock of Suitings, Overcoat Patterns and Trowserings is more complete than ever.

COR. CLINTON & COLUMBIA.

86cts. Ladies Pebble Button

Worked Holes, All Sizes.

40cts. Men's First Grade Rubbers,

ALL SIZES.

$2.00 MEN'S FIRST QUALITY RUBBER BOOTS!

Colchester Rubber Co., Regular Price $2.75.

$1.50 Gent's Nobby Dress Shoes, Lace or Congress,

Solid, and as good a shoe as is usually sold for $2.00.

NEW - YORK - SHOE - STORE,

J. W. EMERY & CO., THE HUSTLERS,

Scheifer & Davenport's Old Stand, - 36 Calhoun Street.